McCALL'S

JUNE 1925

TEN CENTS

BOTH HAVE NOVELS

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

IN THIS ISSUE

This is Congoleum pattern No. 516. In the 6 x 9-foot size it costs only $9.40

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CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Art-Rugs

Pattern No. 558 *Pattern No. 396* *Pattern No. 534*

The wife of a senator, for years a society woman—she came back to the ring

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THE lure of "the greatest show on earth"—haunting memories of crying peanut-venders and swarming pop-boys, waltzing horses and flying rings and lovely ladies with their skirts of spangles—remains with each of us forever, and we all become children once again the minute the circus comes to town; we thrill to the first strain of martial music as it drifts up the waiting street, never quite losing the sense of romance as long as "the big top" stays pitched in some far-flung field.

Often do we wonder, many of us, what the life of these glamorous performers of the circus is like. What sort of personal existence do they lead, being always on the wing, as they are, and covering thousands of miles each year. What is "the circus train" like, and what do the stars of the sawdust ring do with themselves during those many months they are immured in "winter quarters"?

These are questions nearly all of us have pondered as we watched these fearless, deft performers. No one can answer except one to the circus born—one whose whole life has been lived within walls of canvas—whose whole viewpoint in life is summed up by the famous circus motto—"Whatever happens, the show must go on".

Such as these rarely set down their experiences—they die as they have lived, solely and wholly "of the circus", never once stepping for an instant out of the picture into our outside world which they feel to be so alien and so much apart. It is for this reason that the real life of the circus remains so mysterious.

To McCall's has come, however, the opportunity of publishing the intimate story of a famous queen of the ring—one of the greatest bareback riders of all times—the noted Josephine DeMott, now Mrs. J. D. Robinson. She is one of a family famous in circus annals and her history begins with her French grandmother who rode before Napoleon and extending almost to the present day when she retired at the height of her fame, sought on all sides because of the brilliance of her equestrianism.

Mrs. Robinson's "Story of a Circus Lady" will begin in McCall's next month and it will reveal at first hand the life of a circus star—telling of hardships as well as triumphs, of the tears as well as the smiles which come into the life of the wandering folk. It is a recital full of glamor and adventure, and to us home-abiding ones it will read like a tale of wonder, telling of a life that will call to the gypsy that is in every one of us. In next month's McCall's.

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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

King Solomon was responsible for the pronouncement that a woman's glory lay in her hair

E·X·T·E·R·N·A·L·S

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES", "THE WHITE FLAG", "THE GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST"

DRAWING BY DAVID ROBINSON

Month by month, during the three years that this has been Gene Stratton-Porter's Page, her editorials, eagerly watched and waited for by thousands of readers, have carried a word of vital sincerity to every home on McCall Street. This editorial is one of the slender sheaf she sent to the Editor of McCall's just before her tragic, untimely death last December, and it brings to you one of the last and most poignant messages of this beloved, great-hearted American

A FEW days ago I received a distinct shock when I learned that among the mysteries and wonders dwelling inside my body there were hormones. Not so long ago I was equally disconcerted to learn that I was carrying around with me a sacroileac and a great trochanter, two of the latter to be exact. These things sound mysterious and unusual, but you would not believe what a muss they can kick up if you fall foul of them.

All my life I have been cautioned to be careful about my lungs. I knew what terrific things could happen if lungs went wrong and became the breeding grounds for the wrong kind of germs. I knew about open bed room windows and clean air; I knew about the poor unfortunates who had lived in the smoke and grime of Chicago and Pittsburg until their lungs had become black as a black felt hat, and I always felt sorry for them because I was very sure that my own were as bright pink as the pinkest pair of lungs I ever had discovered in a chicken or a turkey that I was dressing.

I knew that I had a heart and I learned fairly early in my career that if I ran too fast for a long distance that selfsame heart could jump until there seemed to be danger that it might come clear of the body. There were times after too strenuous a race when it was necessary to hold it in position for a time. A little later I learned that there were a number of different kinds of aches that that selfsame heart could carry. Childish disappointment, jealousy, and anger over unjust treatment, all were responsible for a very insistent and, at times, persistent ache in the left breast. Then as I grew older, I learned that the worst ache of all could happen about love. And as I grew still older I learned what flu could do to a fairly well conducted heart. I have known about my heart for a good many years and I have done the best I could to keep it calm and serene.

There are livers, too, and very early in my career I found out about biliousness and why it was necessary to balance and proportion food very carefully. I learned about kidneys and the terrific things that could happen to anyone who ate a whole box of chocolate candy when two pieces should have been ample. I watched one beautiful young girl give up her life and go out of this world by the simple route of the fudge platter. She was an expert fudge maker. She lived with an indulgent big sister who liked sweets herself. The result was that every day when she came home from school ravenously hungry, instead of eating an apple or a slice of bread and butter, or drinking a glass of milk, she hastened to the kitchen and made a generous big plate of hot fudge, about half of which she ate herself.

There stands in my memory an incident connected with this girl. Once upon a time I went with a party on a pleasure trip to one of our northern lakes and we occupied a cottage that had been used ten days before by another party of which the girl concerning whom I am writing was a member. On the wall of the kitchen above a table where she probably had been wiping dishes there was written in a firm, clear script over her signature: "Oh, what a good time!" [*Turn to page 93*]

The Inevitable Choice

To be well groomed for all occasions, the hosiery must be in keeping with the rest of the attire.

• •

The texture must be flawless—the knitting absolutely even—the fit perfect—the colors of the right tone to harmonize with frock and shoes. And for the sake of economy these qualities must be combined with durability and long wear.

• •

How natural then to choose Gordon Hosiery. Every Gordon stocking is full length, and its long silken leg is perfect in texture. The fine materials used in its manufacture give it enough elasticity to be gracefully form-fitting. It is skillfully dyed from the purest dyes obtainable in all the newest Spring shades.

• •

Made according to the highest standards, it will give wonderfully long wear and throughout repeated launderings retain its original lustre and beauty.

• •

That is why, for generations, it has been the inevitable choice of the woman who wants to combine smart appearance and economy.

• •

Gordon Hosiery for all the family is for sale almost everywhere at retail shops only, at popular prices to meet every demand. If you cannot get it at your favorite store, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear

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—Mrs. W. B., Toronto, Ont.

"P and G The White Naphtha Soap is almost as much of a necessity in my home as bread. It is wonderful. I have used it for all purposes for the past sixteen years."

—Mrs. R. E. B., Detroit, Mich.

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Wherever there are especially difficult laundry problems, P and G The White Naphtha Soap meets each need better than any other soap made. This is not merely our opinion—women everywhere have said so in letter after letter.

Truly, no other laundry soap combines so many remarkable qualities. Just read this list:

P and G is *white*, and keeps white clothes white.

It makes rich suds in any water, hard or soft, hot or cold.

It is safe for colored clothes.

It dissolves dirt with amazing speed, and thus reduces rubbing and boiling to the very minimum—only the *very* dirty things need rubbing at all.

It rinses out promptly and thoroughly, leaving no hint of grayness or soapy odor.

By sudsing readily in lukewarm water, it helps you to keep your hands in good condition.

You'll be surprised at its small cost—*less* than that of your present soap.

What do all these qualities mean to *you?* Less work, less worry, more time, more energy, finer washing results, longer wear from clothes, greater economy.

Yes, even though your work be done by a laundress, you will find it profitable to provide her with P and G. You will quickly prove that there is no mystery about the national supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

THE LARGEST-SELLING LAUNDRY SOAP IN ALL AMERICA

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McCALL'S

JUNE 1925

A NOVELETTE BY ETHEL M. DELL COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

She looked up, to see a man walking on the farther side of the stream

Full Measure

BY ETHEL M. DELL

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

"WELL, Sammy! How's the new chap at Hunter Vale? Still going strong?" The cheery inquiry, spiced with impudence, topped the general buzz of talk in the bar of The Rising Sun and at once induced an expectant silence. True, the speaker was only young Tom Smart from Hazelwood's store up the street, but the man addressed was Sammy Pritchard who worked for the new farmer at Hunter Vale, and his reply was awaited with interest.

The old labourer, however, displayed no great alacrity in voicing his opinion. He drank a deep draught of beer with the utmost deliberation while the rest of the company waited in inquisitive silence—till a scraping of feet and muttering of renewed talk warned him that his moment was passing. Then, abruptly, he lowered the vessel and set it down with an aggressive thump on the counter. "Another, please, miss!" he said; and, eyeing the rest of the assembly with sullen contempt, he voiced his verdict: "'E ain't no durned good."

There was a bawl of laughter. It had become a standing joke in the bar of The Rising Sun. One or other of the the young bloods invariably asked Sammy his opinion of 'the new chap at Hunter Vale,' and his answer was always the same. Sammy's vocabulary might be limited, but it did not lack in force. The new master was 'no durned good.' The girl behind the bar served him with a second tankard with a sort of scornful precision. She had a white face which no one in Little Chudworth considered pretty, and extraordinarily deep-set blue eyes which gave little or no indication as to the state of her mind. This was Sally Bates, the landlord's daughter. Most people were rather afraid of her though they could not have said wherefore. Her attitude in the bar was usually that of a well-oiled automaton, but when she did speak, her speech was generally very much to the point, and she treated everyone with curt indifference.

Old Sammy Pritchard drank his second pint of beer with more deliberation, to the accompaniment of the rough comments and laughter of the men around him. Then, finding the subject of the new master at Hunter Vale still under discussion, he once more took the floor.

"'E's one of these 'ere new-fangled coves," he said. "Nothink as is old will do for 'im. Nor 'e won't take no advice, neither. And 'e's that interferin'! Even the very cart-'orses 'as to be kept like lap-dogs in a lady's droringroom. 'E's a durned fool, that's what 'e is!" And old Sammy spat on the sanded floor with vigour.

The girl behind the bar very suddenly spoke. "What do you take his money for then?" she said. Everyone turned to look at her, disdainfully wiping glasses and setting them in a row. Her white face had a tense expression; her brows were drawn above the deep caverns of her eyes. They gazed at her in silence and in a moment she continued, "You talk of him as if he was a wild beast come to the place, but there's not one of you that isn't willing to make something out of him if you get the chance."

"Well, o' course!" said old Sammy, glaring at her. "We'd be a lot o' durned fools ourselves if we wasn't."

Sally laughed a hard laugh. "There are plenty of that sort about," she remarked. "But it strikes me that Farmer Elliott isn't one of them. He'd beat any one of you, hands down, easy."

"Much you know about it!" growled old Sammy. "And I'll tell you one thing, miss. If 'e catches them good-for-nothink brothers o' yourn a-poachin' on 'is land, 'e'll nab 'em pretty quick, so they'd better look to theirselves. 'E ain't givin' nothink away, 'e ain't."

A snicker went round the company at this counter-thrust. Sally's expression, however, never varied. She continued her occupation of wiping glasses with the dexterity of long habit, and her customary silence shrouded her again like an impenetrable cloak.

Sammy finished the last drain in his tankard and slouched off. The clock in the bar struck nine. Suddenly the door swung open, and a man in riding-dress, carrying a whip, entered. He had a red, weather-beaten face and somewhat fierce grey eyes. His bearing was almost aggressive in its assurance. He looked around him imperiously.

"Mr. Bates anywhere about?" he asked the girl.

She met his look with a brief, unfriendly glance. "What

do want to see him for?" she said, in surly displeasure.

He ground his heel upon the floor with an exasperated gesture. "I want to know what he means by leaving his blasted car in my farmyard while he goes soaking himself at every pub in the town!" he flung back furiously. "I've had enough of it, you can tell him, and I swear I'll puncture every tire on his infernal machine if he does it again!"

The girl behind the bar tossed her head. "You'll not leave any messages of that sort here, Mr. Elliott," she said. "Or if you do, they won't get delivered."

He looked at her, a blaze of anger in his eyes. "Think you're going to dictate to me? You!" he said. She picked up a glass and vigorously polished it. The half-dozen loiterers in the bar drew together, sheepishly interested.

She spoke, her words cutting the silence like steel on ice. "I think," she said, "I'd be a fool to have anything to do with you."

His anger turned to amazement. "Too grand for your job, eh?" he said.

She set down her glass and looked him squarely in the face. There was something scorching in the intense blue of her eyes. "I've no fault to find with the job," she said, "given decent company. But—I object to brawlers." The inference was obvious. A snicker went round the company again.

The man's look changed. Both anger and surprise vanished. He advanced to the counter and threw down some money. "Good evening, miss!" he said, smiling at her. "I'll have a small whisky and soda, please, if that isn't troubling you too much." She drew back sharply. For a moment she seemed on the verge of refusing to serve him, but in a flash she had herself in hand. Disdainfully she poured out the required draught and set it in front of him.

He lifted the glass, still smiling. "I drink to your beautiful eyes," he said, "your soft voice and your gracious speech. The Rising Sun is indeed fortunate in possessing so great an attraction, and I consider myself most highly honoured to be waited upon by so grand a lady."

Again a snicker went round the little knot of loafers, but this time not at the newcomer's expense. A faint flush showed in the girl's white cheeks and gradually deepened to vivid colour, but she lowered her eyes and continued to polish her glasses in resolute silence. The man on the other side of the counter watched her as though no one else were present, the mocking smile still on his face. He sipped his drink very slowly, with the evident intention of prolonging the situation to the utmost. There was dead silence in the bar now. It had dawned upon the assembly that something in the nature of a duel was taking place. Suddenly a noise broke the stillness. The glass in the girl's hand had fallen and lay shattered upon the floor. She uttered a sound of exasperation and stamped a furious foot.

Her enemy laughed, a soft, exultant laugh, as though he had scored a point. "Put it down to my account!" he said.

She ground the fragments into the floor and said nothing, scornfully refusing so much as to glance in his direction. He finished his drink and tapped lightly with his glass on the counter to attract her attention.

"Another dose, if you please, my dear, exactly like the last," he said, watching her flashing eyes and her white lips.

Tom Smart suppressed a whistle. It was an understood thing that no liberties of speech were ever permitted when addressing the landlord's daughter at The Rising Sun. Farmer Elliott, however, continued to smile and seemed wholly oblivious of having in any way overstepped the mark. While Sally procured his second drink, he examined his gaiters and boots with a well-pleased air, only straightening himself when an emphatic bang on the counter with the fresh glass informed him that the dose was ready. Unfortunately for Sally, the bang was somewhat too vigorous, and some of the liquid splashed over. The man's eyes gleamed as he took note of the fact.

"I should like a full measure, please," he said, making no motion to take it.

"That is a full measure," said Sally.

"Pardon me!" said Farmer Elliott, with exaggerated courtesy. "It was—before you spilt it."

She looked at him again and a sudden flame leaped to her eyes as they met the scoffing triumph in his. Without a word she picked up the glass and hurled the contents straight across the counter into his face. A groan of dismay broke from the onlookers, succeeded by a chuckle from Tom Smart which he was quick to suppress. For the atmosphere was so charged with electricity that any expression of feeling seemed scarcely safe at the moment. There followed a tense silence, during which Elliott and the girl confronted one another, he with the liquid streaming down his face and clothes, she, white and quivering, the empty glass still gripped in her hand.

He pointed to it suddenly and peremptorily. "Throw that too!" he said. She shrank at the sound of his voice. It held something terrible. "What! Afraid?" he sneered, with an ugly look. "Or only ashamed?"

That stung her. She lifted the glass with a furious gesture. Her teeth showed clenched upon her lower lip. She flung the glass; but whether intentionally or because she was trembling, it went wide of the mark and was shattered to atoms against the wall.

"A darned bad shot!" commented Elliott, the evil smile still on his face. "Now come out of your cubby-hole, you little vixen, and wipe me down!" There was a shuffling of feet at this, as of protest, but no one ventured to intervene. Sally stood, white and quivering, her eyes fixed upon the man, no longer with defiance but with a kind of horror.

"Come on!" he said. "Bring that cloth round and mop up the mess you've made! You've had your fun, and now you're going to pay for it." But the girl still stood, staring at him, her eyes held by his.

He waited a second or two. There was nothing menacing in his attitude, only the most deadly determination. Then: "Are you coming?" he said. "Or am I to come to you?"

That stirred her to action. With a spasmodic movement, as though suddenly galvanised by an electric current, she raised the flap of the counter. "Bring your cloth with you!" said Elliott.

She turned back for it. It was as if by her own deed of violence all her strength had gone out of her. Her power of resistance seemed broken. She came to the man, waiting indomitably for her, and stood awaiting his instructions. And still—such was the force of his personality—no one of the bystanders spoke or even dared to move. "You can begin with my face," said Elliott. "Dry that!" Like an automaton she prepared to obey. But her hand shook so much that he took and guided it. Without the faintest change of countenance, he compelled her to wipe the streaming liquid from his face and neck and clothes, while the little group of village men stood and gaped at the spectacle.

"Now my gaiters," said Elliott at length; "and my boots! And when you've done them, you can go and get me another drink—a full measure this time!" His voice was curtly imperative. She obeyed him implicitly, stooping to dry first one gaitered leg and then the other.

"Let that be a lesson to you!" he said when she had accomplished her task. "Now for the drink, please!"

She set down his drink with the utmost docility, keeping her eyes downcast.

"Thanks!" he said with condescension. "And you'll give my message to your master when he comes in."

She made no reply, merely slightly bent her head.

But, "Lawkes!" said an old labourer suddenly. "'E ain't 'er master, Farmer Elliott! 'E's 'er father!"

"What?" said Elliott, and a gleam of surprise showed for an instant in his face as he lifted his glass. "Oh, that's it, is it? Well, the sooner she finds her master, the better."

He pointed to the empty glass in her hand. "Throw that, too!" he said.

Everyone laughed, with a cautious air, at this remark, everyone save Sally. She merely turned with a flicker of the eyelids and took up a fresh cloth to polish her glasses.

Farmer Elliott finished his drink, paid his score, and departed without further words. He broke into a cheery whistle as the swing-door shut behind him. It was evident that he had recovered his temper. The episode in the bar had apparently done him good.

Some time later, when the hour of her release struck and the last loafer drifted away, she locked up the empty bar and went through to the private part of the house. In a room at the back a light was burning, and she opened the door without ceremony.

"You go up to bed, Father!" she said.

The landlord of The Rising Sun was seated in a battered leather chair in his grubby little den. He looked round with bleared, uncertain eyes. "Hullo, Sally! Bring me another bottle, will you? This one's empty."

"No, I won't," said Sally without emotion. "You go up to bed! Haven't the boys come in yet?"

"I don't know. How should I know?" said Bates fretfully.

The banging of a door in the distance diverted Sally's attention. Sharply she turned and went to meet the late arrivals.

A voice hailed her as she turned the corner that led to the kitchen. "Hullo, Sal! Here's a hare and an old cock-pheasant for you! Got 'em down Hunter Vale way. Mike got a brace of trout out of the big pond. He couldn't stop for more as Elliott came prowling round on horseback."

"Did he see you?" broke in the girl.

"No fear!" The second brother's voice answered her, and the two men laughed in concert.

The Bates brethren were well-known in Little Chudworth as ne'er-do-weels, and suspected as knaves by more than a few. They were kind to their young half-sister, Sally, in their own rough way; they even stood mildly in awe of her. For Sally came of a better stock than they, and sub-consciously they were aware of it. Bates the elder, now drink-sodden and rapidly degenerating, had decent yeoman blood in his veins, and his second wife, Sally's mother, had been the daughter of a gentleman farmer. She had died years before when Sally was no more than a toddler, and Little Chudworth had forgotten her. But Sally had grown up with that curious aloofness which marked her as different from the rest. Though she worked behind the bar, she was treated with deference as one who belonged to a higher station.

As she entered the kitchen her favourite brother, Mike, turned and greeted her with a smile. "Not much of a bag, Sally," he said, "but it might have been worse!"

She glanced at the spoil spread out for her inspection and back to the good-looking rascal who displayed it. "Not bad!" she agreed. "But don't you go poaching on that man's ground again—if you don't want to be caught!"

He made a face at her. "It'll take a smarter man than Elliott to catch me," he said.

"Don't be a fool!" said Sally. Yet her hard young face softened a little, for she was fond of Mike. "I wouldn't like you to be at the mercy of that brute."

"Mercy!" George, the elder brother, laughed aloud. "Think we're afraid of Elliott just because he's prosperous?"

The girl's lip curled. She had no opinion of George from an intellectual standpoint. "I think you'll do it once too often! Have your suppers now, and then get the old man up to bed!"

"I'll see to the old man, Sally," said Mike. "Don't you worry! You just get to bed yourself! You've had your hands full to-night, but I couldn't get back in time to help you."

"Just as well," said Sally, preparing to go. "I can manage without help."

As she reached the door, he overcame a certain hesitation. "You've no business to be working in the bar at all," he said. "Why don't you marry?"

Sally stopped. Her blue eyes grew suddenly bright with an icy pride. "Who do you think I'd marry of the loafing hulks as come here? And which of 'em would marry me?"

"Tell you what!" said George suddenly, struck with a bright idea. "You get to know this darned fine Farmer Elliott and marry him, and do us all a good turn!"

"Marry him!" Sally's eyes shot fire. "Oh yes, it's likely he'd stoop to me, isn't it?" she said. "Why I wiped his boots for him this evening!"

"Sally!" exclaimed both brothers together.

She was at the door. In a moment she would have gone; but Mike sprang after her and held her. "You tell us what you mean!" he said. "No, you don't go like that! You just stop and tell us!"

"Yes, I'll tell you," she said. "For you'll [*Turn to page 89*]

He was proposing to her from a car!

Beauty and the Blantons

BY STRUTHERS BURT

AUTHOR OF "THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE," "THE DUDE WRANGLER"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

THE gardens were started by the Rev. Jeremiah Blanton—the first Blanton—somewhere in the middle 40's, four years after he had married for his second wife the rich Miss Almuce of Boston, who brought him a large fortune, a suppressed disposition, nothing of a figure, and complete liberty.

The last was fortunate, for without a change of climate the Rev. Jeremiah would have speedily joined numerous former members of his congregation in the bleak graveyard, laid out with a determination that death should be just as ugly as life, upon a treeless, rocky hillside of Gadsboro, Massachusetts. The Rev. Jeremiah had developed that frequent accompaniment of a Christian life, a pair of weak lungs. Simultaneously with this development, a cousin, a heretofore disregarded Blanton, died a childless old bachelor, leaving behind him a large plantation on the Cape Fear River in southern North Carolina. As he died intestate, Jeremiah Blanton, as the next of kin, inherited the estate; three hundred slaves, an immense old, red brick house with white columns, many acres.

For a month or two after receiving word of this additional windfall, the Rev. Jeremiah had endured an unbroken spiritual gasp. Outwardly he was unchanged, but inwardly he was in a state of turmoil resembling that of a staring fish caught in a whirlpool. He wasn't in the least sure what was happening. In his more depressed moments he suspected that the whole thing was an assault on the part of the devil, determined to break down the rectitude of a leader of theological endeavor. In a way, it was bad enough that Dorcas was so rich—there was, when you came to think of it, a taint of the flesh and other abominations about such solid wealth—but then her wealth was honest wealth, sanctified by the most conservative of banking methods, and it had been his intention to use it for the benefit of the community at large and the furtherance of the gospel amongst the heathen of Africa in particular. But this second windfall displayed a different character; was blandishing, soft, cajoling, appealed richly to the imagination. Besides, there were the slaves. Slavery was an abomination to the Lord. He took his doubts to his wife.

She raised her pale gray eyes, bordered by heavy dark lashes, and regarded him thoughtfully.

"I have been thinking about it a great deal, too," she said, "and I have arrived at the conclusion that it is your duty to undertake whatever burden the Lord has seen fit to place upon your shoulders." Her light voice was quite emotionless.

"Duty?" He had not thought of it in that light before.

"Yes, undoubtedly. If He had not desired you to be a southern planter, Jeremiah, this inheritance would never have come to you. Possibly it is a test. If you cannot live as godly a life there as you can here, then it is a sign that there is a weakness somewhere. You are favored beyond most men; you are tested beyond most."

"But I do not believe in bondage, and they tell me these plantations cannot be worked in any other way?"

"That is but a further test. You have always taken an extreme interest in the soul of the black man, and now is your opportunity to work with him personally—my opportunity, too. You can found a church and introduce the true light—for I have no doubt that at present they are no better than infidels—and if, after a certain time, you still find the institution of slavery un-Christian, you can set them free. At all events, I see in this a special call." She returned to her sewing with the quiet, demure closing of her lips with which she was used to conclude the rare expression of her opinions. She was a young woman; not over twenty-five; and there was a tradition that in her extreme youth she had had a tempestuous, unhappy love affair.

But the Rev. Jeremiah was not convinced; he was not convinced until three weeks later when his friend, Doctor Frothingham, told him the reasons for his lassitude and the perpetual cough that had recently afflicted him.

"If you stay here," said Doctor Frothingham bluntly, "you'll die."

"It is the Lord's will," replied Jeremiah meekly, already won over in his mind, but enjoying as usual, with gelid obstinacy, the prospects of an argument.

"The Lord's sheer nonsense!" retorted Doctor Frothingham. "Don't talk that way to me about the Lord. The Lord is a much more sensible man than you clergymen try to make him out. He gives us physical afflictions, like any other afflictions, in an effort to make real people out of mighty poor material. You get out of here. Didn't a cousin of yours die a little while ago and leave you a plantation in North Carolina? Well, you go there and live."

It was, of course, a direct revelation. Paul of Tarsus was not more clearly designated. There was some especial object; some future task Providence had in mind. Even Jeremiah's disputatious soul could no longer refuse to see the thing in any other way.

He arranged his affairs in Gadsboro, settled a large sum of money upon the church, which made its pulpit for all time a sinecure and a refuge for worthless young clergymen, and departed with his wife, his library, and

Cicily paused, with parted lips, the color rising into her cheeks and then receding, her hand going up to her breast. "You devil!" she said softly to Jeremy. "You wicked, wicked devil!" She turned her smiling face away; her voice was uncertain. "It makes me want to cry," she said.

his opinions for the Cape Fear River. The name and the circumstances attendant upon his going caused him to feel that in many ways he was a new Christian setting out for a new Celestial City. Only Christian had left his wife behind him and that, much as the Rev. Jeremiah mentally approved of the action, was more than a nineteenth century New England Puritan could do. Women—lawfully mated—had their uses, as the same Paul of Tarsus had indicated.

At this time the Rev. Jeremiah was a man of forty-five; lank, clean shaven, over-lapping lipped, with a long narrow head and expressionless light eyes; the head and eyes slightly reminiscent of a proud and uncertain horse. His black hair was beginning to thin out on top and he moved very briskly, with long strides, so that his black clothes flapped about him as he walked. He was the second son of a sea captain and he had fled inland and to the bosom of the church because he had found the sea disturbing and boisterously tempting, and because, in the person of his father, he had seen how little compatible such a passion was with the calm indifference a converted man should show.

It must have been a curious sight, that August day of 1843, when the high leather-springed traveling coach, covered with the mud and dust of half a county, turned in at the white gate posts of "Holy Oak"—that was the name of the dead cousin's place—and rolled slowly up the half mile avenue, overhung with gnarled gray trees festooned with drooping moss. On either side was the bare brilliance of the rice fields, but the avenue was haunted by a perpetual golden bloom, sun moted and iridescent. Two small colored boys ran on ahead, their eyes wide with excitement, and in front of the great brick house, and overflowing into the gardens, that swept up from behind in a half moon of breast-high hedges, were gathered a couple of hundred house-servants and field hands, Mr. Martin, the general manager and chief overseer, at their head. Mr. Martin was dressed in white linen; a tall, slim, wiry, alert man, with black turned down mustaches; inclined to be a trifle insolent, but very competent.

He took off his wide soft hat, which he wore at a rakish angle, and mopped his forehead with a silk handkerchief. "Here they come," he said unenthusiastically.

The coach swung around the circle before the house and stopped. McNab, the ancient butler, who despite his dark face wore an incongruous Highland name due to the Gaelic settlement of the country to the west, stepped forward and opened the door. There was a sigh of expectation. Jeremiah, lankier, grimmer, more tight lipped than usual, travel stained and slightly moist, descended blinking into the sunlight, and behind him appeared the slim, dove gray figure of his wife.

"Welcome, Mister Blanton!" said Martin gallantly. "You will find everything quite ready for your occupancy, Mrs. Blanton . . . allow me, ma'am." He came forward in welcome.

"You—are?" said Jeremiah bleakly to the stranger.

"Martin, sir; your manager."

"Well, Mister—er, have Mrs. Blanton shown to her room, Mister—er. . . . She is fatigued by the long journey."

"Martin, sir," the overseer replied blandly enough.

"Mister Martin." Jeremiah's manner was determinedly formal.

Jeremiah's rigid face and attitude of disapproval did not relax. He surveyed the assembled slaves without interest, and then following his wife and Martin, went up the long flight of brick steps that led to the terrace, and from there, up the shallow wooden steps to the great pillared porch of the house. His black figure lost itself in the shadows. The door opened and closed. He was inside his house. . . . It was three years later that the idea of the gardens came to him.

These three years had been in many ways years of disappointment to Jeremiah. He had found himself spiritually and physically at a loss. Physically he had not enough to do to satisfy the long hard muscles bequeathed him by pioneering ancestors; and spiritually his well laid plans had gone astray. Martin was a most efficient manager; under his direction the plantation continued to prosper and the rotation of spring, summer, autumn and winter passed with an automatic precision that resembled more the glittering infallibilities of machinery than the incertitudes of nature. Jeremiah pocketed his increasing profits and grew if anything sterner. In his bleak soul he was afraid of Martin. The man's skill and knowledge and hardy audacity abashed him. There was, when you came down to it, nothing to do except to ride around and inspect fields and assume an appearance of over-lordship that was but a husk of the reality. And spiritually, the negroes had not taken kindly to the bare, white, little chapel Jeremiah had built and in which at first he preached every Sunday. Jeremiah's ideas of religious worship were not suited to colorful souls. Of course he could have enforced attendance, but debating this in his mind, he decided that such coercion would be placing a further emphasis upon the fact of a slavery which still troubled him greatly. He began to confine his theological efforts to ministering to the material comforts of the people dependent upon him, a task in which his wife Dorcas had long been active. Eventually they both began to attend, rather shamefacedly, the small Episcopalian parish church four miles distant. It was either this or else giving up church going entirely, and Jeremiah consoled himself by the fact that the parish church was such a small church and the services so simple, and the pews so uncomfortable; almost as uncomfortable as if they had been situated in an edifice where the truth of religion was not so clouded.

He and Dorcas saw few people. "Holy Oak" was a lonely and self-contained place. There were few neighbors and these few were widely scattered, and Jeremiah and Dorcas were aware that courteous as these neighbors were, and would be to a Blanton and his wife, they none the less regarded these newcomers as creatures of an outlandish derivation. The neighbors went to Charleston or Richmond for their gayety, but Jeremiah and Dorcas once a year returned to Boston, where, for a month or two, they refreshed themselves in the bracing moral atmosphere of New England and, as far as Jeremiah was concerned, caught fresh colds.

It was on one of these trips that stopping off with a cousin, a Mr. Braithwhite, in Baltimore, Jeremiah had a glimpse of the heaven he was subsequently to create.

Mr. Braithwhite was a rose fancier and an importer of exotic plants, and his most recent importations were some glossy self-reliant bushes which he spoke of as azaleas. He had brought them over from England. "And yet," he had added, "they grow wild all over our mountains. They are not so different, after all, from our Rhododendron ponticum or Rhododendron catawbiense, except that they have been greatly beloved and cared for and crossed with their cousins of China and Japan and India. It shows what love and kindliness and attention will do, doesn't it?"

He sighed. He was a little, plump, rosy-faced man; a great traveler; and he endured Jeremiah, as he endured everyone else, because he was too kindly not to endure him. He had a way, however, of looking quickly up at Dorcas with a puzzled, sidelong intentness.

"Stop off again on your way south in the spring," he continued, "and I'll show them to you in bloom. I am not quite sure that this is the best climate for them. There are several gentlemen from Charleston greatly interested. Perhaps they would do well with you also."

Jeremiah decided to stop. For a long time the garden at "Holy Oak" had been bothering him; he didn't know why, for gardens had never bothered him in Gadsboro, but this particular garden did. It was too much like an empty treasure chest; like one of those empty treasure chests he had known in his father's home. The background was there; long hedge-bordered walks, stretches of green turf, a little lake of sombre wine-colored water, great groves of live-oak from which the gray Spanish moss drooped like the ashes of wistaria; but the spirit was lacking; a cohesiveness; an infusion of purpose. Jeremiah had told himself that this was due—and his homesickness as an adjunct to it—to a lack of variegated color, of simple brilliant flowers, of homely, sweet smelling herbs, and there were moments when he longed painfully for gray small rocks thrusting themselves up through the medley of July. Rather furtively he had planted some sweet-william and phlox and pansies and marigolds, but when these bloomed he had been disappointed. The sweet-william and phlox and pansies and marigolds seemed, somehow, out of place; the garden remained haunted and postulant and supplicatory. Jeremiah was annoyed; he was afraid the climate of the south was beginning to have upon him its enervating effect.

Re-veneered with New Englandism, black except where the dust had collected in the wrinkles of his coat and trousers, he reappeared before Mr. Braithwhite two months later. It was a warm day:

Mr. Braithwhite's gardens slept in perfume and color: there was a great going to and fro of bees. Jeremiah and his cousin turned a corner.

Jeremiah stopped, his long upper lip, with the little beads

of perspiration upon it was trembling very strangely.

Before him was a cloud of flame; a dawn-rose annunciation of beauty; something that hung between the blue of the sky and the green of the grass like the opalescent wings of a ship setting sail at sunrise.

"Are those the azaleas?" Jeremiah asked finally in a small voice.

"Yes," said Mr. Braithwhite.

Jeremiah did not speak again for a long moment.

"They are like the Rose of Sharon!" he said softly. He continued to twist together his harsh shiny-knuckled hands.

After awhile he asked: "Do you think there is anything wrong—er—Nathaniel, in a clergyman devoting himself to a garden? That is—er—a retired clergyman?"

Mr. Braithwhite's lively eyes showed signs of laughter, and then suddenly grew rather sad. "Far from it, my dear Jeremiah," he said gravely, "I can think of no more holy or fitting task. 'For I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse, I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved.' I will send you some bushes," he concluded in a matter of fact voice.

Jeremiah flushed. "Oh no thank you!" he said hastily. "There is no reason for that. I will go myself."

It occurred to Mr. Braithwhite that the figure of Jason and his Golden Fleece, or perhaps better, the figure of Sir Perceval and The Grail, showed itself in many and strange reincarnations.

And Jeremiah did collect his own plants; he collected them all over the world wherever they were to be found. Dorcas, whenever she was able to do so, went with him. The cities and countries through which they passed seem to have made little impression upon them except for the purposes of Jeremiah's voyages. They remembered nothing of London, only a tulip garden or two in Holland; and the fact that there was an opera in Paris escaped them entirely, nor would they have gone to see it even if their religious scruples had permitted. They drifted about Europe in the tumultuous years following 1848 without the vaguest perception that they were witnessing history. In India they passed near the Taj Mahal and never knew it was there. But they met some missionaries. Meanwhile, Jeremiah's assortium grew: expanded like a trumpet-vine covering the brown and green restraint of a tree. There were pink azaleas the color of little clouds in the morning; there were azaleas the color of a stormy sunset; there were azaleas red as the blood of sacrifice; azaleas of the curious almost fawn rose of a young girl's lips (when natural); and white azaleas whose blanched perfection seemed to withdraw into itself scornfully at the prismatic flamboyancy of their gayer relatives.

The gardens of "Holy Oak" were possessed with brilliant petals; they reflected themselves in the quiet waters of the lake; they lost themselves like the thin outer edge of flame beneath the festooned ashes of the live-oaks.

Jeremiah was always home in April when the azaleas bloomed, and Dorcas, with the thoughtfulness of a true partner and wife, somehow always managed to give birth to her children at about the same time. Her cooperation was frequent. In the fifteen years between 1843 and 1858 she gave birth to seven children, five of whom died. The cemetery at "Holy Oak," situated on a small island between two sluggish canals and overhung with trees whose moss, under the circumstances, seemed appropriately funereal, received almost as many additions in proportion as did Jeremiah's gardens. It was a rich soil growing richer. But enough children survived to carry on the purposes of this recital and the purposes of that strange intention which resolves that children should be born at all.

Dorcas became thinner and more silent; Jeremiah also became thinner, but strangely enough, in his latter years, developed a new garrulousness. He attended numerous meetings of horticulturists and was famous for his wealth, his eccentricities, and the impassioned speeches, interlarded with scriptural quotations, in which he indulged at any moment, appropriate or otherwise. He was called "Blanton of Holy Oak," and the title that ten years before would have seemed to him a godless affectation, now did not displease him. Good fortune had clothed him with a sort of gangling self-assurance. He could not abide contradiction except from Martin, and this he seldom provoked, because in Martin's presence he seldom ventured an opinion. He had even ceased worrying about slavery. Like Aristotle he had come to the conclusion that great civilizations are built upon the enforced labor of inferior men.

Only once in all these years had his world needed questioning, and then only for a short time, and because of an incident so abnormal, so startling, so beside anything he had ever heard or experienced, that subsequently he was able to dismiss it from his mind as a man would the misty grotesqueness of a fever.

This is what had happened. Jeremiah had gone out of his house one moonlit night in April—This was ten years after his coming to "Holy Oak"; seven years after he had started his garden. He had kissed Dorcas and sent her up to her room. But as for himself, he was not yet ready for bed, for he wanted to walk and see his azaleas by night, wanted to smell their drowsy perfume, the scent of dusk itself.

The gardens shimmered in the yellow light; the masses of flowering bushes—still small individually; by no means the wilderness of bloom they were to become in latter generations—seemed caught by some expectancy of the hour, some moment before the moment when a secret, mysterious but translucent, is related; under the live-oak trees the ground was spread with a magic tapestry. Jeremiah walked slowly, his hands clasped behind his back, turning his head from side to side; a quaint sombre figure, like a detached and migratory shadow. A mocking-bird suddenly broke into song. At the end of half an hour, Jeremiah retraced his steps and entered the house and went soberly up to his room.

He opened the door quietly lest he disturb his wife, and then, with a hollow feeling, as if all but his bones had dropped away from him, he stepped back against the door so that he was once more in the shadow. He was not sure that he was not seeing a ghost. His hand bit into the glass knob until it cut him.

The room was filled with a soft radiance that made the opposite walls look diaphanous and unenclosing. Along the wide, open windows the white muslin curtains hung motionless. The only solidity was the black bulk of the great four-poster bed. A recurrent breath of perfume, vague, hesitant, compounded of moonlight and azaleas and wild plum and honeysuckle, rose and fell. The mocking-bird sang. And at the heart of this witchery of light and shadow and inhalation, danced a silver figure, slowly, its arms outspread. About its shoulders dusky hair hung like a cloud.

Jeremiah Blanton pressed closer to the door; the blood slowly suffusing his horror-stricken eyes and beginning to sing in his temples. . . . This was his wife; this was the woman to whom he had been married eleven years; the mother of his four children, three of them dead; a woman of thirty-five; a godly woman; and she was dancing naked in the moonlight!

At first he did not know what to do. The dark fears of forefathers not so remote chilled his heart. For all he was certain, this might be sorcery; an overtaken nightmare; a changeling with whom all unsuspecting he had shared his life. Perhaps if he stepped forward the silver column would sink in ashes at his feet, or even worse, take wings into the night, leaving behind a question forever unanswered and a screaming terror of the mind. Then his better sense prevailed and his lips tightened. This figure was not alarming, it was merely outrageous. (As a matter of fact, it was only pathetically slim and childlike.) Jeremiah's mind did not form the following words, yet he experienced a sense of astonishment that Dorcas, seen this way, was still so young and urgent and wind-blown. Wind-blown was not his adjective; neither was urgent—he had never used such adjectives in his life; but he had an impression of wildness and youth. He

Jeremy married a girl from Virginia and spent most of his time out on the terrace of "Holy Oak." In reality he was much better off than most of his neighbors, since enough of the Almuce fortune had been left in productive northern enterprises to ensure against complete ruin.

had another sensation as well, an even more disturbing one; a sudden quick rippling of his heart. Possibly in the remote past some of his sea-faring ancestors had loved women who had danced before them this way in the dusks of tropic twilights.

Jeremiah stifled his heart—in fact, he refused to understand it; he stepped forward, an avenging fury.

"Dorcas!" he said in a terrible voice.

She paused, and he thought he could hear the startled beating of her pulses. She seemed to shrink into herself, as if the necromantic metamorphosis he had dreaded was about to take place, and then, without a word, without even an exclamation, in utter silence, she went over to the bed and picking up her nightgown, thick and long and buttoned to the throat, slipped it on.

"Get down and pray," he said icily; "and ask God to forgive you. I will see you later!"

He found his way blindly back to the garden. Where the tracery of the live-oaks was thickest he knelt down.

"O God," he prayed, "O King of All, who knows the hearts of thy servants, and their comings in and goings out, interpret for me this shame and blackness. . . . But do not blame her, O God—do not blame her too much, for she is a woman and weak. Yea, the fault is mine. I have fallen away too much from the straight and narrow path; I have eaten of the flesh-pots; I have erred too much in the ways of softness and the world. In the beauty of temporal things I have forgotten the beauty of the life everlasting. Help me, O God; help me and let me find again the way!"

Into the silence that fell after the silent echo of his unspoken words had died away, the presence of the garden seemed to step once more; shining, absorbed, passionate. Jeremiah got to his feet and blinked back at the radiance. . . . The trouble with Dorcas was that she was not sufficiently occupied. She had had no children for considerably over two years. She should have more children. In his selfish pursuit of his azaleas he had neglected her spiritual guidance. Women without children were incalculable. He would go up and speak to her about it at once. . . . And never again was the subject of her madness mentioned between them.

This was in 1853, and in 1859, when he was sixty years old, the Rev. Jeremiah Blanton died; and a year later his wife, Dorcas, as if there was very little left in life to hold further her curiosity, followed his example.

It was fortunate that Jeremiah died when he did, for within two years his heart would have been torn in a manner more terrible than any he had ever imagined. His fundamental instincts would have found themselves at war with his recently acquired habits of thought, and probably he would have fallen into the unenviable position of those southern landholders who, brought up north of the Mason and Dixon Line, were unable either to desert their states or their nation. As it was, he departed his life convinced that the talk of secession was merely the idle chatter of the hot-headed politicians of a neighboring state. Possibly it was also fortunate that he did not live to see Jeremiah II, now a youth of sixteen, drinking iced whiskey with Mr. Martin on the back porch of a summer evening. Mr. Martin was a gray, distinguished, bitter-tongued man of fifty-two, with no morals whatsoever outside of business hours.

With Jeremiah II we have little to do, nor with Dorcas II, his sister, who married ten years later, and moved to Savannah, and died angrily of the fever. Jeremiah II had the misfortune to belong to a war generation, a fact which makes a man historically important but individually uninteresting. It is the generation that bring up to a war, and the generation that follows a war that reward study. Second lieutenants are magnificent but they are too epochal; too much made and ruined by events too great for them. They cease to become men and become symbols; and try as they may, in the nuances of their souls, they remain symbols always, never quite getting over what they imagine they have got over.

Jeremiah II had no such doubts as would have troubled his father. At the first signs of hostility he joined a cavalry regiment and four years later was discharged a captain. He was a black-haired, white-faced man, completely semi-tropical. When he returned to "Holy Oak," although he was only twenty-four, he was an old man; his digestion ruined, his left arm practically useless, his veins full of rheumatism. He seldom spoke except in expletives. The bland Mr. Martin, a full colonel, had been killed at the battle of Cold Harbor.

Jeremiah married a girl from Virginia and spent most of his time out on the terrace denouncing a fate which, in political matters, had behaved so scurvily. In reality he was better off than most of his neighbors, since enough of the Almuce fortune had been left in northern enterprises to ensure against complete ruin. In reality, the only important fact of Jeremiah II's life, outside of his having been a soldier, was that he had a son, Jeremy, born in '69, five years before Jeremiah II's death at the age of thirty.

He wanted to see his azaleas by night

In the third generation the name Jeremiah had been softened to its French derivative. Outwardly the last trace of New England had disappeared.

Mrs. Blanton, used to misfortune and released from the paralyzing influence of her husband, expanded amazingly. She tightened her lips and set herself to the task of bringing up the young Jeremy and running, upon an inadequate income, a large estate. She even found time, and money, pinched together from little surpluses left from other expenditures, to prevent the gardens from returning to a jungle. They were no longer stately, or tended, or obviously a luxury, but they began to have a certain new wild beauty of their own, as if the azaleas were stretching their limbs like dryads broken loose from captivity. The young Jerry lost himself under the pink bloom in the spring. The soft girlish tired voice of his mother called him. He remembered that.

But he was a difficult person to bring up; morally, not physically. Physically he grew straight and tall and black-haired like his father; with his father's white face and brilliant eyes and clean cut features; but morally from an early age he began to exhibit the uncomfortable obstinacy derived from his grandfather and the occasional exciting, but alarming, rages of his grandfather's son. Mrs. Blanton adored him, and feared him, and brooded over him as a mother, especially a mother who has been beautiful and knows something of what men are, will. However, she need not have feared for his future along certain lines. Under the pallor of the south was the dourest kind of determination when aroused; the dour blood of sea-faring men who had ridden out storms and taken slaves and even, when trade was slack, sailed perilously close to piracy, and the dour blood of zealots who had enjoyed nothing so much as fighting the devil, particularly when the devil seemed to have an initial advantage. There had been a Blanton famous for his detection and persecution of Molly Brindlekirk of Haverstraw, Massachusetts, who, without doubt, and while she was bedridden, had at the age of seventy taken to riding a broom and milking the neighbors' cows.

Jeremy developed three senses; a sense of anger—at men who had taken away what was his and didn't care that they had; a sense of selective devotion; the concentration, that is, upon the few people and things he really cared for—his mother and "Holy Oak"; and a sense of indifference to the world at large. The man who has a clear sense of anything is armed as a rule above his neighbors, but the man who has several senses, well defined, is completely embattled; is dangerous to interfere with—has eyes that are far-sighted and not easily confused. Behind such eyes lies the fundamental secret of success; the ability to endure any amount of present punishment in order to gain a distant end. Men are failures not because they are stupid but because they are not sufficiently impassioned. The really cold man is never successful, for although the successful man may seem cold, somewhere there is a hidden love. Only the non-observant think the Puritan frigid; the Puritan is made of the same stuff as his enemy the convinced drunkard; both are passionate seekers lacking perspective.

Nothing could have kept Jeremy away from New York. As soon as he could think he was impatient for it. And, when he got there, it is doubtful if any man ever spent sixteen years in such a great city and remained so little intrinsically affected. New York neither stirred Jeremy's pulses nor compelled his affection. He made many friends and cared not two straws whether he ever saw them again or not; and he was careful not to make any intimate friends except those who would be useful to him in his career. When necessary, he sacrificed a friend if it were possible to do so without creating an impression of disloyalty. His looks and his charming manners gained him a reputation for cordiality he did not deserve. In reality his mind sat far off, like an eagle watching a valley, watching its opportunity, and when the opportunity came he plummeted with deadly accuracy. He was not ethical; but then, few men of the 'nineties and early nineteen hundreds were. The kindly exteriors of today, the small smiling moral speeches, cover as a rule, in men over fifty very rapacious young fellows of three decades ago. Those alive today who were alive thirty years ago and who think that the present age has retrogressed spiritually, have a quaint conception of locomotion.

And the sardonic point of the jest was that Jeremy deceived those who most thought they were deceiving him; deceived them by his drawling voice, his courtesy, his dreamy appearance and the tradition that the south was easy-going and shiftless. These qualities and this tradition made for a lowering of guards. Afterwards, the injured man was a trifle hazy as to what had hit him; was inclined to lick hands like a lion whose keeper had beaten him.

Jeremy's secret life was as carefully premeditated as his public life. At times it was necessary for him to get drunk—life became unendurably lonely, unsatisfactory and taut—and when this necessity grew unbearable he went out and got drunk with a white-faced intentness and efficiency. But he never got drunk where anybody could tell about it afterwards; and when he was drinking he never did anything else but drink. He was always quite sober when he made love to certain shallow young women and nearly frightened them out of their wits.

During these periods of incandescence his concentration upon the goal of his present life relaxed and the memory of "Holy Oak" surged back into his mind. [*Turn to page 53*]

The Drayton Case

By LEROY SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR J. KELLER

Mary Regan stepped into the room, her arm still about the girl

At last—in this complete short story—Clifford, the great detective, and his old enemy, Bradley, come to grips in their long battle over beautiful Mary Regan. And through the author's eyes we are permitted to see clearly, as though in a magic crystal, all the ramifications of New York's underworld—those dark, hidden ways unknown to the law-abiding citizen of the land

"YOU'VE simply got to let me help you!" insisted Mary Regan, whose name a secret marriage ceremony had a year before changed to Mary Clifford. They were in Clifford's inner office.

"But now that everything is cleared up between us two, I want you to keep out of the danger of getting mixed into any unpleasant phase of my detective business," replied Clifford with equal insistence. "You and I have already had trouble because of my affairs."

"Yes—and the trouble is not over!" she persisted. "Remember, it's Bradley I'm talking about. And Bradley's not through. Just bear in mind how, at the end of that last affair, he swore he was going to get both you and me—and there's nothing except actual murder that he'll not try against us. Since the trouble he's made for you has been largely because of me, it's strictly up to me to help you out. I was pretty much of a failure all those months I was trying to work for you behind a smoke screen. Now I'm going to work against Bradley in the open, at your side!"

"But, Mary—I don't want you again out on the firing line! He might aim first at you."

"All the more reason I should help!"

On and on they went, repeating the arguments they had been using toward each other these last two weeks upon this same issue. In her heart Mary wished not only to help in the way she demanded; she also wanted the satisfaction of assisting in the apprehension of Bradley in his comprehensive scheme of collecting "Folly's Gold." While they argued, Clifford was collecting the documents of a case which was to start him to Chicago in a few hours, but his eyes were ever going across his desk to the dark beauty of Mary. Their reunion, after a year of separation following their strange marriage, was still in the nature of a miracle.

Even now, as they continued to argue, part of his mind was dazedly going over the chief elements of the past year's experience: her mysterious disappearance the very day of their secret marriage—her reappearance as the ally of his greatest enemy, Bradley, in vast criminal enterprises—her undeviating coldness to him—his bitterness toward her—his many attempts to balk her from participations in Bradley's schemes, his constant endeavor to save her from falling under the complete sway of Bradley's undeniably magnetic but criminal personality. And then, only two weeks before, when Bradley had at last seemingly been securely trapped in one of his intricate crimes, had come the astonishing explanation. All the while Mary had been acting a part, deceiving him and Bradley alike! She had learned that Bradley had a vengeful determination to eliminate Clifford, and to protect Clifford, whose danger she deemed herself the cause of, she had aligned herself with Bradley and for a year had been sending Clifford anonymous and indirect warnings which had saved him and thwarted Bradley's designs. Clifford could still hardly

believe it all, so strange had been the whole affair.

"At any rate," at length declared the persistent Mary, "I'm going to take care of your office routine while you're away!"

Clifford smiled with resignation. "All right."

"And if anything comes up about Mr. Bradley, I'm going to look out for both of us."

"I guess I can't prevent you." Clifford knew when he was beaten.

It was just then that Clifford's secretary entered with a card. Clifford whistled softly as he read it. "Show him in," he ordered, and there entered a tall, graying man of a bearing which gave the instant suggestion that he was accustomed to high deference: which indeed was the case, for he was Lorrimer Drayton, head of Drayton & Co., that splendid jewelry establishment on Fifth Avenue, nationally regarded as the smartest, most distinctive and most reliable place to buy one's plate and one's gems.

Clifford spoke before his caller could summon words. "I presume, Mr. Drayton, that you have come in the matter of your daughter?"

"You are entirely correct, Mr. Clifford." Mr. Drayton's distinguished face was twitching with an agitation he could not suppress. "The police do not seem able to do a thing."

"I'm afraid I cannot give you much of my time during the next few days, Mr. Drayton. But Mrs. Clifford is assisting me"—here Clifford introduced Mary, and to her Mr. Drayton gave the bow of the finished man of the world he really was—"and while I'm away perhaps she'd help you out."

"I'd be only too happy!" exclaimed Mary.

For an instant the great jeweller scrutinized Mary with startled eyes that were sharp and thoughtful despite their obvious distress. "I shall be grateful to Mrs. Clifford. A woman to solve a woman's case—that seems almost an ideal arrangement."

Mr. Drayton then proceeded to outline his situation. Every so often New York reads in its papers the story of the "Mysterious Disappearance of Beautiful Heiress"; and of all such stories, the mystery of the disappearance of Marcia Drayton five days before had been the most sensational the New York papers had had in many years. In her case there was solid reason for this sensation: she was really rich, she was really beautiful, she was really socially important. The facts of the case, as given to the press, had been meager. Marcia Drayton had gone out one evening for a bit of a walk, and had never come back; none of her belongings was missing; no word had come from her, or about her. But upon these few facts the eager papers had built a score of explanations, suggesting romance, suggesting abduction and ransom, suggesting even tragedy.

To Clifford and Mary, however, Mr. Drayton now confided facts not given to the police and press which constituted a most distressing skeleton in his family closet. His motherless daughter had developed from a pert flapper into an extreme specimen of those daring, willful, self-confident young women so characteristic of these present days. She had many friends of whom he did not approve; she had often slipped out of nights to join these comrades of her wildness in some gay dancing resort. Finally he had delivered his ultimatum to her, and she had defied him. That quarrel was the true reason for her disappearance. She had really gone with plenty of clothes and she had her own banking account in which was a very considerable balance. It was his belief that she had taken refuge with some one of these wild girl friends.

"This is why I welcome the chance of having a woman on the case," Mr. Drayton concluded. "A clever woman may do things a man could not in hunting among these reckless, brilliant girls among whom I believe my daughter is hiding. And if you don't object"—this to Mary, with the obvious suspense of a father—"I'd like to go about with you occasionally." To this request Mary agreed, and thus it was she became involved in the famous Drayton affair which was destined to become even more famous.

For four afternoons and nights Mary haunted the smart cafes and the alleged exclusive dancing clubs, looking ever for the missing Marcia Drayton, whose portrait her father had supplied. Twice Mr. Drayton had accompanied her. On this, the fifth night, she and Mr. Drayton were in the Golden Moon, which was just then having its highest period of brief fame for its brilliance and clever naughtiness.

Presently Mary opened her bag and glanced at her watch. "It's now half-past twelve, Mr. Drayton," she remarked. "Shall we try some other dancing place?"

"Let's wait here a little longer, please!" begged the father. "This is one of the places she most often came to when she slipped out of nights."

"Very well," agreed Mary. Suddenly Mr. Drayton caught her wrist.

"Marcia!" he gasped, rising. "There she is! See! She just came out of the women's dressing room! My God—she's turned and gone back again! She must have seen me!"

Mary was on her feet, instinctively drawing her evening coat about her shoulders and snatching her bag from the table. "Come on!" she ordered.

"I'll follow you to the door—but they'll not let a man in the ladies' dressing room. It's all up to you! For God's sake, hurry!"

Without a backward glance at Mr. Drayton, Mary moved swiftly along the edge of the milling crowd, through curtains into a short hallway, and through another pair of curtains into the ladies' dressing room. Her quick glance checked off half a dozen hand-made young beauties who were repairing their appearance with the help of the attendant. But no Marcia Drayton was there.

"Was a young woman here a moment ago?" Mary rapidly asked the attendant. "About nineteen—slender—dark hair?"

"She may have been here, but I've been so busy I didn't notice her," replied the woman. "She probably went in to dance."

"No, for I've had my eyes on the dancing entrance since she came in here."

"Then she must have gone out the other way. There's a stairway especially for women direct from this room to the street."

The attendant showed Mary this exit, and Mary went down the narrow stairway with the best speed that evening slippers would allow. She came out on a side street a dozen yards from Broadway, and swiftly glanced in each direction. But here also there was no figure resembling Marcia Drayton. For several moments she stood scanning the crowd; then she saw Mr. Drayton come out of the main entrance of the Golden Moon and hurry toward her.

"Your daughter was too quick for me, she got away."

He seized her arm. "Police!" he cried. "Police!"

"What?" gasped Mary.

"Police!" he shouted. "Police!"

Mr. Drayton's second cry was no more than out of his mouth when an officer was at his side, and a curious crowd was beginning to elbow about them.

"What's the trouble?" demanded the policeman.

Mr. Drayton was the quicker with his words. "I'm Mr. Drayton—Lorrimer Drayton. You've doubtless heard of my missing daughter. I engaged this lady as a detective to help find my daughter and tonight we were together up in the Golden Moon on the chance that we might there get a clue to my daughter's whereabouts. I should explain—"

"That all straight, lady?" the policeman interrupted.

"So far," said Mary. "But I don't understand—"

"Of course she'd say that!" broke in Mr. Drayton. "You may know that I am a jeweler, my business being largely in diamonds. Like many other dealers in diamonds, it has become a fixed habit with me always to carry a few unset diamonds. I had some with me tonight: to be exact, twenty-one small stones of a total value of thirty thousand dollars. They were in a small brown leather wallet which had my name stamped on it. Two minutes ago this lady, whose professional name is Miss Mary Regan, said she thought she saw my daughter enter the women's dressing-room and hurried away. Miss Regan did not come back. By accident I discovered at once that my diamonds were missing."

"You want to make a complaint against this lady, Mr. Drayton?" inquired the officer with that respect due so rich and well-known a man.

"I certainly do, and I want her searched!" Mary's protests served her not at all. A second policeman had by now appeared, and by then she was crowded into a taxicab, together with Mr. Drayton. At the police station she was searched. In her handbag was the little brown jeweler's wallet of Mr. Drayton, and in that wallet were the twenty-one diamonds. That night Mary spent in a cell. The newspapers of the following morning made much of the theft and arrest. It was a sensational chapter in the sensational mystery of the disappearance of Marcia Drayton—"beautiful woman detective robs stricken client." And as part of the story, Mary's history for the first time became public. Mrs. Mary Regan Clifford, wife of the detective, was the daughter of "Gentleman Jim" Regan, famous as a clever international swindler until his death a decade before, and was the niece of the almost equally famous confidence man, Joseph Russell, now retired. She had been reared in the cynical philosophy of "what you can take successfully is yours"; in the past she had been suspected of having had a part in many big operations; but until the previous night, when caught with the Drayton diamonds on her, she had always managed to avoid arrest. It all made a lovely story—for the newspapers.

Clifford appeared just as Mary's case was being called in the police court. She was held for trial down in the dingy Criminal Courts Building, and was released upon heavy bail which Clifford had hurriedly secured.

Outside, Clifford had his first chance at private speech with Mary. "I suppose you know exactly what this game is?"

"Not the whole game. But my stealing of those diamonds was a frame-up. Mr. Drayton must have slipped them into my bag at the Golden Moon when I wasn't watching."

"Mary, let your mind run [Turn to page 94]

At Mr. Drayton's cry, an officer was at his side. "What's the trouble?" demanded the policeman

All the keys of life's overtones in pain, in pathos, in pleasure, in love, in hate, stretch before him

Decoration By
JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

The Gospel On The Air

BY THE REVEREND S. PARKES CADMAN

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL
OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

A voice, clear, forceful and fearless, a voice snatched out of the air by the shining wires of the aerial—that is what the name of the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman means to more than a million radio fans in America today. And this great preacher, who is also the President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, and who, like the immortal John Wesley, has taken the world for his parish, comes now to McCall Street. In this, the first of a series of intimate and searching articles, in which he will discuss with you monthly the problems of every-day living, you will learn some of the experiences which have won for him his title, "The Evangelist of the Radio".

THE title of this tribute to the Radio is comprehensive enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic "listener-in." "Gospel," derived from the Anglo-Saxon, meaning "g o o d spell" or "good news," is among the sacred words of the language inseparably blended with humanity's dearest hopes and aspirations. "The Air" is literally life and salvation for the planet, e n w r a p p i n g it with oceanic volume, filling the lungs and expanding the frame of everything that breathes. "The Gospel on the Air" is a vital combination of some hitherto unsuspected forces which bid fair to revolutionise social intercourse throughout the world.

When it appeared, we had grounds for supposing that the notable victories of science could not be indefinitely prolonged. Had not aviation, wireless telegraphy, the electron, various glandular and chemical discoveries, to say nothing of argon, a hitherto unsuspected element of the atmosphere, constituted an amazing cycle of achievements by scientific learning? Nevertheless, in its appointed time the Radio came to crown them all; to harness by its mechanism countless constituents to its magical auditions. Its coming demonstrates the nearness of the invisible to the visible; the intimacy of what is called the temporal with the eternal, their real oneness, and their final unity. It admonishes us that the modern world is every whit as holy as the ancient world, and that America is no less important than lands celebrated for centuries in the history of morals and religion. It offers to every emancipated mind unprecedented channels for its honest thought. The heedful hearer, intent on truth, goodness or beauty, can be inspired by its messages. It gives the teachings of prophets, psalmists, apostles, poets and philosophers an unparalleled scope. It conveys integrity of conviction, [*Turn to page 67*]

The Arizona of today—this is the country beloved of Harold Bell Wright—the country where pioneer blood and pioneer tradition still persist

Do You Believe the America of Our Ideals Really Exists?

On the answer to this question depends the validity of Harold Bell Wright's Philosophy of Life—the philosophy which many modern critics deride, but which these Americans of great achievement affirm in their signed statements presented on this page.

WHO is the most widely discussed author in America today?

Put this question to any gathering of people anywhere, and they will answer without one dissenting voice: "Harold Bell Wright."

For around the name of the great apostle of the West, the author of not one, but a dozen novels which year after year have held first place in the list of the season's best sellers, rages a furore of literary controversy—for everyone in America has an opinion as to this man's work.

"What do you think of the novels of Harold Bell Wright" is a pertinent and revealing question, and one which McCall's has just asked some of the most prominent men and women of our land, men and women of marked achievement, and who, therefore, represent the true spirit of America—the spirit which Wright believes in and celebrates.

"What do you think," the question was phrased, "of the present day tendency of many of our literary critics to praise only the sordid, grim and mean interpretations of life as being 'art,' while they consign to outer darkness, as being falsely sentimental, the novel that holds a positive message of cheer and hope for mankind? Is it not time to cease praising the unceasing flow of destructive fiction now parading in the guise of realism?"

REV. DR. STRATON

WALTER CAMP

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN HEINK

NORMA TALMADGE

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McCall's believes it is, and because this magazine is dedicated to give you only fiction that reflects our American life as it actually is in the by and large—healthy, happy, and pledged to noble ideals—we have been deeply and profoundly impressed by the letters which have come to us from the prominent men and women of America, upholding this policy; letters in which the writers put themselves on record as ardent believers in the ultimate power of good over evil, and the glorious future of America.

Here on this page, and by special permission of the writers, we are publishing some of these letters that you may read what some of the most wide-awake, progressive and successful men and women of America think of the novels of Harold Bell Wright and their wide influence on our national life. The letters herewith follow just as we received them from these writers, each letter being given beneath the author's name.

By Chauncey M. Depew, Famous American Lawyer and Publicist.

"I can fully give my approval to McCall's policy and endeavor in giving to its readers bright, healthy and American-inspiring fiction.

We have had the sordid and grim long enough. Let us turn the leaf and see what the other side has to offer. [*Turn to page 41*]

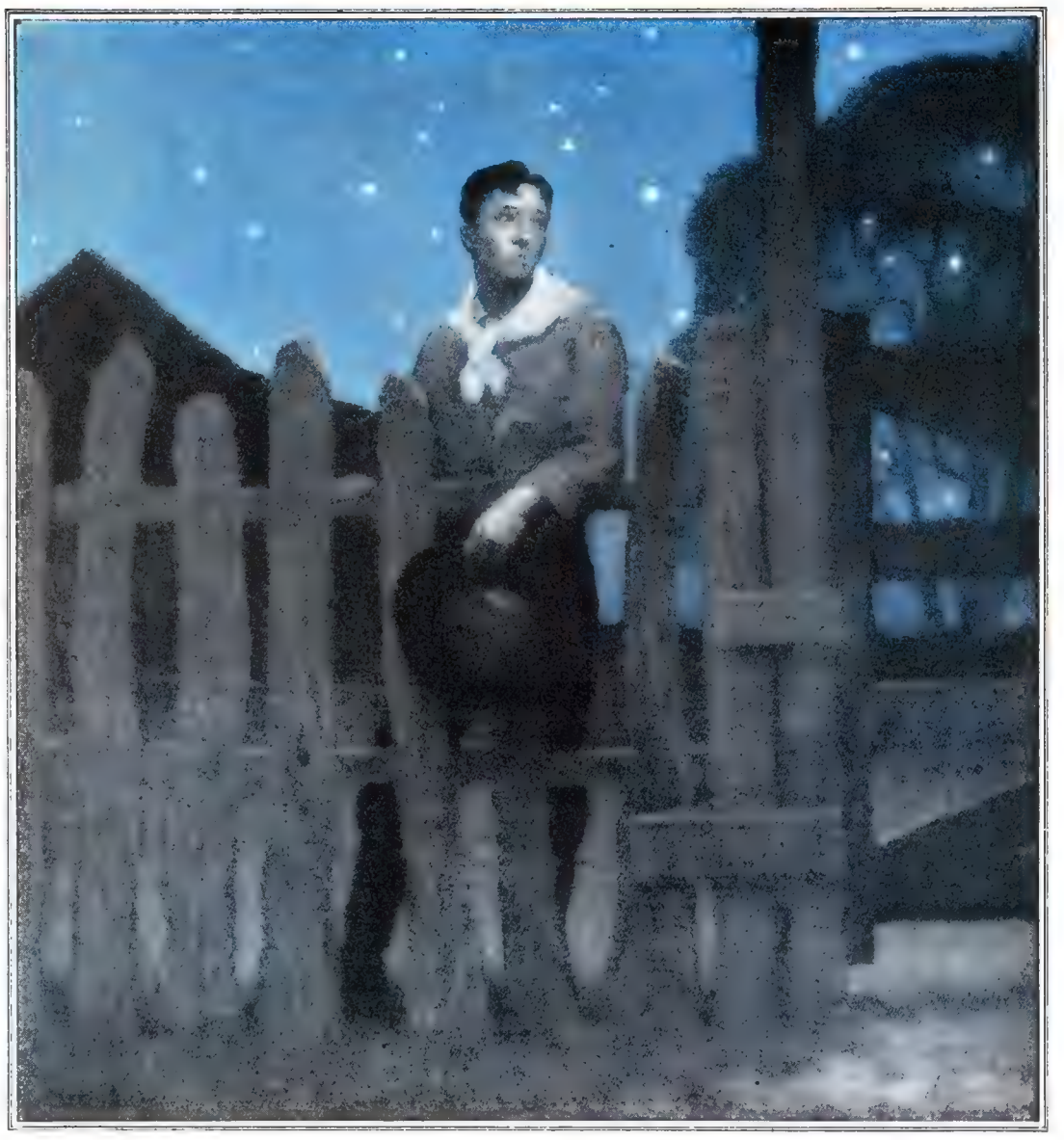
A Son of His Father

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "WHEN A MAN'S A MAN", "THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH", "THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

Begin it now! Don't miss the great fiction treat of the year—Harold Bell Wright's greatest novel and an interpretative epic of American life. This is the first time in his career that Mr. Wright has consented to the magazine publication of one of his novels in advance of its appearance in book form, and McCall's feels most fortunate in having been selected by Mr. Wright as the vehicle for serialization



For some time the dark form remained motionless, listening to the girl singing her Irish songs

NORA O'SHEA comes from Ireland to join her brother Larry who, she thinks, is employed by Big Boy Morgan on the latter's Arizona ranch. But Larry has deserted his employer and is now working for the notorious Black Canyon ranch, owned by Jake Zobetser, Morgan's unscrupulous enemy. Morgan himself seems strangely troubled, not only by Larry's disappearance but by other worries as well. There are stories of him dissipating and he seems little inclined to lift himself from the slough into which he has fallen. He has at his ranch two guests from Philadelphia, Charlie Gray, who is attempting to fight an illness, and Jim Holdbrook, a man of a type altogether different from Morgan. There is a hint that in some way there is a connection between Holdbrook and Larry's disappearance. Meanwhile Nora is sent by crafty Zobetser to Morgan's ranch, being told she will find her brother there. Morgan, Gray and the cowboys are unwilling to tell her of her brother's treachery and say he has merely been sent South on a business mission. Nora is reassured and goes inside the house to eat supper. While she is gone Holdbrook makes a vulgar jest about her and Morgan knocks him down. A moment later Nora is in the doorway.

WITH one accord the cowboys sprang to Holdbrook's side and when the Irish girl appeared at the end of the porch they had the dazed man on a chair and were bending over him, chafing his hands and fanning him with every manifestation of sympathy. But Nora would have had good reason to be startled could she have heard the advice, threats and warnings that those ministering cowboys whispered in their patient's ear. "The Lord knows, sir, if I was to eat all that Mr. Chink in there set before me—" she caught sight of Holdbrook and his busy attendants: "Oh, the poor man. What's the matter with him? Let me help. Can I be doing something, too?"

"He'll be all right in a minute," said Stub reassuringly. "He's been this way before."

"Poor man, and is it a stroke, do you think?"

"Something like that, miss," said Curly.

"You see, he's subject to these here spells," offered Long Jo.

"What a pity!" There was no doubt of the girl's sincerity.

It was Gray who suggested that they take the stricken man to his room where he could be quiet, and Curly, with a crushing grip on Holdbrook's arm, agreed that he would be a "heap safer quiet."

As they were helping the still limp gentleman toward the porch Morgan said: "He'll be all right presently, Miss O'Shea, but—" he added for Holdbrook's benefit—"he will need to be careful, though, or he will bring on another attack."

Pablo, who had held aloof from the center of activities, thoughtfully rolled a cigarette. "That man he sure goin' die, Señorita, if he catch much more seeckness like dis."

"What a pity! Do you know I thought there must be something wrong with him the first time I cast my eyes on him. He doesn't look right -poor man—and how kind you all are to him—the saints love you for it."

When they returned from Holdbrook's room the cowboys, one by one, reluctantly bade her good-night and went to the bunk house. Nora, who had favored each with a smile and a happy word, turned and saw Morgan who was standing a little apart with his back toward them, gazing moodily off into the night. As she regarded the tall ranchman her glowing face became troubled and she looked at Gray anxiously. "What's the matter with him?" she whispered. "What's he worrying about?"

Gray hesitated then answered: "I rather think he's worried about you."

"Me? And what's the matter with me?"

"Nothing, nothing at all, I assure you," returned Gray hastily.

Before she could speak again Morgan came toward them. With an air of resolution he began: "I'm sorry, Miss O'Shea."

"Sorry about what, sir?"

"We're a rough lot here."

She smiled: "Sure, sir, and I like the rough kind, if only they be decent. As you may have noticed I did not raise my brother Larry to be a shrinking violet of a man."

"Oh no, indeed," agreed Morgan hastily, "but, I realize that with your brother away the situation is frightfully awkward for you—I mean you being caught like this at the ranch here."

For a long moment the Irish girl studied Big Boy Morgan's troubled face. Then her sea-gray eyes filled and in a voice that was pitifully broken she said, as she turned away: "You'll be excusing me, sir, I mistook you. I thought I was welcome."

She was moving wearily toward her bundle when Morgan sprang to her side with an eager protest. "No, no—please, Miss O'Shea—you don't understand."

And so the man of books and the Irish girl, that morning, found the bond of their friend-

She looked up at him and that radiant smile transformed her countenance. "I'm thinking I don't entirely, sir, but I might if you were just to speak up plain like."

Gray came to Morgan's assistance: "There are only men here at Las Rosas, Miss O'Shea."

For a moment she regarded them gravely, then she burst into a merry laugh. "There's no woman at Las Rosas, you say? And me alone with all these fine men? Oh Lord, I thank thee! 'Tis the chance I've been looking for all my life!"

Charlie Gray laughed as he had not laughed for years. Morgan cried eagerly: "And you don't mind—you're sure you don't mind, Miss O'Shea?"

"Mind? Sure I'd rather be here than in heaven—the saints forgive me. And why should I not? Are you not all Larry's friends? 'Tis certain sure I am, that my brother's friends are gentlemen, sir. Larry could be friends with no other kind."

"And you will stay with us? You will make Las Rosas your home?"

"And how could I refuse when you look and speak like that? Sure I'll stay and thank you kindly, sir, until Larry comes." She looked smilingly around as she added: "I'm thinking maybe at that there will be some little things I can be doing about the house."

Morgan called for Wing Foo and the old Chinaman appeared on the porch. "Alle lighte, Boss Big Bloy, whatee mattee?"

"Wing, Miss O'Shea will occupy my room."

"Oh no, sir," protested Nora. "Please, sir, I could not think of upsetting your household like that; just give me a little corner anywhere at all."

"Boss Big Bloy loom all leady flo missee now. Me flix um. Ol Wing Foo him sabe." He took Nora's bundle and stood ready to show her into the house.

"You see," smiled Morgan, "Wing knows what is best. It was my mother's room, Miss O'Shea," he added gravely. "Please—I want you to have it. I will take your brother's room until he comes back."

There was a wondrous light in the sea-gray eyes as she said good night to the two men. To Morgan she added: "And I want you to know, sir, that I'll not close my eyes in sleep till I've said a prayer to the blessed Virgin for you. 'Tis no wonder at all that Larry loves you."

Big Boy Morgan stood looking after the girl and the Chinaman. When they had disappeared into the house he still stood as if lost in thought. Charlie Gray, watching him, murmured softly: "If only we had a woman at Las Rosas."

The ranchman started and turned away. "Confound that red-headed, freckle faced renegade," he said savagely. "I've had about enough, Charlie; I think I'll call it a day." He went toward the bunk house but paused as Wing appeared with his tray and glass.

"Tlime fo egg-nog, Miste Chollie."

"By George, I need it Wing, thank you." The student, with a whimsical, teasing smile, lifted his glass: "Well, Jack, here's to our—ah—shall we say—un—happiness?"

"You go to the dickens!" retorted Morgan as he disappeared into the bunk house.

But when Charlie Gray had retired and the light in Nora O'Shea's room was out, when the cowboys were sound asleep and Wing Foo was supposed to be, Big Boy Morgan stole from the bunk house to the easy chair under the umbrella tree.

For the first time since his mother's death there was a woman at Las Rosas—a woman, the young ranchman said to himself, that his mother would have loved. Now Jack Morgan normally was far from being repelled by the opposite sex. It could not be said that in his school and college days he avoided the girls. But the truth was: he had never experienced even a school boy love. Perhaps it was that he loved too well his life and work on the great ranch. Perhaps his mind was too occupied with horses and cattle and men. But never had he met a woman like Nora O'Shea. And the fact that he had seen and admired her through Larry's eyes before she appeared so unexpectedly in the flesh—the very circumstances of their meeting—the situation which had developed with such startling rapidity—all served to so reveal her personality that he felt he had known her always. When a young man feels that a girl is the girl his mother would love and that he has known her always he is quite likely to sit alone in the night when he should be in his bed asleep.

As noiseless as a ghost Wing Foo came from the shadows of the house to his young master's side. Squatting on his heels with his back against the trunk of the tree and his hands tucked in the big sleeves of his jacket the old Chinaman talked of the "pletty lady who clome stay Las Losas." How her eyes "alle samee likee ol missee's eyes when long tlime ol Boss Molgan catch um blide, bling um home"; of the happiness when "littee Big Bloy clome"; of the old days when the rose garden was in its glory and there were guests at the big ranch and fiestas with music and dancing and laughter. "Alle tlime catch um happness—alle tlime."

And Morgan, living again in the old days, let him talk. "Mebby so happness clome back now. Mebby so pletty lady bling good tlime," Wing finished plaintively. "Mebby so Big Bloy him catch um blide likee fatha. Mebby so Wing Foo see one, two, thlee littee Big Bloy fore ol Chinaman die."

Whereupon Jack Morgan shook himself free from the spell of the past and faced the stern reality of the present. Whatever his plans for Las Rosas might have been, he knew now that they could never be realized. And so, for the second time, but for quite a different reason, he made the solemn assertion that he was a crazy fool and ordered Wing to go to bed.

Wing obeyed—but just the same his "good night, Boss Big Bloy, catch um happness bly and bly" had a hopeful sound, which set Jack Morgan again to dreaming dreams—dreams which he told himself sternly and sadly he had no right to dream.

THE men of Las Rosas were up before the sun. At the first dim hint of dawn the horses were driven from the pasture below the barn to the corrals. In the gray of the early morning the riders fed their mounts. By the time the sun was gilding the highest point of Yellow Jacket Peak breakfast would be over and the cowboys would again be at the corrals with ropes and saddles making ready for the day's riding.

Big Boy Morgan had said that the work of tallying the Las Rosas cattle must be finished by July first. The men did not know why the young ranchman was tallying his cattle. Even Long Jo did not know. And there was much talk about the matter when the boss was not around. But whatever his reasons for counting his cattle Big Boy Morgan could depend upon the unusual work being finished in the specified time, even—as Maricopa Bill put it—if they had to ride the hoofs off every horse in the outfit.

The noise made by the men at the wash basins and pump awakened the girl in Morgan's room. At first she wondered what the sounds meant. It was barely light enough for her to see, but through the open window came the voices of the ranch announcing the morning. Bulls bellowed in heavy rumbling tones or lifted their voices in long drawn calls, cows lowed, calves bawled, roosters crowed, turkeys gobbled, horses neighed, doves cooed, and in the umbrella tree birds twittered and trilled and chirped their greetings to the new day. Then she heard the men trooping into the house and understood.

"But surely," she said sleepily to herself, "Mr. Morgan would never be having his breakfast at this early hour." With a contented smile she was turning luxuriously for another nap when she distinctly heard Big

ship—a friendship that was to be to them, all the years of their lives, a very beautiful thing

Boy's voice. The Irish girl slept no more that morning.

Dreamily she recalled all that Larry had written her about the ranchman from the time of his meeting with Morgan in Philadelphia. In the enthusiasm of his first acquaintance with the man from Arizona, and in the excitement of his introduction to the West, where, as he believed, his hope for riches would be so easily realized, Nora's brother had been extravagant in praise of the master of Las Rosas. Upon this extravagance and upon her belief that it was Morgan who gave Larry the considerable sum of money which he had sent to her just before their mother's death, the girl had formed her conception of this American gentleman. And now, at last, after the long waiting, after her weary journey alone, her disappointment and fears for Larry and her terror when she believed herself lost in that strange wild land, she had met him face to face. She had heard his voice. He had proven his kindness. And, wonder of wonders, she was here in his room.

Sitting on the edge of the bed she looked reverently at the various pieces of furniture—strong, substantial furniture with a feeling of quality and genuineness that was like the man himself. Here and there, there were things that Wing Foo had neglected to move—intimate man things—a pipe and tobacco jar, a fancy silver mounted bridle, new riding boots, a pair of spurs. In one corner there was an old fashioned secretaire with the shelves behind its glass doors crowded with books and magazines. On the wall were two photographs, framed. Quickly the girl crossed the room for a closer look at the photographs. It was not difficult to identify them—his father and mother. And this had been his mother's room. It was in this very room, no doubt, that her boy was born. It was here that she taught him, day by day, many of the things with which a mother helps her man child to build his manhood. It was here, too, that she closed her eyes in that last, long sleep. Standing on tip-toe the Irish girl impulsively touched her fresh young lips to the old photograph of the mother. But when she turned as if to pay the same tribute to the companion picture she stopped suddenly and her cheeks grew rosy. Big Boy Morgan was the image of his father.

Morgan and his cowboys, that morning, were not so engrossed in roping and saddling their horses that they failed to see the girl when she appeared at the corral. She had climbed into an old farm wagon which was standing outside the enclosure, close to the stockade fence, and from that safe elevation was viewing the, to her, exciting and dangerous activities of her new found friends.

In the midst of the band of restless horses the men moved calmly, selecting their mounts. The wary animals, accustomed to the game, were quick to know the ones wanted and those chosen made every effort to escape—crowding behind their more fortunate comrades, rushing madly here and there, whirling, plunging, dodging. To the confusion of the swiftly moving forms and tossing heads and flying manes and tails was added the rolling thunder of those trampling hoofs. But for each animal selected the inevitable moment soon came. A cowboy swung his arm, the loop of a riata flew through the air and the captured horse, in most cases submitting gracefully, was led to the waiting bridle and saddle.

To the Irish girl it was a thrilling scene. And this, she thought with a glow of pride, was Larry's work—for, of course, she saw her boy the equal, at least, of any of the Las Rosas riders. How was she to know that Larry rode only the gentlest of the horses—staid, old animals that would stand to be bridled—and that with a riata the boy could do nothing at all.

But the cowboys, while keenly alive to the girl who was watching them with such interest, paid her no attentio beyond the barest acknowledg ments of her presence. Big Bo had already made them awar that he was in no mood fo trifling. Grim and silent, th master of Las Rosas caught an saddled his own mount, an apparently did not even see hi young woman guest. Whe every man had his horse, th gate to the pasture was opene and the remaining animal freed. And then presently the were all mounted and ready fo the long day in the saddle. A they rode out of the corral an passed the girl in the wagon each in turn was favored with a smile and a happy word an for the first time that morning the riders exhibited a degree o cheerfulness. It may be said too, that as they passed in review before the Irish girl the horses for some reason exhibited a sudden excess of good spirits which forced the cowboys to demonstrate their horsemanship in a way to fully merit the admiration which shone in her frank and expressive countenance. Big Boy Morgan, who was last to leave the corral, reined his horse up to the wagon.

"You are up early," he said gravely, removing his broad brimmed hat. "I am sorry if we disturbed you."

The girl's radiant face grew serious as she marked his manner. "Indeed, sir," she said, "'tis me that's been getting up with the sun every day since I can remember. 'Tis a shame for me not being ready for breakfast, but you see, sir, I did not know."

"Oh, but you must not think of rising for our breakfast hour," he returned with a kindly smile. "Wing Foo will serve you whenever you are ready."

"Thank you, sir, 'tis good of you to be that thoughtful." She spoke quietly but in her eyes there was a look which led Big Boy to say impulsively: "Look here, Miss O'Shea, I know I must seem a poor sort of a host but I want you to know that we are all as glad as we can be to have you at Las Rosas. I wish I wasn't so busy right now. I don't like to seem inhospitable, but I have some work that must be finished on a certain date and I dare not lose even an hour. Please won't you believe how happy I am to have you here and won't you just make yourself at home as if—as if you had always been here?"

"Indeed, sir, there's no doubt at all in my mind that I'm welcome. How could there be after last night? But—"

"But what, Miss O'Shea?"

"You'll forgive me for saying so, but for a man who has everything in the world that should make a man happy, you're that doleful I could cry just from looking at you."

He laughed at this—a quick, reckless laugh that was honestly meant to deceive her but did not in the least. "Really I must go now," he said. "Just ask Wing for anything you want. Charlie Gray will be around. Don't worry about Larry. Don't get lonesome. Goodbye." At a touch of the spur his horse leaped away.

From the wagon she watched him until he passed from sight over the crest of a hill. Then she climbed slowly down and went thoughtfully to the house where she found that Wing Foo had set a table for her on the veranda overlooking the neglected rose garden.

"Ol missee she likee bleakfas alle samee me fix um fo you," the Chinaman explained as he seated Nora in the chair which for years had been used by the mistress of Las Rosas, and the table was placed, the service arranged, exactly as she had taught him. "You want um likee this, too?" He waited anxiously for the girl's approval.

"Sure and 'tis a wonderful thing, and past my grandest dreams—to be eating like this with the sunshine and the birds and the flowers."

"Hah," cried the delighted Wing Foo, "me sabe, you alle samee ol missee, long time go she young missee alle samee you. She laugh, laugh, alle samee you—pretty white teeth—cheek likee lose—eyes shine

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The Story of Woman Through the Ages

BY W. L. GEORGE

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND BLOOMING", AND "THE CONFESSION OF URSULA TRENT", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

The suffragists promoted violence. One woman rushed across the course on Derby Day; she was killed, and England was shocked

UNFORTUNATELY, there were still two laws, one for women and one for men. Whereas a nobleman could marry whom he chose and retain his social position, a girl of noble or even of mediocre family, who married beneath her class, suffered severely. In Germany, as late as the thirteenth century, a woman who married a serf lost her liberty. She found equal difficulties in trade. Woman earned her own living more easily in the year 1200 than in the year 1750. It was mainly during the Renaissance, a period during which she was absurdly idealized, that woman found herself debarred from paying occupations, that the seed was planted of the great economic rebellion of woman, the end of which we have not yet seen. At Salerno there were women doctors in the eleventh century; some of the guilds admitted women, but as the towns came to fear there would be too many masters in the guilds and too few buyers, admissions were restricted and women were first to be excluded.

When the Reformation came the guilds had practically broken down; woman had found it difficult to earn her own living, except in the home, where she spun, wove, cooked, made beer, soap, candles, and other household articles. However, woman needed protection; things could be done to her in the home that could not be done publicly; she suffered many obscure tyrannies. Luther and his followers afforded protection to woman by objecting to her being pressed into marriage, though they thought essential the consent of parents. The liberalism of Luther and the Reformers also appeared in their acceptance of divorce. In Germany and Sweden, notably, divorce was recognized by the Protestant church, even though woman did not yet have rights equal to those of man.

Society changed swiftly in the seventeenth and especially in the eighteenth century. The education of woman, in the seventeenth century, was essentially a polite education; the religious side was stressed only in so far as to enforce conformity on women. In that sense, the women of the seventeenth century were akin to the women of the Renaissance, but they were beginning to think intellectually; until then they had thought only morally or aesthetically. They were not, in the modern sense, educated women; two hundred years would elapse before a European or American woman could hope to obtain a real education. If she were a woman of talent she must steal knowledge.

One of the most revolutionary ideas of the eighteenth century is expressed by the phrase of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, "Mankind is born good." Here was a complete reaction from the idea that mankind is born laden with original sin. Rousseau suggested instead that man had been made evil by his conditions and that he was originally good. This idea began to upset common theories; it had much to do with the American revolution, and with the French revolution; it influenced the enfranchisement of the people, the treatment of crime, the revolt of women, and the origins of socialism. It was an idea which made people laugh, but which moved them all the same, and the whole intellectual contribution of the eighteenth century eddies round this idea of Rousseau. The reader will realize how much it affected the position of women, for when one assumes mankind is born good and is made evil by bad treatment, one must conclude that if women are light and foolish, it is because they are ill trained.

When we come to other pioneers, such as Montesquieu, we strike a different, more aristocratic, more frivolous attitude. He is what they call an experimental philosopher; science, which is dawning, suggests itself to him as important; he has ideas of social organization. Instead of allowing a country to happen, he would like to arrange the population pro rata to acreage, keeping the proportion true for bachelors and families—he has confidence in humanity; he is a democrat.

Still another of the great group, Voltaire, represents the eighteenth century. Where Montesquieu constructs, rather childishly, and where Rousseau rhapsodizes, we find Voltaire ironic and mercilessly logical, smashing the old social ideas.

These three men are the founders of the eighteenth century, the restless sceptical eighteenth century, a curious forerunner of the dull, heavy, respectable nineteenth century.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

TO analyze marriage in the nineteenth century is not so simple as to analyze ideas, because ideas are proclaimed, while marriage stays in emotional hiding. But one may say that, sixty or seventy years ago, a husband expected from his wife absolute obedience and that he usually obtained it. She was not to interfere with him, but to comfort him if he failed, and to praise him if he succeeded. If he chose to be drunk publicly, or to swear, or to be unfaithful, she must tolerate it. It is only fair to add that, though a certain crudity of manners prevailed in those times, men were much less coarse, brutal, and faithless than they had been before, though conditions were not ideal.

Being a subordinate, woman was often subjected to rough treatment. For instance, we find Charles Lamb denying that there is such a thing as gallantry. He points out that in 1820 England is just giving up whipping women in public; that women are occasionally hanged; that actresses are hissed off the stage; that women stand in the pit of London theatres until they are faint with exhaustion, while men sit; above all, he protests against the current sneers at female old age when it happens to be unmarried. This is important, for only very recently has the expression "old maid" begun to recede from our language. In the nineteenth century it was well established that a woman who did not succeed in catching

a man was a failure and was necessarily ridiculous.

If, however, she caught a man, she still lived under a hard rule. In England in the early days of Queen Victoria, Mrs. Norton was sued by her husband for infidelity. The jury declared her innocent, and yet her husband retained the power to deprive her of her three infant children. Indeed, it was not until 1839 that a woman obtained the right of access to her children. Even then, she could be deprived of them after they reached the age of seven. This because she was held to be inferior. So strong was the feeling of the inferiority of women that in 1840, when American women appeared in London at the Anti-Slavery Congress, the meeting declared that it was "contrary to the ordinances of the Almighty" that women should sit in congress. In spite of William Lloyd Garrison they were excluded. This had the excellent effect of provoking the first Woman's Rights Convention, at Seneca Falls, in 1848.

Finally, in 1867, came a great shock to masculine self-complacency. John Stuart Mill put forward in the British parliament the first proposal to admit women to the political franchise. Mill was defeated, but two years later English women were given the right to vote in minor municipal elections, while the state of Wyoming earned for itself the everlasting glory of being the first to admit women to vote for its legislature. One year later in England, when the Compulsory Education Act was passed, women were allowed to vote for members of the schoolboards, and even to be themselves elected.

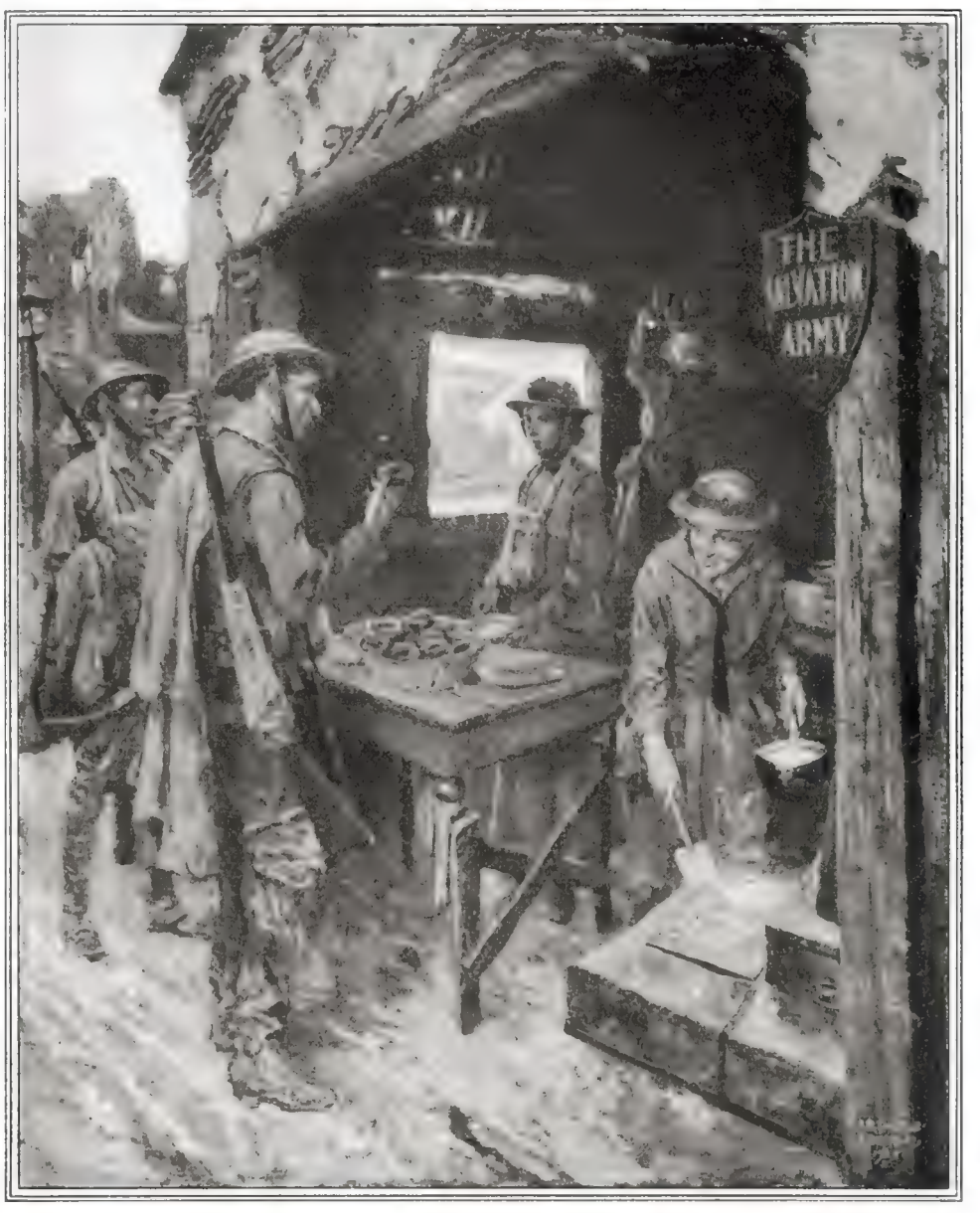
These seem small successes, but the enfranchising fire was catching in all directions. In the latter half of the nineteenth century a number of brilliant women, such as Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Miss Ellen Key, Miss Selma Lagerlof, Miss Jane Addams, and hundreds more, began to inflame the world with their demand for absolute feminine equality. Thus, in 1893, Colorado gave women the franchise. Then came New Zealand, and Southern Australia, a number of American states, and other British colonies; only in 1907 did Finland, and in 1908 Norway, give women political rights equal to those of men. Continually the women faced lampoons, newspaper articles and music hall songs bidding them "Go home and mind the baby." Some made themselves ridiculous by advocating rational dress and appearing in breeches. The collar, the eyeglass, hair cut in masculine ways,—these absurdities of 1880 did a great deal to retard the movement, for it took a long time to make men realize that the feminine sex contained a percentage of fools equal to the percentage achieved by the masculine sex, and to realize that if masculine fools were allowed to vote, it was only fair to redress the balance by admitting feminine imbeciles.

The struggling women of the nineteenth century also began to break into the professions. Elizabeth Garret became an apothecary, and in 1869 Miss Jex-Blake demanded a medical degree at Edinburgh. A modern reader can hardly believe it, but in those days society held the point of view that it was indecent to instruct women in medicine and surgery. For years the struggle raged until at last in 1888 Mrs. Scharlieb was given a medical degree. In the universities, it was the same struggle. Edinburgh did not open its classes to women before 1867. The university of Oxford admitted women but refused them degrees until after the world war.

The reader may conclude from the foregoing that women raged a lonely battle against men for civil and political freedom. That is not, however, entirely the case. Since the nineteenth century was a great period of ideas, it was impossible that the men who originated these ideas toward women should hold towards them the dark thoughts of the past. Or, at least, their disciples were affected. All general progress in intellect has been progress for women, but, taking the particular, one may say that three men have done more to release women than most men and women combined: John Stuart Mill, Henrick Ibsen, and Bernard Shaw. Mill was not the founder of the woman movement, but was the first man of note and power to formulate philosophically the opinion that woman is unjustly tyrannised over by man. His famous essay, "The Subjection of Women," published in 1869, is the basis of the modern suffrage movement. Here are some of the ideas of Mill: "The principle which regulates the existing social relations between the two sexes—the legal subordination of one sex to the other—is wrong in itself and one of the chief hindrances to human improvement." He objects to the idea that women must obey man; he protests against the transfer of property to the husband; he describes as slavery the position of the wife; he shows with indignation that man controls the woman's child, that after his death even she may not be her own child's guardian. He considers that the legal equality of married persons "is the only means of rendering the daily life of mankind a school of moral cultivation." He is passionately in favor of equal suffrage for both sexes; he argues for the opening of all public offices to women, and he supports this by showing woman's matchless capacity for dealing with the details and leaving general ideas alone.

It is difficult today to realize Ibsen. Until he came, the theatre had shown men and women in their ordinary relations; it exhibited good men and bad men, but man always kept woman in her place. There were no rebels; they pictured women noble or vile, but noble or vile only within the limits of their sphere. Suddenly Ibsen put forward the idea that women have rights similar to those of men. No longer was the demand for kindness but for equal rights.

Last of the great three comes Mr. Bernard Shaw. He sees the contest between the sexes without taking a side in it, except in so far as he laughs at both combatants. For woman the value of Mr. Shaw lies in the immense intellectual agitation which was raised by his works among the young people, in England and Germany especially, between the years 1895 and 1905.



Then came the war; women were recruited for every trade; women were splendid; and there sprang up the seed of political equality

The world did not, of course, swiftly throw off the effects of the Victorian blight. Social life from 1880 to 1890 was a heavy affair, of which some ideas can be gained from the novels of George Gissing, Harold Frederick, and Henry James. Narrow ceremony defined social relations; the dinner party of twelve to twenty guests, followed by whist, defined entertainment; only those who gave dinners received them, except perhaps marriageable men, who gave themselves. Woman was still enslaved by the home. There she struggles with bad grates, bad lighting, and in the end bad servants. She was still supposed to avoid delicate subjects; to show her independence she selected them for discussion; still able to feel shocked, she decided to shock. In 1885 the world was heavy with conflict, with the merciless struggle for freedom that was to come to fruition thirty years later. But time went swiftly; with 1890 the social life of Western Europe was stimulated by the arts; it became exciting. That period compares almost exactly with the great intellectual agitation which began in America round about 1910, and has now produced the play and the novel of revolt. Europe was just shedding side whiskers, and out of youth came a strong demand that ideas should also at once be cleanly shaven. The French inspiration of realism was coming in great gusts from de Maupassant and Zola.

MILITANCY

It is tragic to record that more was done by violence in thirteen years than had been achieved by reason during a hundred; that Ibsen, Stuart Mill, Haeckel and Darwin between them could not achieve for women what was achieved by the first Lancashire millhand who set fire to a pillar box. The first act of militancy took place in 1905, at a time when no European country accorded women the vote, when hardly anybody knew or cared what suffrage meant. It is tragic and disgusting that within a few years Norway, the best educated nation in Europe, Finland, itself so much oppressed, the house of Liberalism called England, and at last practical America, surrendered to the women. Men had resisted argument: they gave up in the end to nagging and noise.

We can say to the glory of English women that it was they who broke the masculine ring. In 1905 two members of the Women's Social and Political Union, a society headed by Mrs. Pankhurst, rose in a political meeting and audaciously demanded of the Liberal speaker whether he was prepared to introduce a bill giving the suffrage to English women. He replied by something non-committal. Nothing more happened. Then, to the amazement of England, at every political meeting women began to appear, always putting the same question. At first they were laughed at. Then they began to interrupt. Little by little the question ceased to be put, and the cry of "Votes for Women" became a means of obstruction. In 1906 a number of women attempted to rush the House of Commons and were arrested. Twice in the month of December the attack was resumed. Demonstrations in great masses, and new attacks upon the House of Commons, were met by mounted police and numerous arrests. Attempting to see the British prime minister, women chained themselves to the railings of his house, where, until the chains would be cut, they remained shouting their monotonous cry. Then they picketed the British parliament, night and day in all weathers, and throwing at each member a look of reproach.

Their campaign was met by violence, by ejectment from meetings, by insults, and in a few cases by assaults. Monotonously, the government went on arresting; the only effect was to fill the chest of the suffragists with money, to fill its ranks with girls of fifteen, married women with a half dozen children, and women so old that one had to be wheeled to the House of Commons and lifted out.

The British government was disturbed, but it did not realise what women were capable of. Seeing that the ordinary protests were useless, the suffragists promoted a campaign of violence. A number of churches were set on fire; tar was poured into letter boxes; thousands of windows were broken in the London stores; one heroic woman, Emily Davison, struck at the heart of London by rushing across the course on Derby Day, and stopping one of the horses. She was killed, and England was more shocked than it would have been by the burning of Westminster Abbey.

But now the government found itself [*Turn to page 93*]

"You are making a mistake—this isn't my wife"

The Keeper Of The Bees

BY

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES", "THE WHITE FLAG" "THE GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

JAMIE MacFARLANE, late soldier of the A. E. F., was resting on the porch of the hospital where he was a patient when he overheard the physicians call his case hopeless, and plan to send him to a camp for tubercular veterans of the Great War.

Immediately, his fighting blood was aroused, and without taking thought for the future he ran away to seek health by the sea, if so be he might find it, and if not, to die in his own way.

Days of wandering brought him to the Bee Master's gate, where he succored the old man in a sudden and grave illness, and promised him to care for the bees while the Master went to a hospital.

The little Scout, the Bee Master's child friend, and assistant, helped him in this; so too did Margaret Cameron, who lived next door.

One stormy night Jamie climbed to a seat on the cliffs, to find there a strange and weeping woman. When he begged to be allowed to help her she asked him to marry her that she might have a name to give to an unborn child.

The next day they met at the Court House and were married, the girl disappearing immediately afterward. From that time on Jamie's great desire is to find her, and to be worthy of her. Then the Bee Master dies, and when his will is read, it is found that he has left all his estate to be divided equally between Jamie and the little Scout, Jean Meredith.

JAMIE sat up and repeated a name slowly:

"Jean Meredith."

He didn't know any more than he had before. Jean might be a boy or might be a girl. He looked at Doctor Grayson.

"Does Jean Meredith know about this?" he asked.

"The Bee Master gave me the telephone number and I called the parents. Yes, the Bee Master's little friend knows."

"And will the parents accept that gift on behalf of the child?" asked Jamie.

"Most assuredly," said the Doctor. "Why not? There probably was no one on earth to whom the Bee Master was attached as to the little person he always referred to as his side partner."

Jamie arose. He was dazed. He offered his hand to Doctor Grayson.

"I am going out in the air where I can walk and think," he said. He went down to the street and then back to the house and to the blue garden that the love of flowers and the love of beauty in the heart of a sentimentalist had built around a home. He stepped softly as he entered the door. He carried his hat in his hand and looked around for some place not too intimately connected with the Bee Master where he might lay it. The house was sacred now.

What was it that amazing document had said? One acre of valuable soil crowded to the limit with wonderful planting, a row of white hives running the length of it, something in the bank, plenty of comfortable clothing that fitted him, a bed whereon to sleep, and they were his if he cared to stretch forth *his* hand and take them? Jamie suddenly discovered that he was not so strong as he had thought he was, because he was shaking until his teeth chattered and the tears were rolling down his cheeks until he was exhausted. So he got up and went down the back walk the extreme length of it, and opened the gate and stepped into the foot-path that led down to the white sands of the sea. There before him his eyes encountered an amazing sight.

Backed against a rock, making feeble efforts at self defense, were a couple of children, and before them there was a small figure working a sand shovel with the precision of a rotary plow and the velocity of a whirlwind. The victims against the rock were clawing their eyes and gasping for breath and making an ineffectual effort to return the compliment. To Jamie it was evident that the flying sand was very nearly smothering both of them. A few long strides brought him to the rescue. He grabbed the little Scout by the belt and pulled hard.

"Gently, partner! Go gently!" he said. "You're smothering those children!"

The little Scout lifted the shovel and raised a face of outrage with the offered explanation: "They began it! They picked on me! I wasn't doing a thing until they threw sand on me half a dozen times!"

"You come with me," said Jamie. "Let's go up here to the rock and sit down and look out on the ocean. When were you home last?"

"Left right after breakfast," said the little Scout.

Jamie headed toward the throne and the little Scout scuffled along beside him.

"If you've not been home since breakfast," said Jamie when they were finally seated facing the ocean, "if you haven't been home since breakfast, Jean—"

"*Who* told you my name was Jean?" cut in the little Scout.

"Doctor Grayson," said Jamie. "He told me at the hospital this morning that your name was Jean Meredith."

"What else did he blab about me?" inquired the little Scout. It was evident to Jamie that the whole of the small figure beside him was suddenly imbued with defiance, drawn up for battle.

"He didn't say anything," said Jamie, "except that you would have the sense to accept a very wonderful gift that's going to be offered to you."

"Is it a horse?" asked the little Scout

instantly, the defiance beginning to fade from his face.

"No," said Jamie, "it's something worth more than a great many horses. Never mind that right now. There is something else I want to tell you. I just came from the hospital."

Slowly the little person drew away from Jamie. Slowly the grey eyes widened. Slowly the hands clenched. Slowly the narrow chest heaved up and sank back again.

"Aw," said the youngster harshly, "aw, he ain't gone and slept the beautiful sleep, has he?"

Jamie sat still and looked out across the ocean. It was a blow he found himself powerless to deliver. Slowly his eyes turned to the horrified face of the child beside him, and suddenly the little Scout launched a quivering figure into his arms and buried a twisted face on his breast.

"Don't cry like that," he begged, "you are tearing yourself to pieces! The Master wouldn't like it. You are selfish when you cry like that. You are not thinking about him; about his going home to Mary and his wee girl; you are thinking about yourself."

Instantly the little figure straightened.

"But, say, what's going to become of the bees? What's going to become of the garden? What's going to become of that nice house?"

Jamie hesitated. Someone had to tell the child.

"Well, then," said Jamie, "if he was going on his long journey and had something very dear to him to leave, who do you think would be the person to whom he would leave it?"

So long as he lived Jamie would remember the reaction of the little Scout to that question. The flat shoulders squared. The head lifted to an extreme height. The chin drew in. Then it came straight from the shoulder:

"Why, he'd just naturally leave it to *me!*"

Calmly, casually, convincingly, the words came from lips of assurance. "He'd leave it to me, and maybe he'd leave *some* to you."

"Well," said Jamie, "you're a good guesser, Jean! That's exactly what the Bee Master has done. He's left a writing that Doctor Grayson thinks will hold in the courts, and this writing says that the west acre of the garden of wonder up there, and the hives that are on it, are yours; and the east acre and the hives that are on it, are mine."

Jamie arose and took the little Scout by the hand.

"Come on, Jean," he said, "let's go home."

The little Scout bounded expertly from crag to crag down the rock in front of him and waited for him at the base.

"You seem to like my name."

"Well," said Jamie, "there couldn't be a lovelier name. It's something to know about you definitely and at that it doesn't tell me whether you're a boy or a girl."

Jamie saw the mutiny that instantly dawned in the eyes raised to his.

"Still harpin' on that old no sense thing, are you?" demanded the little person. "Still fussin' over trifles when you are satisfied with the big thing. If I'm your partner and you're the keeper of my sekerts, and we're goin' home together, ain't that enough for you?"

"That ought to be almost enough for any man," answered Jamie.

"I hope," said the little Scout, "I just hope that the Bee Master didn't have very *much* money in the bank. I hope there's only going to be a little of it."

"But why?" said Jamie.

"Oh," said the little Scout, "I can't see the use of people havin' so much money. It don't seem to do anything but make a lot of trouble. I been lookin' on for a good many years and seems to me most of the fightin' and the fussin' and the law suits and things going wrong, is among the people that've got a whole lot of money. Why can't folks be satisfied with a reasonable amount?"

"Well," said Jamie, glad to change the subject, "what would you say was enough? What would you think would be about the right amount for *us* to have?"

The little Scout thought that over and then announced conclusively: "I'd say that anybody that's got the east acre or the west acre of this place, and a long row of bee hives and lots of fruit trees, and flowers and vegetables and strawberries and the sand and the sea, and a little house that yells 'Come on in!' clear across the road to you, I'd say if they had enough to own that, and get the bread and butter and the strawberry pop and the hot dogs, I'd say they didn't need another thing on earth—clothes, of course, I forgot about enough clothes to cover 'em up with—"

"And didn't you forget about a horse?" said Jamie.

"Oh, well, now, of course I meant a horse. I meant a horse most before anything else except a place to keep him. You can't have a horse without a place to keep him. That's been my trouble for years. I could a-had a horse almost any time. There wasn't any stable for him and not any alfalfa or oats or anybody to keep the stable clean. That's been my trouble all along. A horse, of course!"

"And a boat, of course," suggested Jamie. "The ocean isn't very much good without a boat now, is it?"

The little Scout hesitated. "Oh, well, of course, with the ocean at your back door, of course, now, we could use a boat. The Bee Master told me once he owned clear down to the water. A man wanted to buy his shore line and put a hot dog stand there, and he decided he couldn't have it because we could get hot dogs down at the corner. The Bee Master said that one of the finest men who ever lived in England, one of the biggest credits to that fine old land was a man and his name was William Blackstone. He made me say over and over about the hot dog stand what William Blackstone said. I'll tell you now."

The little Scout stepped in front of Jamie, brought small heels together, squared lean shoulders, lifted a chin, and accomplished a nobility of countenance that was startling. Jamie did not understand how it happened that a tear smeared face, that sand filled tow hair, sanded brows and ears could take on the look of dignity and serenity that was on the face of the youngster in the delivery of this sentence: "'Thou shalt not obstruct thy neighbor's ancient light!'"

Suddenly, with the flashing change habitual to the little Scout the entire figure slumped; came back to the bench, sat down beside Jamie and leaned against him.

"That means," said the little Scout, "that 'ancient light' means the sunshine and the moonlight and the clean air clear from China. The Bee Master used to go down and lie on the sand by the hour and let the ocean tell him things that comforted him. He said if he sold that, the man adjoining him would be the owner, and *he* would be the *neighbor,* and he didn't want his 'ancient light' all mussed up with a hot dog stand and he didn't want his inheritance of well salted, dustless air right fresh off the sea all fogged up with hot dogs, didn't make any difference if they *did* make your mouth water. We could get ours down at the corner."

Then the little Scout put a pair of tight arms around Jamie's neck and closed in almost to the point of suffocation, and the Keeper of the Bees got his second little hot kiss firm on his lips.

The little Scout said: "Thank you for taking his place with me, and I'm glad that you've got the Madonna lilies and the fighting ground, and I'm glad you've got the east acre and half the bees. And I'm glad if the Bee Master had to go, I'm gladder than I can tell you that you are goin' to stay and keep the bees!"

"Look who's here!" said the Little Scout. "Say, Bo, honest, what have you got there?"

ONLY a short time was required for the settlement of the estate of the Bee Master. All he owned was the two acres of mountain side and beach and the money that he had deposited in the Citizens Bank. Because he was so thoroughly familiar with the Bee Master's wishes, Doctor Grayson consented to act as executor. The little Scout was to have the complete furnishings of the combined library and living room on demand. The remaining money in the bank was divided equally, Jamie's half being set aside to his credit, the little Scout's to begin compounding interest until legal age was attained. The proceeds from the honey and the garden were to be divided equally after the wages of any help employed had been deducted, the child's share to be placed in the bank.

So Jamie went back to the garden, his mind in the turmoil of bewilderment. There was much sprinkling to do and he could think while he sprinkled. He could wonder why things happened as they did as he trimmed shrubs and used a hoe.

He was not responsible for his mind in those days. It flew off at queer tangents, and he found himself developing a habit, when he had any time of leisure, of taking a book and from beneath the shade of a certain orange tree at the foot of the garden, alternately reading and keeping an eye on the shore line. He had a feeling that some day, sooner or later, a tall girl with the free stride of a boy was going to pass along the beach and climb the back entrance to the throne, and when that happened, Jamie wanted to be there to see. The letter in his pocket was exactly the same letter it had been from the first time he had read it, and he had read it times uncounted since and pored over every stroke of each letter. He could reconcile the letter with the girl that he had held in his arms, with the woman who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him and taken the marriage vows. But he could not reconcile either of these people with a girl who had complicated her personal affairs to the extent of being in dire

need of the outward signs and symbols of chastity.

It was several days yet until the time for Margaret Cameron to make her second inspection. The pad Jamie had removed that morning looked as fresh and clean as when it had been applied. The morning tomato juice, the afternoon orange juice, the soaking in the sea, the baking on the sands, the clean, dustless, salt laden air, absorbing occupation, all day out of doors, a mind with something to dwell on that was holy, that was beautiful, —what doctor need hope to compete with such a combination, such an exhibition of Nature's powers for healing? Perhaps it was the clean pad he had removed, the evidence that there was a skin coating over his breast firm enough to hold through the work of the day, the feeling of coolness and satisfaction in the pit of his stomach, the absence of heat and burning in his blood—probably it was a combination of all these things that had made Jamie, standing facing the glass that morning, voice the joyful conviction: "I'm going to make it! As sure as there is a good God in the Heavens, I'm going to be a well man again!"

His voice sounded strained in his own ears because he said it aloud: *"And by all that's holy, I contracted to die! It was part of my agreement to be through with life in six months at the most! I said there wasn't a chance that I'd live, and probably the girl who married me would not have done it if she had not thought that I was practically a dead man."*

Soberly Jamie laid on the pad and fastened the bandage that held it in place. Soberly he donned his clothing and went out to his work. Fifty times that morning he said to himself: "There isn't a ghost of a chance of my dying in six months or six years, or ten times six years, if I keep on improving as I am now. The only way I could die would be to wreck myself and if the day ever comes when I meet Alice Louise face to face and her circumstances seem to be accompanied by mitigation, what will she think of me for being alive?"

Soon he began to realize that from her work about the house and in her own garden, Margaret Cameron was watching him. He was brought to the realization by the fact that every time he came home from one of these absences, he found a house in order, dustless furniture, fresh bed linen, a spotless kitchen, a bowl of flowers on the living-room table.

One day he came home to find a shining house.

Jamie smiled with pleasure as he glanced around the living-room. He thought how few men there were in the world who could take insensate objects and make a room so livable as the Bee Master had made the room upon which he had indelibly stamped his tastes, his mentality, his artistic tendencies. Then Jamie swung open the door and stood as still, as still as the last pause before the breaking of a great storm. The sleeping room was dusted; there was fresh linen; it was shining; it was reeking with the odour of sage, an odour that never in any faintest degree had attached to Margaret Cameron, and on the night stand beside the bed where the light stood and the thermos bottle for water, was the copper bowl, and the copper bowl was overflowing with sand verbena. The exquisite flowers, with the refreshment of water, with the evening hour, as was their habit, were rolling up and spilling abroad their faint, delicate incense, the most beautiful flower perfume, Jamie thought, in all a world of flowers. He walked over and picked up the bowl. He looked under it. He looked on the table carefully. He looked over the floor. He lifted the pillow. He searched the four corners of the room. There might have been a note, and a breath of wind might have blown it away. Then he headed straight for Margaret Cameron.

He found her in the garden. He took the pruning shears from her fingers and led her to a rustic seat under the sheltering boughs of an acacia that a few months before had been a stream of flowing gold, liquid gold that spilled and poured and dripped. Then he sat down beside her and captured both her hands and turned her face toward him.

"Margaret," he said, "you know how much I thank you for all the thoughtful things and the motherly things and the kind, heartening things that you do for me. I think my house is the most wonderful house in all the world today. I wouldn't trade it for any house of any millionaire anywhere in the state of California. Margaret, you've made my living-room wonderful with a world of flowers. Now, tell me truly, did you put the flowers in my bedroom?"

He had a feeling that some day a tall girl with the free stride of a boy was going to pass along the track

Margaret Cameron turned toward him a face of frank astonishment.

"No," she said, "I didn't."

"All right, then," said Jamie, "if you didn't put them there, you are the only one who has keys and access to the room. You can tell me who did."

"That's exactly what I cannot," said Margaret Cameron, "because I haven't the least notion."

"Has the little Scout been here?" asked Jamie.

"Not that I know of," said Margaret Cameron. "Of course, I don't pretend to keep tally on the comings and goings of that youngster."

Jamie smiled his most ingratiating smile.

"Margaret," he said, "you *would* tell me if you knew, wouldn't you?"

"Why, I think I would," answered Margaret, catching his mood and smiling back at him.

"The truth is, Margaret," Jamie went on, "there's something about the house today that puzzles me. The bouquet in my bedroom was one thing. The Bee Master's chair pulled to the hearth side with the slippers I've been wearing before it—while we are on the subject, did you do that?"

"No," said Margaret Cameron, "I didn't. I've felt that the Bee Master's chair was something sacred and devoted to him and I've respected the fineness of your nature that kept you from appropriating it."

"I thought you'd have that feeling," said Jamie. "Not until I have climbed close to my limit dare I aspire to occupy that chair. You told me that you had a daughter away teaching school and that you had a niece who came to see you frequently, and I wondered if either of them might have been with you and might have arranged things differently from the way you would."

Margaret Cameron shook her head.

"Lolly went far up state to the school she accepted, clear to Sacramento. She can't afford to come back and forth until the term's out. I don't mind admitting that the house is like a grave without her and I've had some tears to shed because in one or two of her recent letters she has insinuated that she might not come home for her summer vacation, that she might go with a camp of girls up into the Yosemite. To tell the truth, I felt sort of peeved at Molly. Right down in my heart, I know that she was instrumental in getting my girl the school away from home and I can't see why she did it. The plea that she would get more salary doesn't take into consideration the fact that she'd have to spend such a big share of her salary for food and a room, when, if she taught in the city, she could use the car line and be at home over nights and over Saturdays and Sundays. I haven't dared say anything to Molly because a few months ago—it was at the time I was away when you first came—I went in to the city to her. She had had an awful shock. She hadn't but one near relative on earth, her twin brother Donald, and from the time their father and my husband were drowned at sea at the same time, I've had them in my home until they were far enough along with their education to get work and go out for themselves. They'd all been friends. Don and Lolly had been better friends than I'd wanted them to be. Don didn't have Molly's backbone; he didn't have her view of life. I thought he was kind of shiftless and weak and for a few years we all had a fight to keep him from getting into a lot of things that he shouldn't have gotten into. It was always Lolly that could hold him and manage him, if anybody could. I was kind of glad of it when he got work and went away. But having Molly at her school work in the city left this house so emptied out and lonesome that my girl just picked up and went, too, and in my heart I knew that Molly planned it, and I didn't like it.

"Then, like a clap out of a clear sky, Molly called for me to come quick, that she was in trouble, and when I got to her I found her worse broken up than I'd ever thought she could be. Word had come that Don was dead. They had got him work, a fine place, in the big power plant at San Joaquin, and he seemed to like it and was doing fine. I don't know enough about electricity to know how the thing that happened could happen, but he did something wrong and as quick as electricity can do it, he was gone. We sent for Lolly but she didn't come. She sent word she felt so bad she was sick in bed and she couldn't, and I could see how she would feel bad enough to make her sick in bed. You know, Lolly's my girl. I had her by my first marriage. She wasn't really related to the children. Mr. Cameron was her stepfather and she might have thought a lot more of Donald than I knew she did. Anyway, Molly and I had to lay him away alone. Molly felt so bad I most forgave her. Besides, I didn't actually know that she had planned to get Lolly away from home. I just felt she had. The whole thing has upset me a good deal of late and Molly hasn't been here as often as she used to come. I don't know why, because the truth is, I thought a lot of the boy myself and I could have been honest and sincere in mourning him with her.

"Now come these letters from Lolly hinting about going further north in the state for a summer vacation and only being home a few days at the very last, and going away again to teach the coming year. The whole thing is just the way it shouldn't be. I wonder sometimes if I've been too clean and too particular about where the girls went and what they did. The way things seem to be going among the youngsters these days, it doesn't look as if a mother *could* be too particular, but if she is so particular that she drives her young folks away from home, I don't know that that gets her anything except a good big heart ache. No, there wasn't either of my girls with me. If there's a feminine touch in your house today that you don't understand, I'm telling you truly I don't know who the female is nor where she came from."

Jamie thought deeply.

"All right," he said at last, "if you don't know, why you don't, and that's all there is to it. I'll have to do my own Sherlocking."

He said it jestingly, but the idea persisted. He went home and down the back walk. He lifted the latch of the beach gate with exploring fingers. He followed the hard clay and gravel path down to where it met the sands of the sea and he stood and looked very intently, very carefully over the sand. By and by, he thought he began to distinguish the impress of a foot and a few yards further he found what he was looking for—an imprint that he had seen before, the same shape shoe, the same width, the same broad, common sense heel. Then he knew without any doubt whatever that the Storm Girl had been in his home.

He went further along the beach toward the south following the footprints, and finally he found the sand mound on which the verbenas had grown. With palpitant heart he climbed the ascent leading to the crest, clambered over the rocks and came about facing the place where he and the Storm Girl had endured the storm together.

Tiny withered leaves of sand verbena lay on the rocks at his feet, Jamie took one step further and looked, and in his place there lay on the rocks three exquisite heads of bloom, a long trailing stem and a medium and a shorter stem twined together deftly, braided past the leaves and laid in the place upon which he had sat as one would lay an exquisite tribute on the grave of the dead. That very thought came to Jamie.

"Good Lord!" he said, "I wonder what she'd think if she knew I am about ten times the man that I was the day I married her! I wonder if she'd think I haven't [*Turn to page 91*]

RED ASHES

BY MARGARET PEDLER

AUTHOR OF "THE MOON OUT OF REACH", "THE LAMP OF FATE", "THE VISION OF DESIRE", Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HEITLAND

THE three young Waynes—Toby, Bubbles and their sister Pamela, are gay, irresponsible young people of the hunting set. Though faced with the loss of their patrimony they are not downcast. Near them lives the embittered recluse, Blake Carrington, who cherishes a love for Pamela but who is held from declaring that love by some mystery in his past. Meanwhile, at a fancy dress ball Pamela meets a mysterious stranger in a black mask.

WHEN he had left her the momentary interest aroused by his somewhat unusual personality faded, and she found herself once more a prey to the same listlessness which had possessed her earlier in the evening. She felt disinclined to dance. Throwing a light fur wrap round her shoulders, she slipped out of the gaily decorated hall and sought refuge in a deserted ante-room.

A heavy portière of velvet screened it off from a committee-room with which it connected, and for the time being, at least, Pam felt she would be secure from interruption. Removing her mask, she established herself in a low, cushioned armchair and closed her eyes, and for a short space she rested, mind and body temporarily relaxed.

All at once a burst of clapping broke out, and she opened her eyes drowsily. And then, across her partially reawakened senses, cut a sentence which startled her into vivid consciousness again. It drifted out from the adjoining committee room.

"What I want to know, Mr. Bubbles Wayne, is how I'm going to see my money back again. Three thousand is a large sum—a very large sum—to have advanced upon a place that is being let down in the way your brother is letting down Rakehill." It was spoken very quietly, in a smooth, rather oily voice.

Pamela knew in a moment who the speaker must be—Abner Barstein, the money-lender who, by dint of the financial hold he possessed over many of the big landowners in the Cranruth district, had contrived to push himself and his pretty daughter Vera into society which would not otherwise have tolerated either of them.

"I know it's a large sum." It was Bubbles who was speaking now, his frank, boyish voice contrasting curiously with the other's smooth and measured accents. "You had better speak to my brother about it."

Pamela sat rigid in her chair, her hands gripping the arms. What did it mean? Three thousand—three thousand pounds advanced upon Rakehill! Toby had been borrowing! And unknown to her! And then all personal feelings were swept away on the tide of sheer terror which swept over her. What would happen? Would they take Rakehill away from them? Rakehill—home! She could not bear that.

She sprang up from her chair, intending to break in upon the two men. But some instinct held her back.

She heard Barstein give a little laugh. It was not a very pleasant laugh. Its sinister suggestion chilled the girl.

"They'd be worth quite a good sum ordinarily"

"What good would it do to talk to your brother? Can he pay the principal when he cannot pay even the interest owing?"

"How much is there owing?"

"Just at the moment, three hundred pounds. In another six months even at the extraordinary low rate of—"

"Oh, never mind what it'll be in another six months!" broke in Bubbles bluntly. "You're not likely to get the three hundred. You know that as well as I do."

"Yes, I know it." Pamela could imagine the nod—the acquiescent, oily nod which would accompany the words. "And as the money is lent on mortgage, I could of course foreclose." Barstein paused. "I should be sorry—very sorry indeed—to foreclose, Mr. Wayne."

"Would you?" Bubbles' young voice was bitter. "I very much doubt it. As I said before, you'd better talk to my brother about it. That seems to be your long suit."

"I would rather talk to you, Mr. Bubbles."

"Me? And why?" Bubbles' voice was sharply dismissive.

"Oh, Mr. Bubbles—it's touching my daughter—Vera."

"Vera!" burst out Bubbles. "Oh, I say"—distastefully—"keep her name out of it. She's not on in this scene."

"But she might be—very much 'on in this scene,' as you say. He! He! You've paid her a good deal of attention, you know, Mr. Wayne."

"I've not! Nothing more than I've paid any other girl—dozens of 'em."

"Well, well, you may not have thought of it like that"—indulgently. "But I'm afraid my little girl has taken it all rather more seriously. She's—very fond of you, is Vera."

"I'm afraid—"

"It's this way. Business is business, and as it stands I've every right to foreclose over the three thousand. But—well, it wouldn't be quite the same thing between relatives. I shouldn't want to put my"—Barstein paused a moment, significantly — *"son-in-law's* family to any inconvenience. None whatever. Think it over, my boy. Think it well over," he counselled gently.

A minute later Bubbles wrenched aside the portière and came striding blindly into the anteroom—almost into his sister's arms.

"You here?" he exclaimed.

She nodded mutely. His white, worried young face hurt her so that for a moment she could not speak.

"Then—then"—a dark flush suddenly staining the pallor of his skin—"then you heard?"

"Yes, I heard." The aching constraint which had held her gave way. "Oh, Bubbles!" she burst out. "What a perfect old beast Barstein is!"

Bubbles flung himself into a chair.

"'M," he agreed laconically. "And he's got me in a trap if ever a man had. Don't you see"—speaking all at once very rapidly—"if I don't marry the girl, he's going to come down on Toby for the whole bally amount we owe him. And we can't pay."

"Three thousand pounds! It's ghastly. How—how on earth did Toby come to borrow so much?" she asked timidly. "There's a certain amount comes in from the farm

and from rents and the cottages and so on, isn't there?"

"Yes. But it's always a few hundred a year less than we spend, confound it! Even in the Dad's days we used to borrow from old Barstein—"

"*Dad* borrowed from him?" faltered Pamela strickenly.

"Yes. Of course, you didn't know—nor did I, at the time. Running a pack of hounds isn't precisely a cheap amusement."

"No, I know." Looking back, Pam could realize that quite a good many things they had been in the habit of doing at Rakehill weren't precisely cheap amusements.

"And now old Barstein's got us fairly between his thumb and finger," went on Bubbles gloomily. "It's a case of marrying Vera—or going broke. I'm hanged if I know which is the worse."

Pamela looked at him—at the good clean length of him, at his handsome, clouded young face, and recognised the indefinable something—that something which is born of race and environment and a certain inherited standard of values—which stamped him so indelibly as of another world than that of Vera Barstein and her kind. Marriage with Vera! It didn't bear thinking about.

"You *can't* marry her, Bubbles! You shan't!" she exclaimed fiercely, all the mothering, protective instinct which lies dormant in every woman springing into life. "How much is the interest?"

"Three hundred overdue, but as the old brute pointed out there'll be a thumping lot more in another six months."

Pamela sprang to her feet. "Then we'll pay it!"

Bubbles stared at her in astonishment.

"Pay it! But, my dear girl, at the present moment Toby couldn't lay his hand on three hundred anything. He's overdrawn at the bank, as it is."

"Never mind." Pam's eyes were brilliant. "That interest's going to be paid—and the next instalment, too. Don't worry how it's going to be done, Bubbles"—as she met his incredulous eyes. "I know what I'm talking about, and although it doesn't clear away the whole difficulty, it *does* give us a breathing-space. Just—trust me. I've never let you down yet, have I?"

"No, by Jove, you haven't!" exclaimed Bubbles heartily. He slipped a boyish arm awkwardly round her shoulder and stooping his head, so that the lights flickered across his bright hair, kissed her impulsively.

"This is our dance." said a sudden voice.

With a stifled exclamation Pam dragged herself out of Bubbles' embrace and whirled round. In the committee room doorway, one lace-ruffled hand holding back the curtain, stood the Black Mask. There was an untranslatable expression about his mouth, and the eyes which were fixed upon her through the slits in the strip of black velvet mask, held a curious smouldering light.

"I feel sorely tempted to follow our young friend's laudable example," he remarked drily.

Instinctively Pam drew back a few steps.

"But on second thoughts, my car's outside, it's a glorious night—let me take you home. We can go by the coast road."

The suggestion was one after Pam's own heart. She loved the sea and the night, and the idea of rushing off for a midnight spin in someone's car appealed to the rebel spirit within her at once.

"Well?" The Black Mask had been quietly watching Pamela's face as these thoughts sped through her mind. "Are you hesitating on the score of propriety? You needn't—because in reality I'm a very old friend. I've known you since you were about three."

She stared at him, startled out of her usual poise.

"You've known me since I was three?" she echoed in bewildered tones.

"Yes. Although, to be sure"—the flexible, long-lipped mouth tilted to an amused smile—"not very intimately."

"Who—who are you?" demanded Pamela sharply.

With a quick gesture he whipped off his mask, revealing a pair of quizzical dark eyes that laughed at her from beneath very definitely marked brows.

"I'm Bay Sarton—and completely at your service."

"Judy's stepson!" exclaimed Pam, suddenly enlightened.

He nodded. "Yes. So you see it would be perfectly respectable for you to come for a run in my car. Why, I'm next door to being your guardian, if you only look at the matter intelligently."

Pamela laughed outright.

"So you are!" she assented gaily.

"Then you'll come?" There was no resisting his pleading.

"I'll come."

"Good. Run and get a wrap and I'll meet you at the foot of the steps with the car."

A few minutes later a slim, cloaked figure sped almost unnoticed down the steps to where a small two-seater stood in the roadway. The car slipped through the empty streets and soon they had left the town behind them and were well away on the country road.

"Tell me, have you only arrived today?" asked Pam. "I thought Judy wasn't expecting you until next week."

"She wasn't. But I arrived unexpectedly, and fortunately for me, in time for this fancy dress ball affair. I expressly forbade her to tell anyone. I preferred coming as a free-lance."

"When do you return to Leicestershire?" asked Pam demurely. He threw her a quick glance, his hand steady on the wheel.

"I don't return," he said quietly. "I stay here."

"Toby said I might find you here," he explained. He paused, apart from her, making no attempt to take her in his arms. For a moment silence held them both, a silence pregnant with some undefined emotion. At last: Blake?" she said hesitatingly, "Blake!"

She was conscious of that queer little thrill of fear—or rather of the fear of being afraid—with which he had inspired her earlier in the evening. But with an effort she forced herself to meet his gaze and to make some laughing rejoinder.

From the night of the dance Bay was very regular in his visits at Rakehill generally turning up in the afternoon in time for tea, and Pam could not help contrasting his conduct with that of Blake Carrington, who equally sedulously kept away. She could only conclude that he no longer felt any interest in her.

It left her face to face with a bitter deduction. That he had been attracted by her in the early days of their acquaintance she was sure. Her woman's sixth sense had told her that. She had felt it notwithstanding the brusqueness and apparent indifference of his manner towards her—and had even been conscious that he was making a determined effort to fight whatever attraction she had for him. But now it was being slowly but irresistibly borne in upon her that his disapproval of her—a disapproval which he had never taken any trouble to conceal—was so strong that it had gradually overwhelmed everything else.

Her spirit—that reckless, rebel spirit which was the inheritance her father had bequeathed her—flared up in hot resentment, and womanlike, because she was hurt and angry with one man she allowed herself to be far more kind to another than would otherwise have been the case.

So that Bay was permitted to come and go at Rakehill very much as he chose, sometimes accompanied by Judy but more often alone.

Her anxiety concerning the family finances had been temporarily allayed by the fact that business had called Abner Barstein suddenly away to Holland. He had departed thither, warning Bubbles that on his return he should expect an answer to the proposition.

The road from Rakehill to Cranruth ran through the wide and fertile valley watered by the river Crane. It was a good, broad highroad, and since Boodles, the pony she was driving, knew every yard of the way nearly as well as she did herself, Pamela allowed her thoughts to wander pretty much at will.

A somewhat difficult task lay ahead of her. Abner Barstein, who had been away, had returned, and it had now become imperative that she should put into execution her plan for rescuing Bubbles from the proposed marriage with Vera.

Round Pam's neck, warm and white against her skin, lay the talisman upon which she counted to achieve her object—a string of very beautiful pearls, the one and only thing of value possessed by her mother and which the latter had bequeathed to her. She knew they were valuable—worth at the least a thousand pounds; and although it was going to be a big wrench to part with them, still it was for Bubbles' sake. And there was very little in this world that Pamela would not have done or sacrificed for the sake of that beloved younger brother of hers.

Not even to Toby or Bubbles had she [*Turn to page 26*]

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Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

RED ASHES

[*Continued from page 24*]

mentioned her intention of selling her pearls. They would have hated the bare idea of her parting with them and vetoed the project at once, without stopping to consider the inevitable consequences if money to pay the interest upon Barstein's loan were not speedily forthcoming in one way or another.

Engrossed in her thoughts, she had unconsciously slackened the reins until they were lying loosely on the pony's neck. Boodles, trotting gaily along a gradual descent, put one shining black hoof upon a small, smooth, insignificant round pebble lying loosely on the surface of the road. As it rolled from beneath his tread, he came down as though he had been shot.

Fortunately for Pamela, she had her own feet braced against the dash-board in front of her, and when Boodles had scrambled to his feet again, she jumped down to investigate the damage. He had lamed himself badly.

Arrived at Cranruth, she drove straight to the King's Arms Hotel and left Boodles in the care of the hostler there, with instructions to bathe his knees well and give him a feed. That it would be quite impossible to drive him the fifteen miles back to Rakehill, she was sure.

Meanwhile she set out on foot for the jeweller's. The shop was rather an imposing looking edifice, situated in the High Street. The shop was empty, and she proceeded to make her way to the furthermost end of the counter, as far removed from the street-door as possible. A trifle breathlessly, and with little nervous halts between her words, she explained her errand to a rather supercilious clerk.

"Pearls are down in the market just at present, you know," he remarked, negligently dangling the necklace across a well-manicured forefinger. "If it had been emeralds, now —" He paused and regarded Pam as though the fact she was offering him pearls must be the result of conspicuous carelessness on her part.

"But they're *not* emeralds," she returned, flushing. "I have no emeralds."

"No?" He surveyed her with despondent eyes. "A pity. Pearls, you see—well, people are scared of them since they've heard about the artifically produced pearl. Very foolish of course; but still, there it is." Here he deigned to contemplate the necklace more attentively. "'M—not bad pearls, fair colour and nicely matched. They'd be worth quite a good sum ordinarily. But, as I said, pearls are low in the market." As he finished speaking he laid the gleaming string on the counter as though the matter were at an end.

Pamela felt her cheeks growing hotter and hotter beneath the disparaging tone of his remarks. "Well, they're not emeralds and they *are* pearls—real pearls. What offer could you make me for them?"

The man behind the counter picked the necklace up again and ran it through his fingers.

By this time Pamela had begun to feel that this detestably superior person would look upon it in the light of a distinct favour if he condescended to buy the pearls at all.

"I thought—I thought," she faltered in a low voice, "that they would be worth about—a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds?" he echoed. If she had mentioned the sun and moon and stars as the price she hoped to obtain he could hardly have infused more hurt surprise and reproach into his tones. "A thousand pounds?" He smiled tolerantly. "If you had suggested something in the neighbourhood of four hundred, now . . ."

"Oh!" Pamela's voice quivered in spite of herself. "I couldn't sell them for that! I'm sure they must be worth more than a few hundreds."

"Not to us—" He suddenly checked himself in order to bow ingratiatingly in the direction of someone who had just issued from the manager's office, benignly bowed out by the manager himself.

Involuntarily Pamela glanced round, and as she did so she felt the hot blood streaming into her face, staining it scarlet from brow to chin. Standing a few yards away, where he could not have avoided overhearing the last two or three sentences which had passed between herself and the man with whom she had been talking, was Blake Carrington.

"Hullo, Tolman," he said, addressing the awe-inspiring personage behind the counter when he had shaken hands with Pamela. "You've got some good stuff offered you there, I see."

He quietly ignored Pam's hot cheeks and, from his manner, it might have been the most usual thing in the world to encounter one of your friends in a jeweller's shop, endeavouring to dispose of a valuable string of pearls.

The man's manner altered quickly from patronage to the deepest respect.

"Yes, sir. As I was telling the young lady, the pearls in themselves are all right—as far as they go. But, unfortunately, just now we have very little demand for pearls."

"There's always a demand for pearls of that quality," said Blake sharply. "May I look at them, Miss Wayne?"

She nodded voicelessly, and he picked up the necklace and examined it attentively.

"I suppose," he went on, giving her a friendly smile. "Tolman here is trying to beat you down in price?"

"Oh, no, sir, no, sir," intervened the man deprecatingly, colouring a little as he spoke. "I've made the lady a fair offer—very fair."

"He offered me four hundred pounds," submitted Pam. "I thought they were worth more than twice that."

A quick ejaculation escaped from Blake.

"Tolman, you villain, you deserve to be hanged, drawn, and quartered," he said. "You know the pearls are worth a darned sight more than that. And I'm a fair judge of pearls. If you've really decided to dispose of them, Miss Wayne—" He paused inquiringly.

"I've quite decided."

"Then I think I might get you something in the neighborhood of three thousand for them."

Pamela gasped at the magnitude of the sum. The face of the man behind the counter was momentarily expressive of extreme astonishment and he opened his mouth as though to utter a protest. But before he could speak he encountered a significant glance from Carrington and the words were arrested on his lips.

"It's all a question of supply and demand," he murmured deprecatingly. "If you know someone—"

"Just so," replied Blake. He turned to Pamela. "Are you in a hurry to get home?"

She shook her head.

"No, not particularly. Besides, I can't even make a start till I've hired a trap of some sort. Boodles lamed himself badly coming in."

For a moment Blake made no answer. Then he said composedly: "Let me run you back in my car. And meanwhile, as you're not in any desperate hurry, will you lunch with me first at the King's Arms? Then we can discuss the matter of these pearls."

Pamela hesitated. His unexpectedly friendly attitude had aroused in her a curious mixture of feelings. She was conscious of a little aching thrill that was half pain, half pleasure. "Thank you, I should like to come," she answered at last.

Half an hour later they were seated one each side of a small table near the window at the King's Arms, overlooking the busy High Street. It was not until they had reached the coffee and cigarette stage of the proceedings that Blake reverted to the subject of the pearl necklace, and then somehow—Pam did not quite know how it happened—he contrived to draw from her, little by little, the whole story of the claim which Barstein had on the Manor property and of the bargain with Bubbles by which he proposed the debt should be liquidated.

"Well," said Blake, at last, "I feel sure I can get you at least three thousand for your pearls. And"—he smiled encouragingly—"now that I know you want a few hundreds over to clear the interest, I shall put the price up a bit to my prospective buyer. They are beautiful pearls, you know —an unusually good colour."

Pamela looked at the necklace doubtfully as it lay on the table between them, glimmering like a rivulet of moonlight.

"I never imagined they could be worth as much as that," she said. "I expected to get about a thousand pounds for them."

Blake smiled.

"You don't know very much about pearls, do you?" he suggested.

"No, I don't. The necklace was a wedding-present to my mother," she said, speaking hastily to check the memory that stabbed her. "A rich old aunt gave it to her—my great aunt."

"She seems to have been a lady quite worth cultivating," commented Blake, smiling. "But I suppose she's no longer alive."

"Oh, she's still alive. I don't believe"—smiling back at him—"that great-aunt Elspeth will ever die! She quarrelled with my father years ago, because he wouldn't send Bubbles to the school she had chosen for him—Bubbles was always her favourite—and she's never had anything to do with any of us since."

"And so you took the whole of the family burden on your poor little shoulders and tried to cope with it single-handed?" said Blake. Those sword-keen blue eyes of his were wonderfully gentle as he spoke. "It was very plucky of you, Pam."

There was a curiously tender inflection in his voice that made of the little name almost a caress. She flushed faintly.

"Yes, do call me Pam," she said, answering the unspoken question. "Everybody does," she added, trying to speak quite prosaically.

"I don't know that that's altogether a recommendation," he replied drily.

For a moment the atmosphere seemed suddenly tense, charged with some repressed emotion. Then Blake continued:

"Bubbles ought to feel very grateful to you for getting him out of such a scrape. He's been rather a young fool, you know, to be so friendly with Vera Barstein."

She nodded.

"Yes, I know. And I want to save him from the consequences. If he married her he'd pay—endlessly—"

A shadow crossed Blake's face.

"We all do that—pay endlessly," he said harshly.

The bitterness in his voice was so palpable that Pam felt her heart contract. She felt from the beginning that some deep-rooted unhappiness lay at the back of those sharp, sardonic speeches of his.

"Are you—paying for something?" Her whole being ached to comfort this man whom she felt that life must have hurt very bitterly at some time.

"Yes. I'm paying. If I weren't—" He bit the words suddenly off into silence. But his voice had vibrated oddly and Pam felt her pulses quicken.

"If you weren't?" she said very low.

"If I weren't?" For a moment he stared at her from beneath bent brows, his eyes alight with a sudden new look that sent her heart racing wildly. Then he got up abruptly from the table.

"There are some debts one has to pay," he said. "Life's debts. So you see" speaking with a lightness that was unmistakably forced "it's no use my thinking of what might happen in other circumstances."

Pamela was conscious of that familiar feeling she had so often had with him before—as of a shutter suddenly dropped between them.

"I'll go round to the garage and fetch the car," he said, speaking in perfectly level, everyday tones. When he had gone she crossed the room and stood staring bleakly out of the window.

It had grown extraordinarily dark, she thought. The outward aspect of things seemed to have completely changed as though in harmony with her mood. The sky had turned to a leaden grey.

Glancing up at that overhanging curtain of darkness, Pam shivered a little, conscious of a strange oppression in the atmosphere. She felt thankful when at length the car appeared, gliding smoothly round the corner of the hotel, with Blake at the wheel.

"I'm afraid we're in for a wetting," said Carrington, as she took her place beside him.

It all happened with a terrifying suddenness. One moment the car was humming evenly along the road while Blake and Pam laughingly discussed their chance of escaping the impending rain. The next, a flash of lightning ripped asunder the heavy cloud which had been lowering overhead. And with that tearing, rending fissure it seemed as though the whole waters of heaven were unleashed and emptied upon the earth.

Within ten minutes the pretty little river was transformed into a rushing, foaming flood. Horror-stricken, Pamela looked back and beheld the bridge carried away by what seemed to be the waters of a surging torrent roaring down the street through which they had passed only a few moments before, while at the same time, where the river ran through the valley almost parallel with the high-road, it rose as though swept by an immense tidal wave—up, up, overleaping its banks and swirling across the road like an incoming tide, deepening with every moment.

"Good Heavens!" cried Carrington hoarsely. "It must be a cloudburst!"

As he spoke he bent low over the wheel and pressed his foot down on the accelerator. The car shot forward.

As long as she lived Pam would never forget that wild ride for safety. The deluge of rain seemed to spout from the skies in a single enveloping sheet of water. In five minutes the roadway was flooded to a depth of two feet and with every instant the water rose visibly.

And then the water suddenly rose right over the bonnet and poured into the engine. The struggling car quivered and stopped dead. A deserted mill-house, flanked by its moss-grown wheel, which had been Carrington's objective was a dozen yards away.

Pam turned a frightened face towards Blake. The darkness, the driving, torrential rain and the rapidly rising waters round them filled her with a sudden, overmastering terror.

"Don't be frightened!" said Blake quickly. "We shall be safe inside the mill in a few minutes."

He stepped down from the car into the flood which eddied round it and held out his arms. "I'm going to carry you," he said.

The next moment he had gathered her up in his arms, holding her clear of the waters which were already eddying about his thighs.

"Shut your eyes," he ordered. "I'll keep you safe." He spoke as tranquilly as though no danger menaced them. Then, very steadily, he began to fight his way through the sea which lay betwixt them and safety.

And suddenly Pam no longer felt afraid. She was sure—utterly sure—that he would not fail her. And even if he did —the thought flashed through her mind—even if he fell and the surging torrent submerged them both, death with him, with his arms around her, would have lost half its terrors. A strange new ecstasy ran through her, thrilling her from head to foot.

She opened her eyes to find herself standing half-way up a narrow, wooden staircase, leaning against Blake's shoulder. In the dim light which filtered up from the open doorway below she could see him standing beside her. The staircase was worn and rotting with age, and the last few stairs were already completely submerged beneath the encroaching flood which leaped devouringly against them.

"Come." Blake tightened his arm round her shoulders. "There's about five feet of water now in the lower story. But there's a loft up above."

They mounted the remaining stairs and emerged into an empty, barn-like room.

"Are we safe—really safe, Blake?" The words came gaspingly from Pam's lips.

"God knows!" he muttered. "Look!"

He drew her towards the doorway and they stood looking down on a scene of wild and awful desolation.

"Thank God the mill-house is built of stone," said Blake. "If it'd been wood it would have gone in under this pressure. Even now—"

"Do you think it will give way?"

He shook his head. "I don't think so. But do you see that?" He pointed to the floor. "There lies the danger."

In at the open doorway washed a little wavelet of water and trickled across the floor. She stared at it, horror-stricken. The floor had already risen level with the upper story! And it was still rising!

She glanced up at him swiftly. His face wore the tormented look of a man who knows he is helpless—knows himself beaten by elemental powers.

"Then—then we may be drowned?" she said slowly.

"Not if I can prevent it," he answered grimly. "There's not even a wooden table in this place, worse luck, or we might use it as a raft if we're washed out. We shall have to try and catch hold of something as it [*Turn to page 88*]

Five Hundred and Twenty Girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr

tell why they are using this soap for their skin

More than half of the 927 girls who replied to our questions are Woodbury users

WE wanted to know how the American college girl takes care of that clear, fresh skin of hers. What soap does she use? Why does she choose it? And what are the qualities about it that especially appeal to her?

It was to learn the answers to these questions that we selected two of the most representative groups of American college girls for a special investigation.

927 girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr answer the questions

Nine hundred and twenty-seven girls replied to our inquiries, giving detailed information about the brand of toilet soap they use and why they use it.

The results were extremely interesting.

Fifty-seven different brands of soap were used. But while 407 girls scattered their choice over 56 *different kinds of soap*—an average of a different soap to every 7 girls—the remaining 520 girls all used Woodbury's.

Three hundred and fifty girls gave the purity of Woodbury's Facial Soap as their reason for using it, or spoke of its mild, non-irritating effect on the skin. Fifty-two girls told of specific ways in which Woodbury's had helped them to overcome faults in their complexion, and to gain a clear, smooth skin. The remainder said, for the most part, that Woodbury's simply agreed with their skin better than other soaps.

The following are characteristic phrases used in describing the effect of Woodbury's in ordinary cleansing:

"The only soap that really agrees with my skin and does not dry it up."

"Keeps my skin soft and clear and leaves a feeling of freshness."

"Doesn't seem to irritate my skin as some soaps do."

"Seems to give me good color in my cheeks as no other soap can."

"Found that it made my skin clearer, my color brighter."

"Has worked wonders with my skin."

"My mother uses it," or *"Mother suggested it,"* were answers commonly given in telling how the girls had come to use Woodbury's.

Seven girls reported that their physician had recommended Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

The investigation among college girls is interesting because of the high quality of evidence it represents. One point is noticeably brought out by it: the constantly recurring testimony to the purity and fineness of Woodbury's, expressed in such phrases as *"the only soap that really agrees with my skin," "doesn't seem to irritate my skin as some soaps do."*

College girls, with their fresh, rosy faces—how do they take care of that clear, youthful skin of theirs? Of 927 girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr, over 56% are using Woodbury's

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

How to Rouse a Sluggish Skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. If possible, rub your skin for thirty seconds with a piece of ice and dry carefully.

FREE OFFER

A GUEST-SIZE SET, *containing the new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Free—send for it today!*

Cut out the coupon and send today for this new FREE offer!

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Please send me FREE

The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1506 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. *English Agents:* Quelch & Gambles, Ltd., 211-215 Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1.

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$500 IN PRIZES!

Neighbors Are Fine, Of Course—

But Oh, The Things I Wish They Wouldn't Do!

BY MARY B. MULLETT

MISS BLANK and I were sitting on her front porch one night last summer, revelling in a good visit. We hadn't seen each other for ten years; and now, in three days, we were trying to make up for those ten years of absence.

Our tongues were galloping along, at the rate of about a thousand words a minute, when we suddenly stopped—dead still! Sulking in the shadows, at the corner of the house, we had detected a figure.

"Do you see someone?" she whispered.

I nodded.

Just then the figure disappeared. A moment later, there was a rustling among the bushes at the end of the porch. Evidently the intruder had dropped on his hands and knees and was worming his way through this clump of shrubbery.

Well! I live on the eleventh floor of a city apartment house! I haven't any porch. Even if I had, it wouldn't be flanked with bushes through which mysterious figures could worm their way toward me. This novel experience, therefore, had started a nice little shiver travelling up and down my spine—when suddenly Miss Blank spoke. Not in a whisper this time, but loudly and most severely.

"Billy Brown," she said, "you come right out of there!"

"It ain't Billy. It's Jimmie!" in a piercing whisper.

"I might have known that," observed Miss Blank. "What do you mean, anyway,—crawling around in my bridal wreath bushes?"

"I'm hiding," said Jimmie, still in that piercing whisper. "We're playing hide-and-seek. Lemme stay 'til I get a chance to run, won't you, please?"

Miss Blank hesitated—but it was only a moment's weakness.

"I've told you boys a million times to keep off my lawn," she declared.

"But this ain't no lawn!" hissed Jimmie.

"No! it's my bridal wreath!" wailed Miss Blank.

"Aw, rats!" growled Jimmie. But he crawled out.

At the corner of the house he took his revenge.

"It's the only bridal wreath *you'll* ever get!" he called, and swiftly vanished.

"I don't blame him!" laughed my friend. "But can you blame *me*, either? The boys around here are simply—" Words failed her.

"Simply boys?" I prompted.

"I suppose so," grudgingly. "But I often think how peaceful life must have been after Herod eliminated the boy babies. It was hard on their parents but wonderful for the neighbors."

"Neighbors!" I echoed. "It's been so long since I had any real ones that I've forgotten what they're like."

"Well," said Miss Blank, "neighbors are fine, of course—but oh! the things they do that I wish they wouldn't!"

"Have children, for instance?" I suggested.

"No—not exactly that; they may have children by the dozen if they want to. Just keep them off *my* place! That's all I ask. Here I am, with Billy Brown on one side and that little imp, Jimmie, on the other. When they're not streaking back and forth across my front lawn, they're traipsing through my back yard.

"I've been trying for five years to get a bed of hardy perennials back of the house. But the plant doesn't exist that is hardy enough to survive the onslaughts of those boys. As for the winter, when there's snow on the ground, my premises look as if a herd of cattle had been playing tag here. I wish my neighbors would make their children stay in their own yards; but they don't."

"Oh well, what if your grass does get slightly rumpled!" said I, with the nonchalance of a person who has no grass at all. "Anyway, children aren't neighbors! They are just wonderful little animals, on the way to becoming human beings. You can't expect much from animals, you know."

"You may not *expect* much—but you will *get* a lot!" said Miss Blank, with intense bitterness. "Just wait till five o'clock tomorrow morning," she added significantly. "The neighbor who lives just back of me keeps an alarm clock in the shape of a yapping little dog. Apparently that dog is set permanently to go off at five A. M., Sundays included.

"I don't know what the dog breeders are thinking of," she went on. "If they would develop a canine species that would be absolutely dumb, they would earn the gratitude of a long-suffering world."

"A bark-less dog!" I exclaimed. "That's a great idea!"

"It's nothing short of sublime," declared Miss Blank. "Equipped with a dumb dog, my neighbors in the rear would be an unalloyed delight to me."

"This one starts at five, you say," I mused.

My nonchalance has disappeared. Having my friend's grass rumpled was of no particular consequence—to me. But having my own early morning sleep rumpled—that was a different matter.

"Have you suggested an operation on his vocal chords?" I asked.

"Never heard of such a thing!" she expostulated.

"No," I admitted, "neither have I; but it seems a good idea."

"Well," decisively, "it wouldn't work in this case. My neighbor *encourages* his dog to bark. When he plays with it, he eggs it into a vocal frenzy. He does it the way you take a tonic—three times a day, before and after meals."

"But nobody takes a tonic at five A. M.!" I protested.

"Certainly not!" agreed Miss Blank. "But, you see, my neighbor's bedroom is at the side of the house *away* from the dog kennel. Mine isn't—and neither is yours," she added, with sinister emphasis.

"Oh well! maybe somebody will poison him—the dog, not your neighbor—before morning," said I with assumed cheerfulness. "Are children and dogs the only items in your tale of woe?"

Miss Blank rocked meditatively for a moment before replying.

"No," she said finally, "they are the chief items but not the only ones. I really have wonderful neighbors. Life would be drab and dull without them. If I speak of little annoyances, it doesn't mean that I overlook the really vital things—their kindness, affection, and generous helpfulness. I think I have the best neighbors in the world.

"But a neighborhood is a sort of enlarged family. We who live in it do love one another—but we occasionally irritate each other, just the same. Each of us has little ways that get on the others' nerves every now and then.

"For instance, you probably will think this is perfectly absurd but sometimes it seems as if I *can't stand* Mrs. Brown's *crooked window-shades!* There!—I knew you'd laugh. But why *can't* the woman run her shades up straight?

"And then, there's Jimmie's father. They put their coal in through a cellar window that is not more than a dozen feet from my dining-room. And they get in their winter-supply during the summer when my windows are open. If they would only tell me when he is going to do it. But he doesn't. And the coal dust simply pours into my dining-room

"Then there's my neighbor across the street. There are no trees in front of his place; so he parks his car in front of *my* house, under the shade of *my* trees, and just where it keeps anyone from driving up to my walk. Also, I wish he had given his son a bowl of gold-fish, or a picture of the Sphinx, for a birthday present, instead of a saxophone!

"I wish that Jimmie's mother, when she gives him the spankings he so richly deserves, would select a room on the other side of her house, instead of the one opposite my dining-room. My dinner parties are invariably accompanied by the unmistakable sounds of this chastisement. It has happened so often that I've entirely run out of the merry little quips with which I used to greet the performance.

"Oh, there are plenty of things I wish my neighbors wouldn't do!" exclaimed Miss Blank. "I suppose everybody can say the same thing. But," she added, with a little catch in her voice, "I wouldn't *give up* my neighbors for anything in the world! I couldn't be 'the cat that walks alone.' Often, at night, I lie there thinking of how kind they are. I go to sleep with a comforting sense of their nearness."

"Yes," I interrupted; "but how about the sense of their nearness when you are roused at five A. M. by the yapping of their dogs?"

"Oh, forget it!" exclaimed Miss Blank, slangily.

"I hope I can," said I, with fervor. "I'll let you know, at breakfast just how I have succeeded."

A Prize Contest Which Is Open to Everyone

THIS is a Prize Contest, open to all readers of the magazine. First, read the article on this page. Then think about your own neighbors.

Even the kindest of them sometimes are irritating. Tell us what your special grievances are.

If you live in a city, you may not know your neighbors, even by name; but city folk do just as many annoying things as anybody does, and you don't have to be acquainted personally to be annoyed, either.

Tell us your troubles. We all are neighbors, so it will help everybody.

Don't write more than 500 words. Your letters must reach this office by July 15;—and the names of the prize winners will appear in a later issue of the magazine. Three prizes will be awarded. First prize, $250; second, $150; and third, $100.

Address your letters to The Contest Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Stamp out Typhoid!

"IF only we had known!" Over and over again these words of helpless self-reproach echo in the hearts of those whose loved ones were taken from them by diseases now known to be preventable.

Perhaps in your own circle some one was stricken with typhoid fever—that sinister disease which comes without warning and strikes with deadly force, which spares neither rich nor poor, high nor low, young nor old, which so often leaves its victims physically bankrupt and subject to other ailments.

Typhoid fever is a disease of filth caused by a germ that is taken into the body through the mouth. The germ is conveyed into the intestines where it rapidly multiplies, sets up inflammation and creates a poison that floods the body. Sewage-contaminated water, unclean milk, shell-fish from polluted water, uncooked vegetables, house flies—all of these may carry typhoid. That is why it is so important that rigid supervision of water, milk and food supplies be maintained in every section of our country.

There Need Never Be Another Epidemic of Typhoid Fever

Science has bestowed a wonderful blessing in offering protection from typhoid. This merciless disease can be made as rare as yellow fever. Inoculation by means of a simple injection of vaccine under the skin will in most cases prevent typhoid. The injection is repeated at intervals of a week until three treatments have been given. No scar is left. In the rare cases where typhoid is contracted, even after inoculation, this protection makes the siege much less severe.

Campers, hikers, vacationists and all persons who are traveling, as well as those who regularly eat in public places should be the first to be inoculated against typhoid.

It is true that at times people who are exposed to typhoid do not contract it. They are temporarily immune. But it is *never* safe to take immunity for granted.

DANGER!

THIS is the sort of thing that may mean typhoid fever for the whole family—a satisfying drink of cold, sparkling water that came from no-one-knows-where!

It is never safe to drink from any wayside streams or strange wells. Typhoid inoculation offers immunity to most people for two or three years, but to be absolutely safe, unknown water must be boiled.

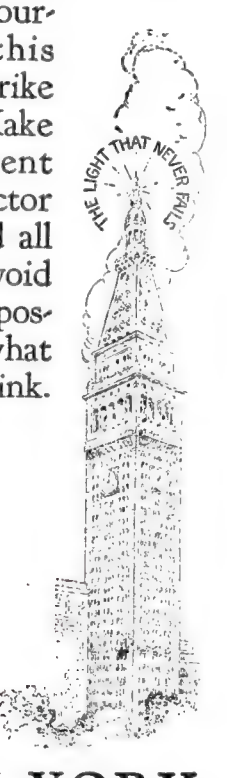
Inoculation also tends to protect you from the danger of contracting typhoid right in your own home. In many cities the Health Department gives such inoculations free.

Household helpers who are "typhoid carriers" have been known to infect entire families.

Inoculation against typhoid has no relation to vaccinations for smallpox and diphtheria. It is an added health protection.

Be Inoculated and Advise Others to Protect Themselves

Could you ever excuse yourself had you advised a friend against inoculation who subsequently contracted the disease? Would you ever cease to reproach yourself should this dread disease strike your home? Make an appointment with your doctor for yourself and all your family. Avoid danger so far as possible regarding what you eat and drink.



Typhoid fever kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for three years following an attack, the death-rate among such persons is twice the normal rate.

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify the water by chlorination the death-rate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected.

The value of typhoid inoculation was proved during the World War. Inoculation of our four million men was compulsory. In France and in our training camps at home there was practically no typhoid in our ranks.

Contrast this with the records of the Spanish-American War. There our men—100,000 of them—went into typhoid-producing districts. *One* out of every *five* contracted the disease. Typhoid killed more than twice as many as were killed by bullets.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever" to all who are interested in stamping out this disease.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Summer-Time Is Salad Time

By LILIAN M. GUNN

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

THERE once was a time when salads were considered just as delightful accessories to a meal, and not very important. Now we know that they are so valuable for their vitamins, their mineral salts and their cellulose that they should be a regular part of everyone's daily diet.

At all seasons salads, if well prepared, tempt the eye and appetite. But it is in spring and summer especially that salads come into their own when we are tired of hot, heavy foods and welcome their refreshing coolness.

Those lucky mortals who live in the country or near open fields know the joy of gathering the wild spring greens for salads. And the much-to-be-envied homemaker, wherever she is, who has a garden or fruit trees at her disposal, has abundant and delicious salad materials with which to work.

A New Combination Salad

If you know a few general rules about salad-making and serving you don't really need recipes for them. Use your own ingenuity and taste. Salads are an excellent way in which to use left-overs. They *must* be well-prepared to be good. Lettuce or other greens used should be as crisp as can be. Nothing stale-looking, wilted, mushy or limp ought to be used. Don't let salads stand long after preparing them.

A salad rich in protein—as one whose chief ingredient is meat, fish, fowl, lobster, cheese, eggs or nuts—should form the main course of a meal, taking the place of meat. Such a salad is usually served for luncheon or supper; if so, decide on it first and plan the rest of the meal to harmonize with it. A salad should not as a rule contain ingredients used in other courses of the same meal. A colorful salad can often redeem an otherwise colorless and uninteresting meal.

A salad of fruits or vegetables may be served as an extra course, usually for dinner. In this case, decide on your main courses first and choose a very light salad with a not-too-rich dressing. Let the flavor of your salad contrast with your other dishes.

Lettuce is the salad green we know best. To prepare it cut off the roots, separate the leaves—unless you wish to serve "hearts of lettuce"—discarding any spoiled leaves and keeping the coarser, green, outside leaves to be shredded. Wash every leaf carefully in cold water—running water if possible—seeing that no insects or dirt remain. When clean, place in very cold water, ice-water preferably, until crisp. Then put into a lettuce bag or basket or a clean towel and put on ice or in a cold place until ready to use.

Romaine, chicory and endive are treated the same way. Watercress, cabbage, radishes, parsley and celery, are cleaned, crisped in cold water and put in the lettuce bag also until ready to use. Handle salad greens carefully so as not to bruise them. Drain them well and dry on a towel if necessary to remove all water before using.

To shred coarse lettuce leaves, roll several tightly together and cut in thin strips with the scissors. To shred cabbage slice through a section of the head with a very sharp knife. Shredded cabbage or lettuce makes a good foundation for some kinds of salad.

You often see the direction "to marinate" salad ingredients. This means to pour over them enough French dressing to moisten, mix well and allow to stand in the ice-box ½ hour or longer. Always drain off the extra dressing before adding mayonnaise or any other dressing. Salads that are marinated require less of the other dressings when served.

Salad dressings come under three heads: French dressing, mayonnaise, and cooked dressings, each kind having numberless variations. First we have:

FRENCH DRESSING

1 cup salad oil
1/3 cup cider vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon paprika
Few grains cayenne

Put all ingredients into a bowl and beat thoroughly, or into a glass jar with a top. Close tightly and shake until well-blended. Mix or shake thoroughly just before using as ingredients separate while standing. This dressing keeps indefinitely in a cool place and may be varied by adding one or more of the following:

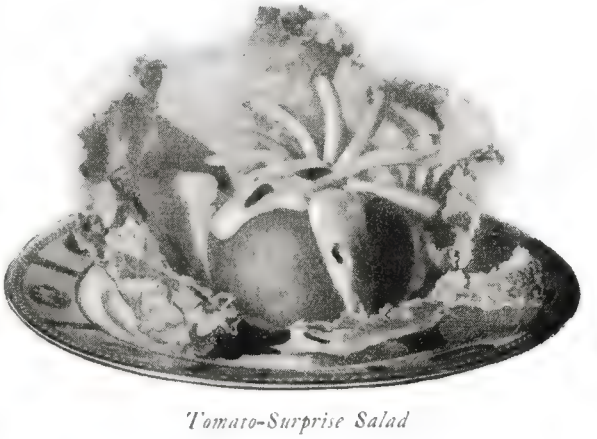
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon celery salt or ¼ teaspoon celery extract
½ teaspoon onion salt or ¼ teaspoon onion extract
½ teaspoon curry powder
Few gratings nutmeg
1/3 cup lemon or lime juice in place of vinegar

CHIFFONADE DRESSING

To plain French dressing recipe add 3 teaspoons chopped parsley, 3 teaspoons chopped onion, 1 chopped hard-cooked egg, 1/3 cup chopped cooked beets. Mix thoroughly and serve with hearts of lettuce or other plain green salad.

MONTMARTRE DRESSING

To plain French dressing recipe add 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped red sweet pepper or 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento, 3 tablespoons chopped celery, 2 teaspoons chopped onion and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Mix thoroughly and serve with hearts of lettuce or other plain green salad. This makes a very colorful salad.



Tomato-Surprise Salad

ROQUEFORT OR CREAM CHEESE DRESSING

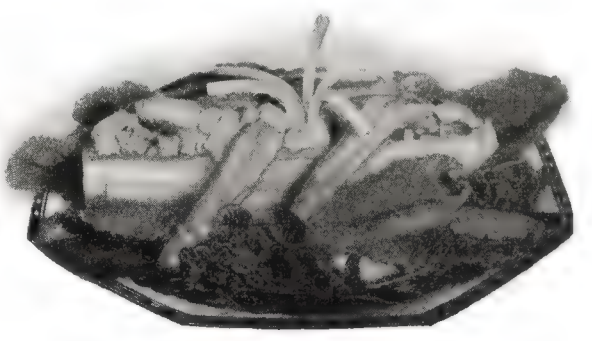
1 Roquefort or cream cheese
¼ to ½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
¼ teaspoon paprika
6 tablespoons salad oil
2 tablespoons cider vinegar

Mash cheese with silver fork, add salt, cayenne and paprika and mix well. Add oil slowly, then vinegar and blend thoroughly. If Roquefort cheese is used, serve immediately. If cream cheese is used, the dressing will keep. A combination of the two cheeses gives an unusual flavor. Serve with plain lettuce or other green salad.

MANHATTAN ISLAND DRESSING

1 clove garlic
3 hard-cooked egg yolks
1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar
½ teaspoon mustard, mixed with ¾ teaspoon cold water
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
Few grains cayenne
3 tablespoons salad oil
1 raw egg yolk
2 teaspoons lemon juice

Rub a bowl with cut clove of garlic. Put in cooked egg yolks. Mash very fine, add vinegar, mustard mixture, salt, paprika and cayenne. Mix well. Add oil, a drop at a time, stirring constantly. Add uncooked egg yolk and beat until smooth. Add lemon juice and mix thoroughly just before serving. Serve with plain lettuce or other green salad. Keep in a jar in the ice-box. If ingredients separate, stir well.



Chicken Salad

PLAIN MAYONNAISE DRESSING

½ teaspoon mustard
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Few grains cayenne
2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice
1 egg yolk
1 cup salad oil

Mix mustard, salt, paprika, pepper and cayenne together. Add vinegar or lemon juice, then stir mixture into slightly beaten egg yolk. Mix thoroughly. Add oil *very slowly* at first, not more than a teaspoonful at a time and beat thoroughly before adding more. When mixture begins to form an emulsion, after about 3 tablespoons have been added, add oil faster until all is used. Vinegar or lemon juice can be added a teaspoon at a time alternately with oil or after all oil is in, beating in thoroughly. This mayonnaise will keep in a jar in the ice-box for several days. For variations add one or more of the following to 1 cup of mayonnaise:

2 tablespoons Chili Sauce
2 tablespoons catsup
4 tablespoons chopped olives, ripe or green
4 tablespoons chopped green pepper or pimiento
4 tablespoons chopped sour or sweet pickle
2 tablespoons drained capers
1 hard cooked egg, minced
½ cup whipped cream
1 stiffly beaten egg white
½ cup thick sour cream
1 teaspoon white mustard seeds
½ teaspoon celery seed

COOKED SALAD DRESSING
(white sauce foundation)

1 cup milk
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon mustard
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
2 eggs
½ cup cider vinegar
2 tablespoons butter

Make a white sauce by mixing together flour, sugar, mustard, salt and cayenne, moistening with a little of the milk to make a smooth paste, then stirring mixture into rest of milk.

Cook this over hot water until thick. Beat egg whites stiff, drop egg yolks in middle of stiff whites and beat again. Stir in vinegar. (If vinegar is very strong, use less than half cup).

Add the white sauce to egg mixture and cook over hot water until egg thickens. Remove from fire, add butter and strain. This dressing will keep a long time covered and in a cool place.

[*Turn to page 69*]

As Mrs. Livingston Fairbank of Chicago sees it

"Today women are better groomed, just as they are healthier and more efficient than ever before. Their skins, particularly, are kept clear, fresh, youthful. Pond's two delightful Creams are responsible for thousands of lovely complexions."

Miriam Fairbank.

MRS. Livingston Fairbank, whose hair and eyes are of that lovely golden brown the French call *châtaigne*, and whose fresh complexion has the tone and quality of a girl's, is an outstanding social leader in the second largest city in America.

One may always recognize her winsome smile in her box at the Chicago Opera. One sees her at the Twelfth-night Balls which mark the height of the social season. And her Sunday evening musicales, at which one meets and hears a distinguished company of artists and musicians, mingling with the music-lovers of Society, are occasions of rare delight.

Mrs. Fairbank had just returned from Palm Beach when I encountered her on the Boulevard one March morning.

"How could you leave blue sea and magnolias for this—dust, soot and gales?" I asked her, gesturing at the atmosphere. "They're disastrous to one's skin. And the water, too, which seems to get harder every day. But *you* seem to thrive on it all!" I added. "You're like a Dorothy Perkins rose this morning. Did Palm Beach teach you a new secret?"

"No," laughed Mrs. Fairbank. "I didn't need to go to Palm Beach to learn how to care for my skin. When you've lived in Chicago as long as I you'll know you can have a perfectly good complexion—even a lovely one—right here, in spite of unfriendly elements."

"What *do* you do," I begged her, "to keep so unblemished in the midst of soot and dust?"

"I JUST use Pond's Two Creams," answered Mrs. Fairbank, "the very same two that I found so many of my friends were using and that are responsible for thousands of lovely complexions everywhere. A simple method—requiring only a few moments each day. The busiest women use it." And then she told me how:—*Every day and more frequently than once if you have been out a great deal*, cleanse your face, neck, throat, arms and hands with Pond's Cold Cream. Let it stay on a few moments. Remove every vestige with a soft cloth which reveals how much dirt the pure oils of this delicate cream have brought from the depths of your pores. Do it all over again. Now close the pores with a dash of cold water or a light massage with ice.

If your skin is dry, use more Pond's Cold Cream after cleansing, before retiring, and leave it on all night. Your skin will be softened, yet toned to elasticity, too. And how white and soft your hands! If your skin is oily, paradoxical as it may seem, Pond's Cold Cream, used lavishly and wiped off, will free the pores from all accumulated oils, as only such a light cream can do.

THE *complementary step in the Pond's Method of skin care*, is to smooth over the skin of your face, throat and hands, now cleansed and revivified, a gossamer of Pond's Vanishing Cream which vanishes instantly. It gives your skin a soft even-toned finish, a new lustre. It protects it—denying the power of wind and sun to coarsen and burn, of city soot and dust to scratch and mar the fineness of its texture. And it keeps the soft whiteness of your hands!

Now, too, your powder and rouge go on with a smoothness and blend with a natural charm that leaves no further need to worry about a shiny nose, or that blotchy, artificial look. So always use it before powdering and before going out.

Try Pond's for yourself. The unfailing results which have commended this method to Mrs. Fairbank and the loveliest, most perfectly groomed Society leaders everywhere, will also endear these Creams to you.

Free Offer *Mail this coupon for free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling how to use them.*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F
139 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name . . . . . Street . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

Steichen

MRS. LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK

BEFORE her marriage into a Chicago family whose wealth and prominence date from pioneer days, she was Miss Miriam Patterson of the Far West. She is today a leading favorite in Chicago's most exclusive social set, both because of her social charms and her lovely lyric soprano voice which was trained in this country and abroad.

To the right, the Gothic mantel in the music-room of her apartment at 999 Lake Shore Drive, which commands a superb view of Lake Michigan. To the left, on Mrs. Fairbank's dressing table, stand jars of Pond's Two Creams.

* *

Among the other women of distinguished position who have expressed enthusiasm for the Pond's method are

Her Majesty, Marie, the Queen of Roumania; The Lady Diana Manners; Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt; Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop; Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.

THE TWO CREAMS society women are using today

COME OUT *of the* KITCHEN!

Let Del Monte help you during hot summer days

You'll find hot-weather menus just as tempting—just as satisfying—yet much simpler—if you'll only take advantage of the summer service DEL MONTE always offers.

Under this one brand—for your instant convenience and enjoyment—are packed the pick of the world's finest fruits and vegetables, with every bit of their natural, fresh flavor and delicacy.

Let them shorten kitchen hours this summer in your home! The dishes shown here are only hints of their almost endless possibilities. Just remember one thing. When you order canned fruits and vegetables—be sure you say DEL MONTE. You always know in advance exactly what quality this label stands for—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where or when you buy.

The tempting Asparagus Salad above is one of the many delightful touches DEL MONTE Asparagus can add to menus at this season. For many other summer dishes, just as convenient and simple, write for a copy of "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Free. Address Department 32A, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

Pineapple Charlotte Russe
Drain 1 can DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple. Cut a loaf sponge cake in two. Between layers arrange slices of the pineapple. Heap whipped cream on top. Garnish with pieces of pineapple and serve.

Frozen Sliced Peaches
Pack a can of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt. Let stand three hours. Take out can; dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top, and turn out the cylinder of frozen fruit. A distinctive DEL MONTE suggestion.

Don't throw away the juices from your cooked vegetables—you are wasting precious vitamins!

Bargain-Hunting At The Green Grocer's

BY MINNA C. DENTON, PH.D.

Specialist in Home Economics, Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

NOWADAYS, almost everyone knows that vitamins to eat are just as necessary as water to drink. Scurvy among sailors on a long voyage, pellagra in a state asylum or among Southern mountain whites, beri-beri in Newfoundland or the Philippines—these are some of the more striking examples of what happens to all those who fail to eat the foods which contain vitamins in abundance.

If given our choice, all of us would rather "buy our health" early from the grocer than later from the doctor and druggist.

Good health is cheap enough at any price but perhaps if we were to do some careful shopping we might find many bargains. What vegetable foods must we buy and eat to be healthy and how much should we pay for them?

Prices of fresh vegetables and fruits vary a great deal in different parts of the country, especially between rural and city sections and in different seasons. But, generally speaking, we may make four rough classifications according to cost. Here they are:

Class 1

These cost less than ten cents a pound:

Fresh fruits—apples and bananas in season. Fresh vegetables—beets, cabbage, carrots, kale (in full season), onions, parsnips, potatoes, pumpkin, rutabaga, sauerkraut, squash, tomatoes (in full season), turnips. Dried—peas and beans.

Class 2

These cost ten to twenty cents a pound:

Fresh fruits—peaches and the fall fruits in season, oranges and cranberries. Fresh vegetables—celery, chard, cucumbers, cymblings and the smaller squashes, dandelion and mustard and other spring greens, eggplant, kohlrabi, okra, spinach in full season, fresh tomatoes (at most seasons). Dried—certain of the fruits.

Class 3

These cost twenty to thirty cents a pound:

Fresh fruits—strawberries and the spring fruits in season. Fresh vegetables—Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, cucumbers (most of the year), eggplant, lettuce (when most abundant), green peas, radishes, spinach (except when most abundant), string beans. Dried—certain fruits.

Class 4

These cost thirty to fifty cents a pound, or more:

Asparagus, French artichokes, French endive, lettuce (most of the year), green peppers, radishes and cucumbers and some other vegetables (when out of season), the more expensive fruits.

FORTUNATELY the most nutritious vegetables are not the highest-priced ones, as we see from the above list. If we had to select the six vegetables most useful to the people of this country, our list would run somewhat as follows: Cabbage (especially the green heads), kale, spinach, tomatoes, rutabaga (a sort of turnip) and potatoes (white or sweet). Yet most of these vegetables are among those of lowest price. Cabbage is not only cheaper than cauliflower (or cabbage with a college education as it is sometimes called) but is a more valuable food, containing all three vitamins and a large proportion of certain much-to-be-desired mineral salts and roughage.

The same thing is true of kale. Yellow turnips are believed to contain a larger amount of certain vitamins than do white ones, yet they cost no more—indeed, they sometimes cost less. Carrots are considered higher in food value than beets but they hardly ever sell at higher prices. And so we find that when we buy the more expensive vegetables—and many other foods, too, for that matter—we usually pay for flavor and appearance rather than for food value.

"Ugh! I can't bear to taste any of your six wonderful vege-

[Turn to page 34]

HEALTH BARGAINS

DOCTOR DENTON *says: "All of us would rather buy our health early from the grocer than later from the doctor and druggist." Here are six bargain buys rich in health-giving vitamins:*

CABBAGE . KALE
SPINACH . TOMATOES
RUTABAGA
(*Yellow turnip*)
CARROTS

Do you know how to prepare them without cooking them to death?

"Eagle Brand started him on the road to health"

LELAND KENDALL SILVER
Son of Mr. & Mrs. Kendall Silver
477 North University Ave.
Provo, Utah

THIS straight-backed, wide-awake little fellow is Leland Kendall Silver. At the time this photograph was taken he was only eight months old.

To women who are struggling with infant feeding problems, Mrs. Silver says, "I am offering this testimonial for the benefit of any mother who might be having the same trouble as I.

"Borden's Eagle Brand may be given credit for starting our little son on the road to health. Since the time he was six weeks old Eagle Brand has been his diet. We tried many different foods but none seemed to agree with him."

In sixty-five years Eagle Brand has given a million such babies as Leland Silver a sound foundation for future health. For Eagle Brand more nearly resembles mother's milk than any other baby food. If you cannot nurse *your* baby, or if he is not thriving, start him on Eagle Brand and the road to health at once.

Eagle Brand is pure, whole milk and refined sugar, combined according to a special Borden formula. It has all the necessary food essentials for healthy growth, including all the vitamins. The method of combining makes it exceptionally digestible. Even the most delicate baby stomach can assimilate it. It is always the same—clean, safe, uniform—and you can get it anywhere.

You will want to know about other Eagle Brand babies too, so write for our new book, *What Other Mothers Say.* In addition to pictures of the babies with their mothers' stories, this book contains feeding charts for infants up to 1 year and for children from 1 to 2 years.

If you wish general information on the care of your baby, send for *Baby's Welfare,* an authoritative book written for you by a physician.

Both books are free. Use the coupon below. The Borden Company, 494 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

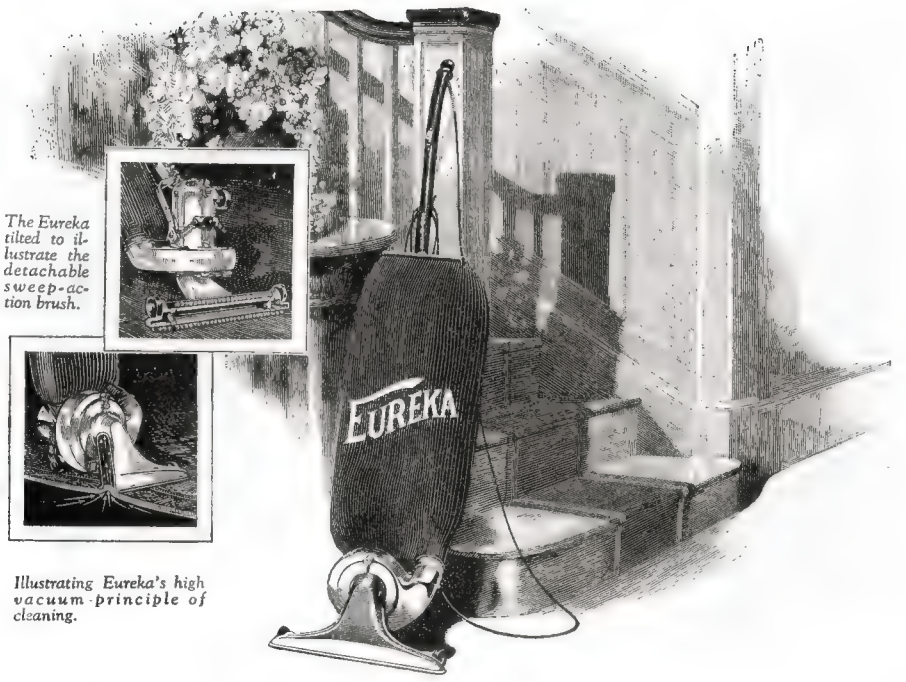
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

The Baby Welfare Dept.
The Borden Co.
494 Borden Bldg.
350 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare.*

Name .....

Address .....



The Eureka tilted to illustrate the detachable sweep-action brush.

Illustrating Eureka's high vacuum-principle of cleaning.

Don't Confuse

the High Vacuum Eureka with Ordinary Electric Carpet Sweepers . . .

Only the "high vacuum" principle of cleaning, as built into the Grand Prize Eureka—involving the movement of a tremendous volume of air at a very high speed through a very narrow nozzle enables an electric cleaner to maintain its original cleaning efficiency without frequent adjustment and replacement of its vital parts.

In ordinary electric "carpet sweepers" where cleaning effectiveness depends on a revolving brush propelled at a high speed by a rubber belt connected to a high speed motor, it is apparent that the original cleaning efficiency suffers an immediate decrease as these vital parts (belts and brushes) fail to function as when new.

Nothing less than the evident superiority could have won for the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner the Grand Prizes and Highest Awards repeatedly conferred upon it by international authorities, or the place it holds today in more than a million American homes. Let your natural desire to own the best guide you to the choice of the Grand Prize Eureka.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners Since 1909

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ont.

Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher St., Holborn, London, W. C. I. Eng. 58-60 Margaret St., Sydney, Australia

The Grand Prize

(175)

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

It Gets the Dirt

Bargain-Hunting At the Green Grocer's

[*Continued from page 32*]

tables!" declares Natalie, wrinkling her nose in disgust. She is by no means alone in her dislike. Natalie, and the rest of the objectors, may have a perfectly good reason for disliking cabbage.

Perhaps, coming home from school, she has opened the front door to be staggered with a rush of hot, mal-odorous air which is peculiar to "cabbage-for-dinner" days. Or it may be because the ragged brown mushy mass served on her plate is at once strong-flavored and water-logged, perhaps also greasy. Then we can hardly blame her, for her mother can, by becoming a better cook, overcome these strong prejudices against an invaluable class of foods. She only needs to learn up-to-date methods of cooking the "strong-juiced" vegetables so that they are not allowed to become strong in flavor.

Perhaps few of us realize that the best possible method of cooking cabbage is *not to cook it at all.* Its vitamins, though abundant, are peculiarly sensitive to heat. Those who have tried it know very well what delicious salads cabbage makes if placed in cold water until crisp, then finely shredded with a sharp knife. It combines well with apples, celery or celery seed, sweet peppers or nuts, or may be served with no other addition than seasonings and a sour-cream dressing, or with whipped cream flavored with sugar and a little vinegar. In fact, almost any salad dressing goes not amiss with it!

But salad is not the only way of using cabbage without really cooking it, for this same finely shredded crisp raw cabbage may be added a few minutes before serving to such dishes as hot stewed tomatoes, creamed eggs, or creamed oysters, with great success. Similarly, it may help eke out a somewhat scanty dish of creamed celery or peas.

Now for cooked cabbage dishes! The principles of scientific cookery which apply to most *non-starchy* vegetables are just two in number:

1. Cut the vegetable very fine so that it may cook quickly. Ten to twenty minutes is long enough for nearly all vegetables (except beets and one or two others.)

2. Cook it in as little water as possible, boiling this down rapidly at the end when vegetables and cooking water should be of a sweet good flavor. Don't throw away this juice but use it instead of water when making any warmed-over meat or vegetable dish, or in soup.

When a chemist wants to extract as much essence as he possibly can from plant tissue, he cuts it in pieces and heats it in a large amount of liquid for some time, pouring off the liquid at the close. It is the liquid which contains most of the essential elements, and the remaining tissue is little more than a skeleton. This is just what we women usually do in cooking vegetables especially with the strong-juiced ones like cabbage and onions, and we waste the precious nutriment-rich juices.

Here are some other ways of preparing cabbage, which will not leave the house saturated with its odor.

Creamed "celery cabbage" is a most dainty and delicate dish when made with the finely shredded crisp vegetable scalded 2 or 3 minutes in a little very hot milk. The hot liquid draws out some of the flavor and juice. Add cream and seasonings and thicken a very little if you like. Ordinary cabbage can be used in the same way but being somewhat coarser in texture, it may need to stand a few hours in the milk after scalding to ripen its flavor before the thickening and serving. Do not, however, keep the milk hot during this time of ripening, for that would be too hard on the vitamins of the cabbage, some of which cannot endure long heating. Reheat it to thicken it.

Scalloped cabbage dishes which are even more dainty and attractive than usual can be made from shredded raw cabbage instead of from boiled cabbage, letting the odor go up the oven flue and out of the house. The shredded cabbage may be baked with layers of a bread-crumb dressing, seasoned with cheese or with sausage and chestnuts. It may be combined with left-over vegetables, as sweet corn and carrots or with sliced tart apples; with layers of spaghetti and cheese, or with chestnuts and raisins. In any case, the essential rules to observe are: to use a hot oven and to heat all liquids or sauces before combining, so as to cut down the time needed for cooking after the cabbage is in; and not to over-bake, for cabbage need not lose all its crispness in order to be "done."

Another favorite way of preparing cabbage without spreading its odor is in hot slaws. These are like salads except that the dressing is heated before pouring over the cabbage, and perhaps the dish is kept warm for a minute or two in order to blend flavors. The cabbage, though slightly wilted, does not lose its firmness. Beaten egg, vinegar and a little sugar are generally used in the sweet-sour dressings made for hot slaws.

This next way of cooking cabbage does release some odor, though not as much as boiling does. Use 1 level tablespoon of butter for each cupful of finely shredded cabbage. Melt the butter in a heavy, smooth frying-pan, then cook the cabbage in it for 5 to 15 minutes, keeping the flame low and stirring occasionally to prevent browning. When thoroughly heated through, season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of cream or meat broth to each cupful; or use 1 tablespoon each of vinegar, water and sugar previously cooked with a small pinch of mustard. Sliced apples, sweet peppers, minced celery, cooked carrots or other vegetables may be combined with the cabbage in this dish. Bacon or other meat fat can be used instead of butter.

But suppose you really want boiled cabbage. In that case, slice the head into sections suitable for serving. Remove the core, chop it finely, and use it in salad or cook it separately. But don't leave the core in the cabbage and try to boil it until it is tender, for it may take hours!

When cut this way, cabbage should cook tender in 15 or 20 minutes, with very little water left at the end. It should be of a clear green or yellow and white color, not red nor brown. Its flavor should be sweet and mild. Season it with good butter unless you prefer some other fat. It should not be too greasy.

The water which is drained off will have a good flavor, and may be used in making soup, hash, meat loaf, scalloped or creamed cabbage, in meat or vegetable croquettes, in stews or in a number of other ways.

Or it may be seasoned with a little cream and drunk from a cup like tea, with the rest of the meal. It is nutritious, for it contains iron and other salts, several vitamins, some calorie-yielding food, and a very good flavor.

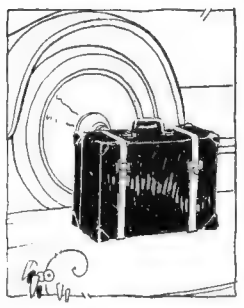
Such are a few of the devices for saving the vitamins of cabbage and preventing it from being literally "cooked to death." Perhaps these ways may suggest to you similar ones for preparing other inexpensive, health-giving vegetables.

THREE necessities in your diet: (1) one quart of milk daily; (2) salad twice a day; (3) one cooked, leafy vegetable (onions, cabbage and-so-on) every day. For delicious menus showing how to work out this health-diet, send for Doctor McCollum's leaflet, Menus for Two Weeks (No charge except two-cent stamp for posting). Address the Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

HARRIET: "NO, MY MIND IS MADE UP—I NEVER WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN."

[Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath).]

What will your friends think?



IF FRIENDS drop in, unexpectedly, and you want to keep them over night, it may cause embarrassment if you have to rearrange the family sleeping plans.

It isn't necessary. A davenport bed saves the cost of a guest room. It is all that any good davenport is, plus a good bed. The bed has its own set of springs; the mattress and bed-coverings are out of sight all day. The springs you sit on as a davenport are wholly separate from those you lie on as a bed. You don't use the upholstery to sleep on. The davenport bed is the modern way of furnishing a home.

You can get davenport beds in a large variety of designs, including period styles; in all the beautiful woods; with the favored types of upholstery, any color. Chairs can be had to match.

Send for our booklet "The Home in Good Taste," showing nearly a hundred styles of Davenport Beds. Give your dealer's name when you write.

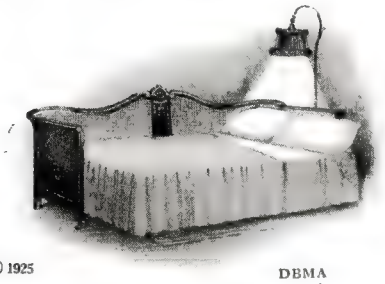
DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA

More than 80 individual manufacturers

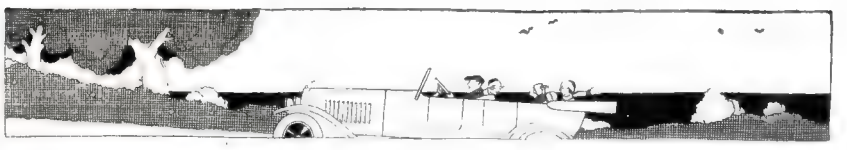
1135 Standard Oil Building ~ Chicago

The Davenport Bed

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



© 1925 DBMA



Just Try These, Out-of-Doors

They Taste Twice as Good!

ICE CREAM *between French "Kisses", topped with crushed strawberries, would be Food for the Gods anywhere, and at a porch party it is even better than that! Some Reasons Why in Cookery tells you how to make everything but the strawberries!*

LET *guests drop in as unexpectedly as they like—the clever homemaker will be ready for them with this iced Fruit Punch or one of the other six made-in-a-moment drinks on page* 14 *of Time-Saving Cookery.*

WHEN *is a party more than a party? When it's a picnic with Ice Cream! Just make any one of the eight delicious ices in What to Serve at Parties, pack it in the freezer and take it with you in the car.*

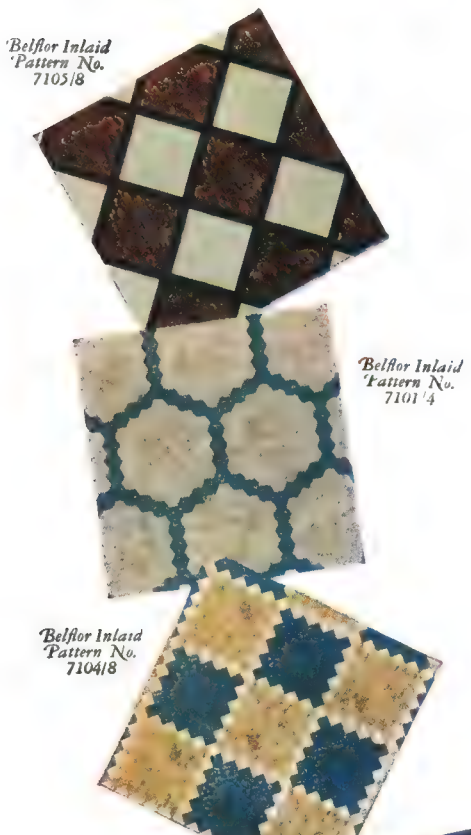
IF *you've never cooked Creamed Chipped Beef over a camp-fire you don't know what's good! You'll find it and nine other creamed dishes just as tempting on page* 2 *in Master Recipes.*

REAL *Salad on a picnic! Do it this way—put lettuce in one glass jar, your mayonnaise in another, make the Deviled Eggs on page* 9 *in Time-Saving Cookery and combine your salad when you are ready to eat.*

THE four service booklets, "Some Reasons Why In Cookery", "Time-Saving Cookery", "Master Recipes" and "What to Serve at Parties" contain many other delightful dishes which can be prepared and served out-of-doors. We will be glad to send them to you without charge this month if you will send a two-cent stamp each for postage to The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

"A Quality Product Since 1888"



The newest thing in floorings is lovely Belflor Inlaid

WOMEN familiar with all kinds of flooring agree that the beauty of *Belflor* cannot be duplicated. Its aristocratic patterns, its soft clouded colors, are entirely unique. Yet the price of this lovely new Nairn flooring is surprisingly low.

You can see from the illustration how the colored floor adds charm and brightness to this breakfast room.

Think how much richer, cosier and more attractive the rooms of your home would be with *Belflor* Inlaid covering the old wood floors—how luxuriously it would set off your rugs.

Belflor's quality is the highest. It is made of the same splendid materials used in all other Nairn Inlaid Linoleums, but by a new patented process to which is due both its extraordinary beauty and its very moderate price. Such value in floorings has never before been offered.

And *Belflor* Inlaid's beauty is permanent. An occasional waxing is all the attention it requires. It never needs refinishing because its colors go clear through to the burlap back.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Atlanta Minneapolis Cleveland
Pittsburgh Dallas New Orleans

Patterns for Any Part of the House

You'll find many *Belflor* designs shown in full color in a special *Belflor* Folder which we are sure you will enjoy looking over. It will suggest any number of delightful color schemes for making your home more attractive and up-to-date with this newest of floorings.

Write for it today—and see the *Belflor* patterns at the Nairn dealer's.

A Quality Product since 1888

The name Nairn is an assurance of highest quality.

And for nearly forty years the beauty of Nairn designs has been as universally recognized as the quality of the goods itself.

Long experience dating from the beginning of the linoleum industry, combined with ingenious modern machinery and big volume production, produces quality linoleums of rare beauty at very low prices.

Congoleum-Nairn Inc. are the largest manufacturers of Inlaid Linoleum in the world

In addition to the new *Belflor* Inlaid, the company makes Straight Line and Moulded Inlaids, Battleship and Plain Linoleum, Cork Carpets, etc

Whatever your floor problem, Nairn Linoleum will solve it.

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7105/5

Most Favored
of all drinks

Lemonade is the aristocrat of soft drinks, preferred by more people than any other kind. Fresh, natural and healthful—rich in fruit-salts and acids and in vitamines Help children form the habit of asking for it at the soda fountains.

Free—

Mail post card to address in coupon for a free copy of our new recipe book which includes many delightful drinks made with Sunkist oranges and lemons. Suggests luscious punches, fruit-cups, fizzes and other healthful cooling summer drinks.

A New Idea—*in Making Salad Dressings*

A fundamental recipe with seven variations —probably the daintiest salad dressing ever made

HERE'S a touch that changes delicious mayonnaise into an almost fairy-like creation.

Try the tested *fundamental recipe* we print here. It was prepared by an expert so it is sure to work out right.

Then try the seven variations made from the one simple base.

You'll be practically sure to say that these are the daintiest salad dressings you've ever made. Friends and guests will say so, too. You'll be delighted with them.

The lemon juice in place of vinegar is the secret of these most alluring flavors.

Also the reason for the *healthfulness* of salad dressings made this way.

Try them. That is all we ask. You'll serve them always after that.

Get California Lemons—the bright-colored, waxy, juicy, practically seedless kind.

Selected from the finest California groves.

Look for the tissue wrappers stamped "Sunkist."

Fundamental Recipe
"Lemon Mayonnaise"

One-half teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika, yolk of 1 egg, 2 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice, ¾ cup oil.

Sift dry ingredients; add egg-yolk and one-half teaspoon lemon juice. While beating constantly, add one tablespoon oil drop by drop; then add oil in a fine steady stream, continuing the beating, and thinning occasionally with lemon juice until all of the oil and lemon juice are used.

Variations

No. 1—Thousand Island Dressing—To one cup mayonnaise, add 2 tablespoons chile sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped pepper.

No. 2—Cucumber Sauce—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add 1 cup whipped cream, 1 cup diced cucumber drained.

No. 3—Dressing Tartare—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add ¼ cup minced sweet pickle.

No. 4—California Dressing—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add ¼ cup minced ripe olives, ¼ cup minced green olives.

No. 5—Russian Dressing—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add ¼ cup pimientos finely minced, 2 tablespoons green pepper, 2 tablespoons catsup.

No. 6—Manhattan Dressing—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add one hard-cooked egg, minced fine, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 tablespoon sweet pickles.

No. 7—For Meats—To 1 cup mayonnaise, add ¼ cup spiced currants, 2 tablespoons finely minced preserved ginger.

California Sunkist Lemons

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 11,000 Growers
SEC. 606, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Buy them by the Dozen

Mail This Send 10c with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Each dish pictured in colors. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe-card box. For 75c we will send the set of Sunkist recipe cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 23 index cards, all prepaid. This set would cost $1.25 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with proper amount (stamps or money order). Offer is good at these prices in both United States and Canada.

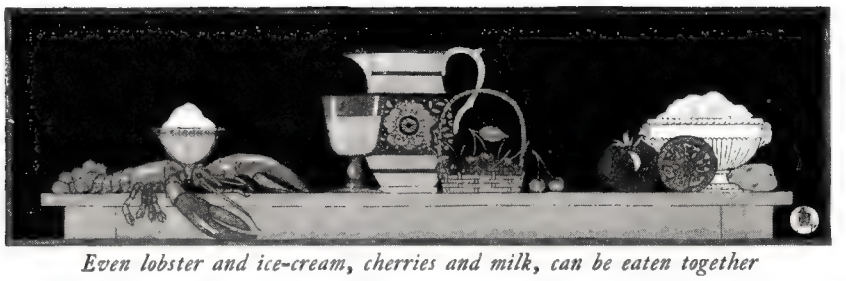
☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards—10c ☐ Complete Box and File—75c (including above 24 cards)

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange, *Sec. 606, Los Angeles, California*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



Even lobster and ice-cream, cherries and milk, can be eaten together

These "Dangerous" Combinations of Foods Are Perfectly Safe!

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

WE ARE constantly receiving questions from persons who want to know whether it is safe to eat certain combinations of foods at the same meal. The idea that some foods are antagonistic and will lead to discomfort if eaten together is widespread. Thousands believe they have proved it by sad experience.

Quacks who have gone about the country lecturing on foods, often made a great point of warning those who paid to hear them not to eat certain foods together. One such self-constituted authority was able to obtain the support of the Women's Civic League in several cities, and made such amusing assertions as this: "Cinnamon is a hydrogen, it is a great energizer; but nutmeg has a poisonous alkaloid and causes one to drag around." Another statement in his advertising literature was "that the combining of stewed tomatoes and creamed or mashed potatoes has a strong tendency to tear up the mucous lining of the stomach and intestines, causing constipation and a general acid or 'sour' condition of the body, making asthma, nervousness, rheumatism and other maladies possible."

Cinnamon really contains no more hydrogen than most of our common foods do and possesses no special properties as an "energizer," whatever the term may mean. Nutmeg does not contain a poisonous alkaloid and is a harmless condiment. As for the danger of combining stewed tomatoes with potatoes, this is sheer nonsense! The tomato contains considerable acid but of a kind which is easily burned in the body, and creates energy in a manner similar to glucose. There is nothing in a potato which reacts with anything in the tomato to produce any disturbance or to form any product which would injure the lining of the stomach or of the intestines.

Equally unfounded is the belief that persons who suffer from neuritis should not eat grape-fruit; that nervous people should not eat honey and that celery and asparagus have a bad effect on the kidneys. There is not the slightest evidence that these views have any basis in fact.

The most widespread belief, however, regarding food combinations is that it is harmful to combine acid fruits and milk in one meal. It is difficult to see how the presence of acid in the fruit can do any harm. It is true that acid fruits will curdle milk but the stomach normally contains a considerable amount of hydrochloric acid, which under ordinary conditions curdles milk immediately when it is taken into the stomach of an adult, yet no discomfort results! Sour milk contains much lactic acid and is already curdled before it is eaten.

The idea that such a combination is unwholesome may have become established through *suspicion* that the curdling might be dangerous. There is no change in the appearance of any food which is more abrupt and striking than the curdling of sweet milk when sour fruit juices or tomato are added. The American cook thinks the soup spoiled if the tomato curdles the milk on being added. This is because we are accustomed to a smooth texture in our tomato soup, and the granular texture is new and unattractive. The curdled soup really is entirely suitable for food.

ALTHOUGH there is no apparent reason why a baby should not have milk and orange juice together, it is better in this case to give the fruit juice between meals; its little stomach should not have too much liquid crowded into it.

Cherries and milk are condemned by many, doubtless because cherries are more acid than other fruits (except lemons and oranges), and so curdle milk readily. If eating cherries and milk ever caused digestive disturbances, it was accidental. Cherries, like other fruits, if thoroughly ripe, may contain numbers of yeast cells on their surfaces and in bruised places. It is possible that someone might suffer from excessive fermentation after eating such a combination but even this is unlikely, for yeast does not readily ferment the sugar of milk.

Probably in most cases where persons think they suffer from ill effects from eating milk with acid fruits, the poisoning results from some other food, eaten perhaps a few hours before or even at the same meal and a mistaken diagnosis as to the cause of their illness has been made.

Another fallacy which is fairly widespread is that no acid fruits should be eaten with starchy food. Some say that no cooked fruit should be eaten with starch-rich foods, and condemn such a combination as bread and apple sauce. There is not the slightest reason that food chemists can find, to explain any danger in such combinations.

[*Turn to page 68*]

Dr. McCollum
Says:

"IF you want to invite a digestive upset, just be suspicious that something is going to disagree with you and then eat that something!" Do you agree with him?

Painted by Maud Tousey Fangel

"Take extra care in feeding during baby's second summer"

BABY SPECIALISTS ADVISE MOTHERS

TIME of grave fears and foreboding — the second summer! Mothers have dreaded it always.

Yet baby specialists tell us that the second year should be less dangerous than the first. The child is older, and better able to resist disease.

The causes of upsets are simply these: In the second year little stomachs are being trained to handle a grown-up diet. Strange solid foods bring new experiences—some not altogether happy.

In addition, there is the fussy business of cutting teeth—enough to make a grown-up grumble.

The important thing during this time is feeding. Three things are necessary in the second summer diet: 1. Food must supply certain essentials for growth. 2. It must be extremely simple and easy to digest. 3. It must be properly prepared and guarded against hot weather taint.

For many years physicians have advised mothers to use one food which ideally fills these requirements—Cream of Wheat!

Cream of Wheat supplies in generous amount, one of a baby's most urgent needs—vital energy. Made of the best hard wheat, it is exceptionally rich in carbohydrates or energy units.

With this high energy value is coupled another advantage—its easy digestibility. The fine granular form of Cream of Wheat is so simple to digest that a baby's inexperienced stomach can handle it with perfect ease.

Ample energy supplied quickly, fully and easily—just what your baby needs during this important period, in a food form which is safe and simple enough for him to digest.

A food for all the family, too! You can serve it in any number of delightful ways; not only as a cereal, with dates, prunes and raisins but in tempting desserts, meat and vegetable dishes. Send for our new recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

How to prepare Cream of Wheat for the Baby

Pour two tablespoons Cream of Wheat into one cup of rapidly boiling salt water, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler one hour at least. Give with whole milk or cream. If cooked with milk scald the milk, add Cream of Wheat and cook in double boiler one hour

Cream of Wheat Custard

1 cup cooked Cream of Wheat — 2 eggs
1¼ cups milk — ½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix Cream of Wheat with milk, beaten egg and sugar; add vanilla. Pour the Cream of Wheat mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream

Send for free sample and authoritative Babies' Diet Book

"The Important Business of Feeding Children" is a booklet of information on correct diet for children from 1 to 10 years—a book approved by well known nutrition authorities. We will gladly send it to any mother free, with sample box of Cream of Wheat, upon receipt of coupon below

Cream of Wheat Company, Dept. 606, Minneapolis, Minnesota
☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," together with sample box of Cream of Wheat.
☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."
Name.....
Address.....

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

© 1925, C. of W. Co.

HEINZ Vinegars

Aged in the wood

57

© H. J. H. Co. '25

THE HEINZ VINEGARS you get today were made many months ago, then stored in wood and left to age in a leisurely, natural way.

That is how Heinz Vinegars acquire the mellow flavor and rare bouquet that no young, "quick-process" vinegar can ever have.

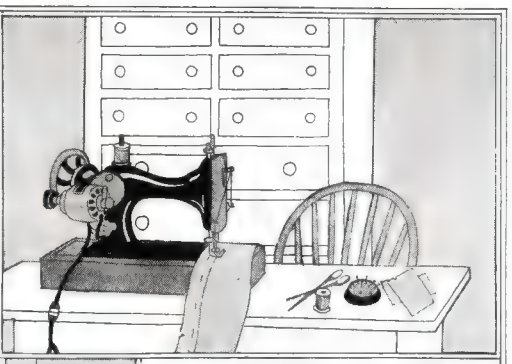
That is why Heinz Vinegars bring out the best in foods and add a delightful, appetizing zest of their own . . . *When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

Taking the Labor Out of Work

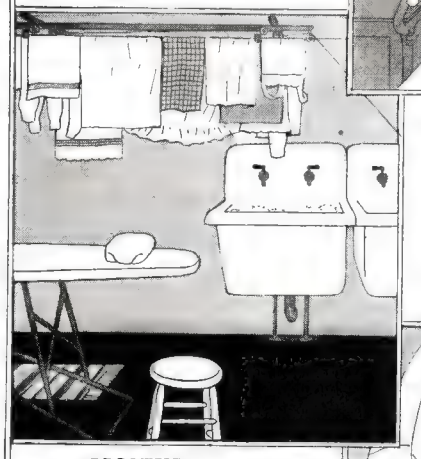
Summer is at Hand—You'll Want Leisure and Ease

SUMMER means dainty new clothes for yourself and the children, and now is the time to start them before the world calls you out-of-doors. You can halve your sewing labor with this electric machine. Just a touch on the foot-rest and you're off!



PRETTY soon you'll be wanting soft white hands for summer bridge-parties, luncheons and teas. Don't depend on last-minute beauty measures but treat them kindly now. One way to keep them—and you—out of hot water is to use this tricky self-wringing mop.

HERE'S a wise lady! She goes out for the afternoon, and half an hour before dinner she is back in time to put her dinner into her steam-pressure cooker and, while the meal cooks, to whisk together the mayonnaise for the salad which is cooling in the ice-box. You see her measuring-spoons, too, playing a leading role.



ONE must wash and iron—even in summer. But the sudden shower or rainy wash-day need not dismay you if you hang your clothes indoors on this ceiling clothes-drier that is easily raised and lowered and takes up little space. Then it holds the finished clothes while you're ironing.

A PICTURE of coolness and efficiency is this homemaker who uses the new vegetable-peeler that saves the mineral salts next the peel (and her fingers at the same time!); the measuring cup that takes the guess out of her cooking; and the jar-lifter which means no more burnt hands during the busy canning season.

THESE are only a very few of the clever time-and-labor saving devices listed in McCall's Service Booklet, "The Modern Home," which will help you get ready for summer, in every department of your homemaking. It will be sent you without charge this month if you will enclose a two-cent stamp for postage and write to The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Harold Bell Wright

[Continued from page 14]

I firmly believe that Harold Bell Wright and others are able to give us works which in the best sense of the word can be called American.

"Sincerely yours, Chauncey M. Depew."

From Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, One of America's Leading Pastors and President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

"The natural temper of Americans is one of reasonable optimism. It has never been shown to better advantage than in the winning and occupancy of the West. Mr. Wright tells his healthy stories of that boundless wonderland, and for it, he reaches and influences the masses who not only do the work of the nation, but do it cheerfully. His sphere is filled with light for plain people. I wish Mr. Wright every success!

"Yours sincerely, S. Parkes Cadman."

From Norma Talmadge, Famous American Motion Picture Actress.

"I hold no brief for the saccharine, and I sincerely believe that truth is necessary to art, even when truth is tragic or ugly, but I would like to see our books strike a more middle course. Certainly there is more inspiration for the average individual in a book that depicts some fine, noble character, or that adds a little beauty to life, than there is in the destructive novel which leaves its readers more pessimistic than ever.

"In my many years on the screen I have always tried hard to play only such roles as would portray the best type of womanhood, and if I have enjoyed considerable popularity I really think it is because I have never made my reputation on roles of scarlet women, or fascinating vamps, or tragic victims of an unfortunate fate. If this is what wins out in the long run on the screen, I think the same thing must be true of fiction, and therefore I believe such writers as Harold Bell Wright, who depict the healthy and the happy side of American life, should be encouraged, and I congratulate McCall's upon its editorial policy and hope that this magazine will continue to stand for all that is fine, and noble, and helpful and inspirational. We are all of us groping in the dark, and to any magazine (or individual) which conscientiously strives to let in a little ray of light, I say: 'Welcome!'

Norma Talmadge."

From Rev. Ernest M. Stires, D. D., Rector of St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church, One of New York's Most Famous Preachers.

"People who devoutly believe in ideals and principles which do not suffer fashionable modification, will be profoundly gratified to hear of your success in persuading Mr. Harold Bell Wright to give you one of his fine constructive novels. The disposition of certain literary critics to praise only the sordid and mean interpretations of our national life, while they have nothing but condemnation for the genuinely constructive story with a message of cheer and hope, has reached the point at which a reaction may reasonably be expected. Mr. Wright is one of the four or five whose names immediately occur to me, who can be counted upon to turn the tide with a little help. Let us see to it that the help is given promptly!

"With heartiest congratulations and with high hopes, I remain

"Most sincerely yours, Ernest M. Stires."

From the Late Walter Camp, Famous American Athlete—and Physical Training Expert.

"My feeling is that the more sunshine there is in sport as well as in life, the better; and the dwelling upon happiness is always a more healthy and effective viewpoint from which to create that happiness. With best wishes, believe me

"Yours very sincerely, Walter Camp."

From Hudson Maxim, Noted Inventor.

"McCall's Magazine deserves great credit for its efforts to improve the character of current fiction, by leading readers away from the grim and sordid in fiction to the healthy and wholesome. More power to you!

Hudson Maxim."

From Mrs. Ella A. Boole, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the State of New York.

"I congratulate McCall's not only on establishing a policy of publishing only clean literature, but in securing such a writer as Harold Bell Wright to carry out that policy.

"I am convinced that the descriptions of American society as set forth in many novels and moving pictures are not typical. They may depict the life of certain fast livers but they give false impressions of actual conditions to the youth of America and false impressions of America to the people of other lands.

Ella A. Boole."

By James E. West, Chief Executive of the Boy Scouts of America.

"I am very glad that you have been able to secure Harold Bell Wright to write for McCall's. It so happens that I have been reading 'The Winning of Barbara Worth' during one of my recent journeys, and I nearly called on Mr. Wright at Tucson, Arizona, but one of my meetings carried over too long. The clean, wholesome note in all of Mr. Wright's work is so refreshing in contrast to what we call the 'sub-standard' literature that is being published, and which we, the Boy Scouts of America, are struggling to counteract through our reading program and publications, that I am very glad indeed to see that you are going to make his writings available to your readers.

"Sincerely and cordially yours, James E. West."

Carl Laemmle, World Famous Motion Picture Magnate and Producer writes:

"The Harold Bell Wright type of story, with its genuine human appeal, is absolutely necessary to meet the emotional requirement of the average American. My moving picture experience has taught me that the American public is absolutely sound at heart. The great demand is for wholesome humanness and honesty in its literature and its day-dreams.

Carl Laemmle."

By the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.

"A writer who portrays the heroic hopefulness and courageous spirit of adventure, that won the West for civilization, ought to be praised and encouraged.

Thomas F. Gailor."

Rev. John Roach Straton, D.D., Prominent Divine and Leader of Fundamentalist Thought.

"I am writing to say that I rejoice in this decision on your part, and in the willingness of Mr. Wright to bring out his splendid stories in serial form. Above everything else, I rejoice more than I am able to tell you in the decision which you voice in this letter to emphasize old-fashioned Americanism and to try to bring to the fore again in our modern times the ideals of elemental righteousness.

"McCall's Magazine, therefore, has my best wishes in its campaign for a renaissance of old fashioned Americanism and elemental decency. May your efforts be crowned with such success that 'McCall Street' will widen and lengthen until it not only reaches literally across the Continent, but around the world!

"Very sincerely yours, John Roach Straton."

By Madame Schumann Heink, Famous Diva and Singer of the Concert Stage.

"I have the greatest admiration and highest respect for McCall's Magazine, and I know that its high principles and ideals in striving always to print only the best has furthered, in the minds of the public, a better view of life, a radiance of love, good cheer and happiness. Truly a worthy cause!

Ernestine Schumann Heink."

By Hon. Arthur Capper, Senator From Kansas, Agriculturist and Publisher.

"The story teller who sounds a note of sane optimism and hope; who sketches his picture in bright and cheerful pigments helps folks along; [Turn to page 92]

Miss RICE
TELLS SOME OF HER SECRETS

Miss Louise Rice, an eminent authority on graphology—the science of reading character from handwriting—has written a book in which she tells some of her secrets—

how she makes unerring deductions about your emotional nature · · · · how she detects the presence of culture, gifts, will power, intuition · · · · how she discovers startling facts about the *real* you—talents you are not conscious of, virtues you do not appreciate, faults that are perhaps the unsuspected cause of much unhappiness.

The book sets forth the principles of this fascinating science in clear, readable form. You will find it of absorbing interest and even a casual reading will give you sufficient knowledge of the art to uncover some interesting facts about yourself.

GET A COPY OF GRAPHOLOGY AT YOUR STATIONER'S. *Price 50 cents.*

How you can get a Character Reading

Purchase a special graphology box of either Crane's Linen Lawn D 302 or Eaton's Highland Linen F500. Write a letter on either paper requesting a reading. Send the letter to us at 225 Fifth Ave., New York City, enclosing with it the box-end graphology coupon, and $1.00 service fee. If you cannot conveniently buy these papers, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN
WRITING PAPER

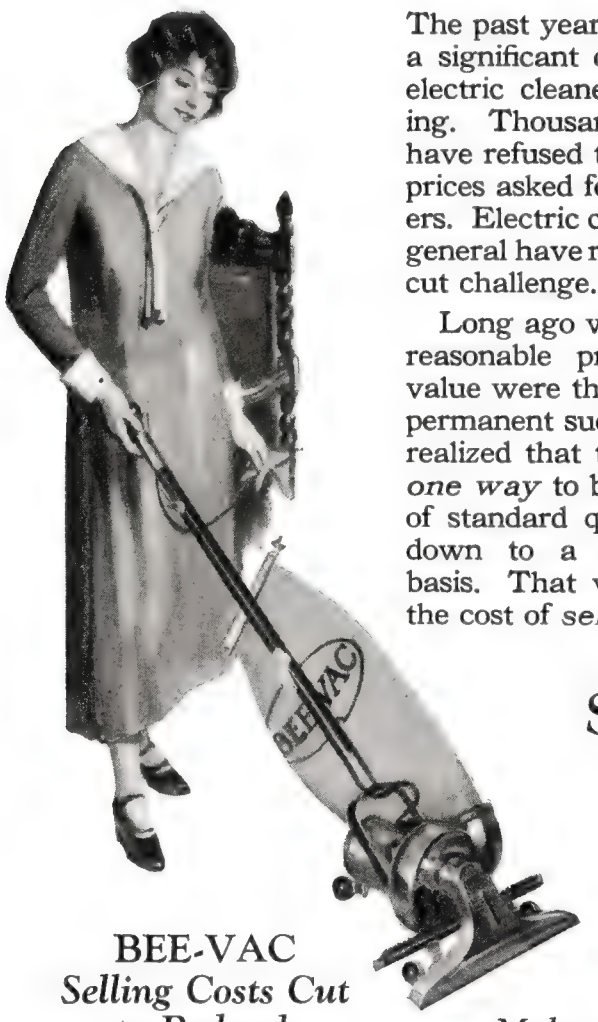
Eaton's Writing Papers offer a wide variety of finishes in all the newest styles and colors.

Smart, correct, distinctive—a wonderful writing paper at an unusually low price.

© E.C.P.CO.'25

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO., 225 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Why Cleaner Prices are $10 to $30 *too high*



The past year has witnessed a significant development in electric cleaner merchandising. Thousands of women have refused to pay the high prices asked for many cleaners. Electric cleaner prices in general have received a clear-cut challenge.

Long ago we realized that reasonable prices and real value were the guideposts to permanent success. We also realized that there was only *one way* to bring the prices of standard quality cleaners down to a common-sense basis. That was by cutting the cost of *selling* them.

$39.75

Why Pay More?

BEE-VAC *Selling Costs Cut to Bedrock*

We know from years of experience that the big commissions paid home demonstrators and the costly selling systems which always go with them, add $10 to $30 to cleaner prices without adding a thing to quality or performance.

Bee-Vacs are never sold in extravagant or wasteful ways. No canvasser or factory resale man, either at your door or in a store, seeks to influence or prejudice your good judgment.

You buy Bee-Vacs like other standard merchandise. You get 100% cleaner value. You save the big selling commissions. And you get a 2-year guarantee—twice as strong as any other cleaner guarantee.

Make this home test

Don't think you must pay $50 to $70 for a standard quality cleaner.

Try the Bee-Vac before you buy. Your dealer will gladly let you test it, in your own home, without obligation. You can compare it, if you wish, with *any* cleaner, regardless of price.

If the Bee-Vac doesn't equal the best and surpass most of them, you simply return it. But if you are delighted and want to keep it, the price is only $39.75. Why pay $10 to $30 more?

Children's Book Free

See your Bee-Vac dealer. Or mail the coupon for his name and interesting book of "Bedtime Jingles for Children."

BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Dept. M-8, Chicago, U.S.A.

Some Bee-Vac Facts

1. Light, easy to handle.
2. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, safely.
3. Convenient tools and dust bag.
4. Positive dependability.
5. Unqualified two-year guarantee.
6. Made by one of the oldest and largest manufacturers.

BEE-VAC
STANDARD *Electric Cleaner*

Bee-Vac Electric Iron

Bee-Vac *tilted handle* permits added pressure, without wrist strain. A *quality* iron. At your dealer's $5.75 Complete

BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. M-8, Chicago, U. S. A.

Gentlemen: Please send name of a nearby Bee-Vac dealer; also your interesting book of "Bedtime Jingles for Children."

Name.....

Town.....

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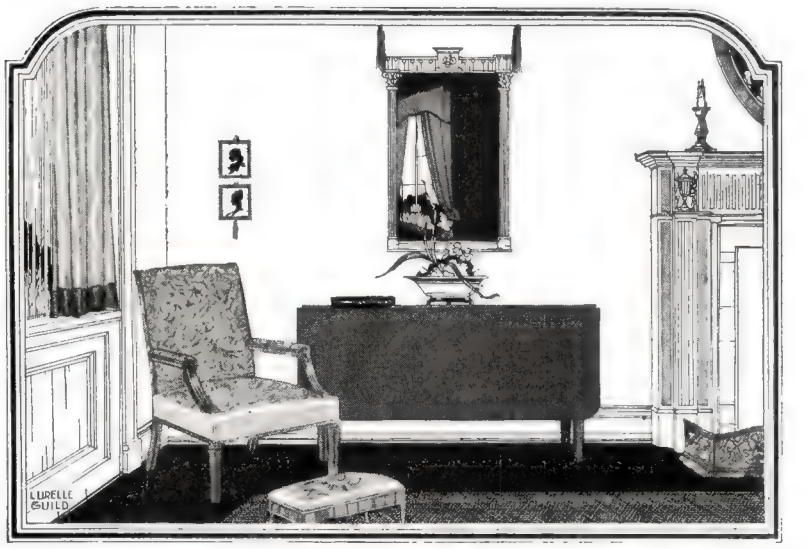


The drop-leaf table in the living-room can easily be turned into a dining-table

Good-by, Dining-Room!

BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

ABOUT two hours a day is the time the average family spends at table, and the rest of the time the dining-room becomes an empty, useless chamber which is of no real importance in the daily business of living. If the house is large and there are several children, a dining-room is desirable. I do not mean to say that we should abolish it—no room has more charm or dignity. But I do mean that if the house is small, and the family small, it is absurd to give up so much space for such limited use, so much money to furniture that cannot be used at all times.

The necessary dining-room furniture consists of a table, enough chairs to go around, and a place from which to serve. Everything else is unessential, designed by furniture makers and sellers to fill a large room. There may be china cabinets and sideboards and consoles but they are not necessities. They are traditional in a family dining-room, but one would never really miss them. Common sense has banished most of the china and silver and glass to the pantry, and good taste has banished other objects.

In a sensibly furnished house where there is a very large dining-room there are a few easy chairs by the fireplace and the sunny windows, a small table for a small group of people, and a large table for occasions. The living-room atmosphere has more and more invaded it, and the result is that many people are wondering why on earth it shouldn't be another living-room.

The best argument for the regular dining-room is that it opens into the pantry and the kitchen and makes serving simpler; that one doesn't like to receive guests in the room where they are going to eat, and that the setting of the table before meals and the cleaning of the table after meals may be annoying to the guests. But it is pleasant to eat in a glowing, lived-in room, and the business of preparing for a meal beforehand and clearing it away afterward may be easily arranged.

This article is not really concerned with large houses and regular dining-rooms, though they are sure to change, but with the small house or apartment where an extra living-room would be enormously useful and pleasant, or with the still smaller house or apartment when one large room *must* serve as both.

As the dining-part of the room is so little used, it should be considered after the living-part is settled. The dining-table should be as far from the main lounging space as possible, whether this group of chairs and sofas be near the fireplace or some group of windows.

If the room is very large, a long table of the refectory type may be used near a group of windows.

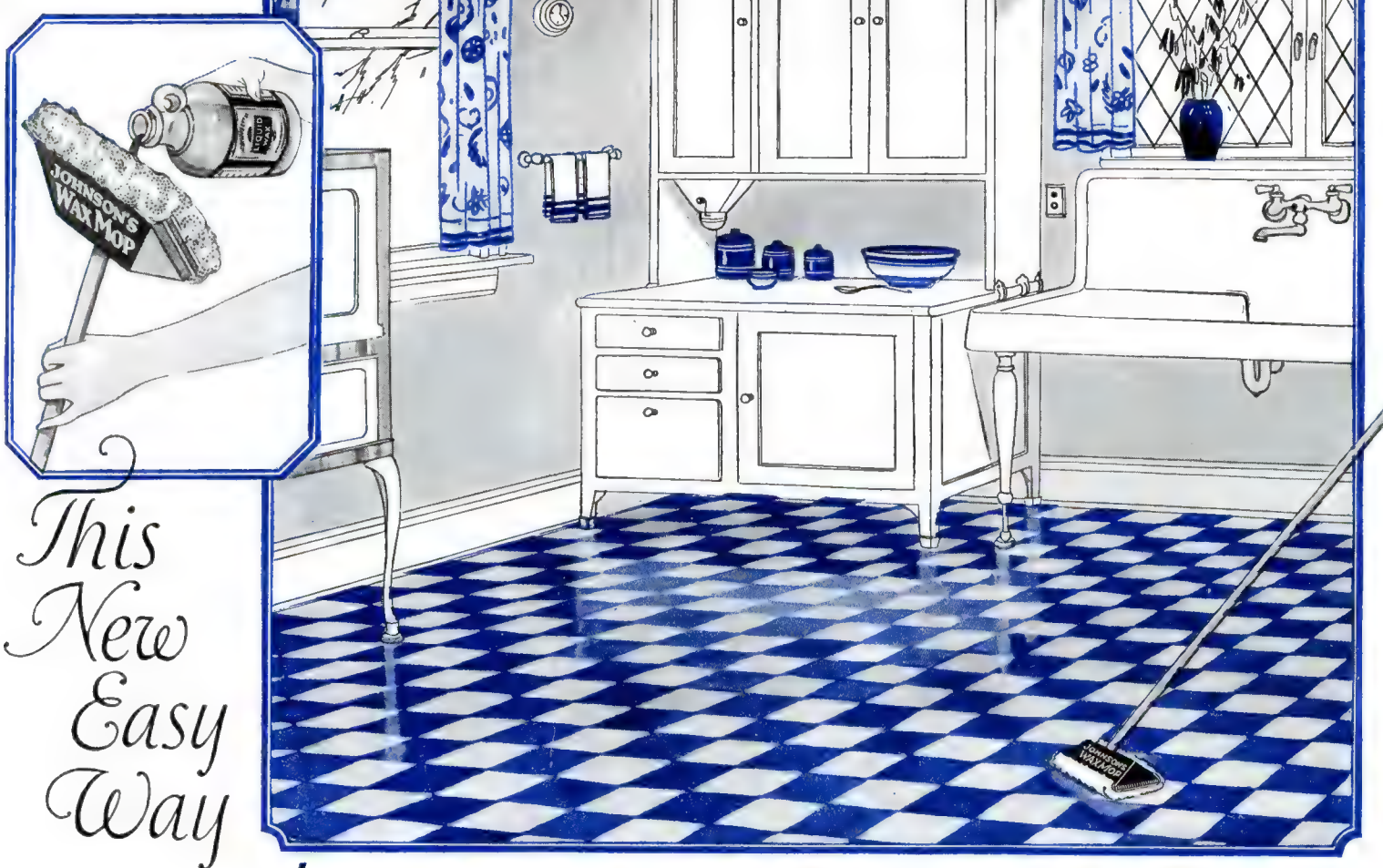
If there are only two or three people in the family, the long table may be kept against the wall most of the time, and a small drop-leaf table be used for meals, except when there are several guests. A drop-leaf table may be kept, between meals, at the back of a sofa. It should never have so many objects on it as to make it a nuisance to pull it out and use it easily. The heavy refectory table may be used, ordinarily, for books, magazines, a bowl of fruit, a lamp and so on, with one space left cleared to use for serving. When there is a dinner-party just the opposite procedure is advisable; the drop-leaf table takes on the duty of being serving-table, and the big table is set in as conventional a manner as you please. Avoid odds and ends of vases, boxes and so on, on these two essential tables, between meals, if you would have your service go smoothly.

AS for chairs, in a large room a set of six chairs will find logical places easily, with no "set" look. Four might be placed round a card table, for instance, a single one at a desk, another at the piano. In a smaller room, four straight chairs of one kind are enough. The additional chairs may be any good armchairs of the proper seat height.

A mixture of chairs is more interesting than a set. A bench, either of plain wood or upholstered, may be pushed under one side of a long table and used for informal supper parties when too many people drop in. One girl I know has a set of six folding canvas armchairs, covered with striped linen, that are kept in a closet when they are not needed.

The problem of tables and chairs settled, the only other things to arrange are the spaces for keeping china, and so on, between meals, and the serving-tables. An old-fashioned corner cupboard is excellent because the interesting plates and platters and the tea set may be kept on the upper shelves where they may be seen; the lower, concealed shelves will hold the ordinary piles of silver and china that are best kept out of sight. Built-in bookshelves, or cupboards with silk shirred behind the glass doors will be very useful when there is no pantry. A handsome chest of drawers will take care of flat silver and linen. The top may be used for candlesticks, a large tray or bowl of fruit—objects that may be transferred to the dining-table at meal time when the lamps and vases and books will take their place. As for serving space, a charming thing to do is to clear a space on any piece of furniture—console, piano or table—spread a small lace or linen cloth there and concentrate all the serving things.

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



This New Easy Way to have Beautiful Waxed Floors

"How *do* you keep your kitchen so spick and span? It always looks as though you'd just laid new linoleum."

"Why, this linoleum has been down six years. But the man who laid it waxed it for me with Johnson's Liquid Wax and he told me if I'd *keep* it waxed that it would stay like new and wear years longer.

"No, it isn't any trouble at all since I bought one of those Johnson floor polishing outfits. Every couple of weeks I spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with the Wax Mop. It only takes a few minutes—I don't touch my hands to the wax or the floor—I don't even stoop down! Just pour a little Liquid Wax onto the Mop and a few easy strokes give the floor a thin, even coating.

"Then I polish the wax with the Weighted Brush. In a few minutes my floor is beautifully polished—and it's no more trouble than running a carpet sweeper.

"Why yes, I wash my *kitchen* linoleum, of course. But it doesn't seem to need washing nearly as often. And then it's so easy—more like washing off a piece of glass than a floor.

"But I *never* wash the inlaid linoleum in my other rooms. I polish it a couple of times a year with Johnson's Liquid Wax and that gives such a hard, dry polish that dust stays right on the surface. I re-wax the doorways and traffic spots when they start to show wear—but that only takes a few minutes.

"All the wood floors in my house are waxed too. In fact, I couldn't keep house without Johnson's Liquid Wax! I use it to polish my furniture and woodwork—to clean white enamel—and on the car!"

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1 Johnson's Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	3.50
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A Saving of $1.65!	$6.65

This offer is good at department, drug, furniture, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit, write us for the name of a nearby dealer who can.

Ask for a FREE copy of the Johnson 25c Book on Home Beautifying at your best Paint or Hardware Store. Or, mail us 10 cents to cover postage and wrapping.

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Babies were meant to be happy—to gurgie and chuckle and croon.

And when a wee mite cries and whimpers and is fretful and unhappy most of the time, you may be sure something is wrong—in all likelihood with his delicate, flower-like skin.

Yet keeping baby's skin comfortable is simply a matter of keeping it clean and well powdered, *with the right kind of powder.*

Because each snowy fleck of Mennen Borated Talcum is as porous as a little fairy sponge, it dries all hidden, inflaming *moisture* from the skin-folds. Every trace of bath-water, urine and perspiration is absorbed.

This soft, fragrant talcum also forms a smooth gossamer film over the helpless little body, saving it from the torment of *friction*—from the ceaseless rubbing of damp clothes and bedding and the chafing of baby's own skin-folds.

And Mennen's is made not only pure and healing but wonderfully antiseptic as well. It's just what an infant's skin needs to keep it free from infection—the infection that comes of trifling causes and often results so seriously.

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Speed—purposeless, useless haste—plays havoc with young minds and bodies

When Daddy Hits Sixty an Hour

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

THE children had just returned from an automobile ride with their father. John was eight; Peter and Hannah were twins and were proud that on that day they were six years old. In fact, the automobile ride was part of a combined birthday celebration.

A professional visit to a younger member of the family accounted for my presence at the home when the motorists returned. I am on very good terms with the children and they welcomed me with youthful enthusiasm.

"You had a fine ride, I suppose?" I remarked when an opportunity afforded.

"Oh, yes!" said John. "Daddy hit sixty miles an hour in some places! I sat on the front seat and watched the spee-dometer."

"Yes, we just whizzed! Daddy is a great chauffeur," said Hannah.

"Let me feel your wrist, Hannah!" I suggested. Hannah obligingly held up her hand.

"Your turn, Pete! And now, you, John." In each case, the child's heart action was twenty or more to the minute above the normal for his or her age.

"What did you see on the trip?" I asked the group.

"Didn't see nuffin," said Peter. "We went too fast."

"What did you see, John?"

"I watched the spee-dometer," said John.

"What did you see, Hannah?"

"I saw some children going home from school."

"Boys or girls?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "Just children."

"Did the children have lunch baskets or books with them?"

"You are a funny man, Doctor! You can't see lunch baskets or books when you're in an automobile with my Daddy at the wheel!"

"Did you see any woods or lakes or gardens?"

"How can you see old gardens when you're watching the spee-dometer?" volunteered John pityingly. "When you're in an automobile you just have to attend to business. Why, Daddy will never talk to me, and Mother says I must never speak to our chauffeur or ask questions because he must put all his 'tention on running the car and watching for the mounted perleece."

"And why watch for the mounted police, old chap?"

"Didn't you ever ride in an automobile, Doctor? You watch the per-leese so they won't arrest you for going too fast."

"Won't catch you breaking the law, in other words—not so, John?"

"Well, everybody breaks fool speed-laws. Daddy says the speed-laws are made for old ladies and men that have the gout and I guess Daddy knows. He's never been caught but once and that cost him twenty-five dollars. He tried to pass the cop a 'ten' but it wouldn't work."

If prohibition and Johnnie both last, Johnnie has all the training for a bootlegger.

"Two men tried to pass Dad in a 'Suncar.' Think of their nerve! Dad just stepped on the gas and our 'Lightning Eight' stood on its hind wheels and the other fellow seemed to stand still. That's what Dad said."

"Do you go out tomorrow?"

"Yes, we go every afternoon. Dad hurries home from business and takes us. He says a good brisk automobile ride rests his nerves."

"Then you didn't see anything worth while?" I persisted.

"We just saw heaps of autoe-mobeels," replied Hannah. "And Daddy passed a lot of them, didn't he, John?"

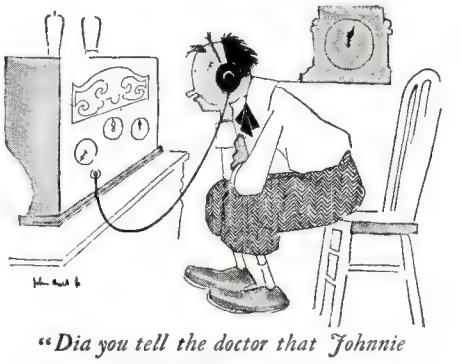
"Yes," answered John. "The 'Lightning Eight' never takes no man's dust!"

FURTHER questions disclosed that the outing had lasted two hours and twelve minutes and they had covered about eighty-five miles. They had seen nothing but their own and other automobiles and the element of speed—purposeless, useless haste—was the most evident impression manifested in the hasty speech, nervous jerky movements and rapid hearts.

It was with a great deal of interest I was able to make these first-hand observations.

For the past few years my attention has been gradually drawn to the effects of present-day motoring on small children. Not a few mothers have asked me if I thought motoring agreed with the children brought to me usually for nervous disorders.

Many of these mothers had observed that after automobile trips the child in question was irritable, excitable and slept poorly; what was my opinion as to the advisability of taking children on long automobile rides?



"Dia you tell the doctor that Johnnie listens to the Radiola until all hours?"

At twenty miles an hour, a very slow speed in the country, it is impossible for a child to visualize, to concentrate on anything long enough for a definite picture or chain of thought. The young child's mind registers slowly and has no opportunity for a mental grasp or for impressions to be made, with the result that he passes between blank walls without having seen or grasped any of the aspects of nature, no matter how beautiful.

THE child learns by observation and by asking questions. In a walk through the country, in the woods and fields or with a slow old-fashioned horse and wagon on a country road, the child chatters unceasingly. If you will listen carefully, you will observe that his series of questions is always about objects seen and his comments thereon.

Further, from a health standpoint, he usually gets bad air, exhaust gas and dust unless one goes to remote districts for his motorings the roads about all large centres on Sundays and holidays are filled with autoists in slow-moving progression and with exhaust active. At the ferries, automobiles in vast numbers are held up, often, for an hour or two, all discharging carbon-monoxide or incompletely burned gas because the engine is running at its lowest capacity. All this in a heavy atmosphere with but little air circulating, is anything but a desirable place for a child.

As I was leaving for the train with the chauffeur in the 'Lightning Eight,' the mother called from the balcony, "I am going to bring Johnnie in to see you next week Doctor, for a thorough going-over. He twitches his face dreadfully and works his right shoulder up and down. Aunt Clara dropped in for luncheon a day or two ago. She is fussy, you know, and Johnnie made her so nervous she couldn't eat—and when Aunt Clara can't enjoy a good luncheon, something is wrong. She insists that Johnnie has 'Saint Vitus Dance,' and that I should take him straight to see you. I can't imagine what's wrong with him; the country air is wonderful on this hill, and we have all the fresh vegetables straight from our own garden. But you must hurry, George, or you will miss the train. Show the doctor what the 'Lightning Eight' can do!"

As George started the engine, Grandmother—husband's mother—emerged hurriedly from the grape-arbor and with a superior air, lemon-flavored, called, "Lydia, did you tell the doctor that Johnnie sits up with his father and listens to that new Radiola until all hours and that Peter had two nightmares this week? He thought that awful Jones boy next door was chasing him and shrieked for his Daddy to 'step on the gas!'"

A Son of His Father

[*Continued from page 17*]

alle same you; likee buttlefly—likee sun—like flowe—alle tlime catch um happness fo evlybody." He pointed to the garden and the tangle of vines on the broken trellises. "Alle tlime she make um loses, loses, evlywhere."

Nora looked at the untrimmed bushes and the rank weeds that now held possession of the yard. "And why does no one make the roses now, I wonder?" she said half to herself.

"Ah-h-h, nobody got tlime catch um loses now. Boss Big Bloy him alle tlime lanch wolk—hosses, cows—alle time go Tucson. No catch um happness any mo. You come stay Las Losas, that mo bettee. Mebby so bly an bly Boss Big Bloy catch um happness. Ol Wing Foo, him sabe."

The old Chinaman shuffled away to his kitchen. Charlie Gray coming from the house at that moment observed the color in the Irish girl's cheeks but greeted her with perfunctory indifference.

When she invited him to sit down he answered in a tone which expressed extreme discontent: "No thank you, I had breakfast with Morgan. It's a beastly hour but it seems hardly fair to let him eat alone." He turned away and stood looking gloomily at the distant hills and mountains.

Charlie Gray was very low in spirits that morning. He had been fairly well taken out of himself by the events of the evening before but after an uneasy night had come to look upon the situation from his habitual view-point. He reminded himself that he was at Las Rosas under the doctor's orders. His health, he told himself, demanded absolute rest and quiet. Foreseeing all kinds of unrest as a result of this Irish girl's presence, he more ardently than ever wished himself anywhere but in Arizona. If it were not for the feeling that his friend Morgan needed him he would take himself off without an hour's delay to some more attractive place. And that was his real grievance. Much as Charlie Gray desired to think only of himself and his own ills, his loyalty to his friend was always compelling him, against his will, to neglect himself and what he conceived to be his own best interests, just as the really human heart of the man was constantly upsetting the solemn mental habits of the student.

Nora O'Shea was watching him with an odd little smile, as if while she sympathized with him she was amused at his peevishness. "I suppose I should introduce myself," he said after a long silence. "As I remember, that formality was overlooked in the excitement of your arrival last evening. I am Charles Madison Gray of Philadelphia. Old friend of Morgan's. Doctor sent me out here for a rest."

"Philadelphia?" she cried. "Oh, sir, Mr. Gray, and did you know my brother Larry?"

In spite of himself the man responded to her eager animation: "No," he said with a degree of cheerfulness, "I had not the pleasure of your brother's acquaintance in Philadelphia. I met him here though, when I first came, shortly before he—ah—left for the South on business for Mr. Morgan. Your brother is a remarkable man, Miss O'Shea."

Her radiant face rewarded him. "Oh, but 'tis a wonderful thing, sir, for Larry boy to be having such friends as you and Mr. Morgan. To hear you speaking so well of him makes me that happy I could cry with joy—but don't be afraid, sir, I will not." As she smiled through her tears, Charlie Gray mentally threw up his hands. "The doctor sent you here, you say?" she continued. "But that is too bad now, isn't it?—though 'tis a fine thing for Mr. Morgan. I can see that 'tis good for him just having you around. And the poor gentleman who was taken so quick last night—how is he feeling this morning?"

Gray smothered a desire to laugh. "Holdbrook? Oh, he is all right, there is nothing serious the matter with him—that is—I mean—"

"Oh!" her tone was so expressive that he glanced at her sharply. But her face was grave as she asked: "And is Mr. Holdbrook here for his health, too?"

Charlie Gray was floundering desperately, trying to keep from saying that he too would like to know why Jim Holdbrook was at Las Rosas when a clatter of fast flying hoofs drew their attention. Curly was riding over the hill toward the house as fast as his horse could run. Without dismounting he opened the big gate and a moment later dashed wildly across the yard and leaped from his horse at the gate in the picket fence.

Nora rose to her feet, her eyes wide with anxiety. Charlie Gray, as the cowboy came to the veranda, went quickly forward in a manner very unlike his usual languid, disinterested air. "What's the matter, Curly?" he said sharply.

The rider grinned sheepishly. "I done forgot my rope, Mr. Gray, an' had to come back for it." He removed his big hat and bowed with elaborate politeness to Nora. "Bein' as I was here I figured I might as well get me a good drink at the house pump. Water at the corral is good enough generally but I ain't been a feelin' jest right lately an' I reckon mebby I'd better try a change fer a while. How be you this mornin', ma'am?"

The girl sank into her chair with a sigh of relief. "I'm very well, thank you kindly, sir."

The cowboy, seating himself on the edge of the veranda, gazed up at her with a look which caused Gray to become suddenly interested in a poor little rosebud that was trying hard to bloom on a neglected bush at the far corner of the house. "They call me Curly, ma'am." She acknowledged the introduction with a smile.

"Ah-h-h, what mattee you, Cully?" cried Wing Foo wrathfully from the doorway. "Bette you go wolk. Cowbloy no come house when missee eat. Boss Big Bloy him catchee you, him laise Cain."

"Never mind him, ma'am," said the rider darkly. "There's goin' to be a Chink funeral around these parts some o' these days. I'm that gentle an' easy gated there's some thinks I ain't got a kick nor a buck in me, but they're due to learn diff'rent if they spur me too hard. That thar brother a your'n, he's the only man in the whole blamed outfit that really appreciates me. He's sure one fine man, is Larry, ma'am."

The cowboy glanced appealingly over his shoulder at Gray who responded nobly with: "Larry thinks a lot of you Curly. You two are great friends." The rider's grin of grateful comradeship gave the student an odd thrill.

The girl's face was transfigured with happiness and pride. "Indeed, and my Larry was always an understanding boy. I know well that he would be great friends with a man like yourself. 'Twas me that taught him to be always so careful of his company."

"Yes ma'am, you see it's like this: Everybody on this here ranch is that short spoken an' always on the prod—exceptin' Mr. Gray here of course—that an even tempered, easy dispositioned feller, same as me, is just naturally bound to get lonesomer than a mournin' dove in a flock o' buzzards. Even the boss ain't like himself no more. Take this mornin' for instance—he's plumb inhuman. An' Long Jo—why, ma'am, the way he rawhided me just because I forgot my rope was somethin' scand'lous. I couldn't near a stood 'em these last three months if it hadn't a been your brother an' me was such close pardners. As it is, I was plumb decidin' only yesterday, to quit an' let the whole blamed outfit go to blazes—but now—well, I reckon I'll just stay on fer a spell longer, now."

"I'm thinking Mr. Morgan would be sorry to have you go."

"I'd sure be missed, all right," he admitted modestly with another look at Gray who was struggling manfully to control his features. "Why, miss, the last word Larry said when he was leavin' on that trip for Mr. Morgan was how he wished I was goin' with him. 'It'll be mighty lonesome without you, pard,' he says, says he. But shucks, Big Boy he wouldn't near hear to Larry an' me both goin' away from the ranch at the same time."

"Which is easy to understand," Nora agreed joyfully.

"Indeed yes," murmured Gray.

Whereupon the cowboy, made bold by Gray's approval and encouraged by Nora's appreciation, played his next card with an air of assurance which filled the student's soul with delight [*Turn to page 46*]

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it . . . you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear

—*simply clouded with a film coat*

Find out by making this unique test. Thousands who go through life wishing for beautiful teeth already have them . . . yet never reveal them—*or know they have them!*

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Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film. A film that absorbs discolorations *and hides the natural color and luster of your teeth.*

Old-time dentifrices failed in successfully combating that film. That is why, regardless of all the care you take now, your teeth remain "off color," dingy looking, unattractive.

Remove it, and you, like millions before you, will be surprised to find that your own teeth are as pretty as anyone's.

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It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid fosters decay.

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Now modern science has discovered new and radically different methods. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever known.

Its action is to curdle that film. Then harmlessly to remove it. No harsh grit, no soap, no chalk—a new way that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

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To millions this new way has proved the folly of having ugly teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles and the poor health that results.

It will give you the lustrous teeth you want—*quickly.*

Results will surprise you. Mail the coupon now. Why follow old methods when world's leading dental authority urges a better way?

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IF your baby nurses from the old-fashioned, narrow-necked bottle, every nursing time carries serious danger with it. Germs are almost sure to collect in this type of bottle. Its many curves and angles are almost impossible to reach and clean.

Save your baby from this danger! Use the modern, *safe* nursing bottle, the Hygeia. It has straight-up-and-down lines—every spot can be reached easily. It has no neck. No germs can collect in hidden corners. The funnel is not needed for filling, and the long-handled brush is unnecessary—two germ carriers abolished.

Hygeia makes weaning easier, for the Hygeia breast is broad, flexible, shaped like mother's, and designed not to collapse.

Hygeia, the *safe* nursing bottle, is patented. Sold at drug stores everywhere. Ask for it by name.

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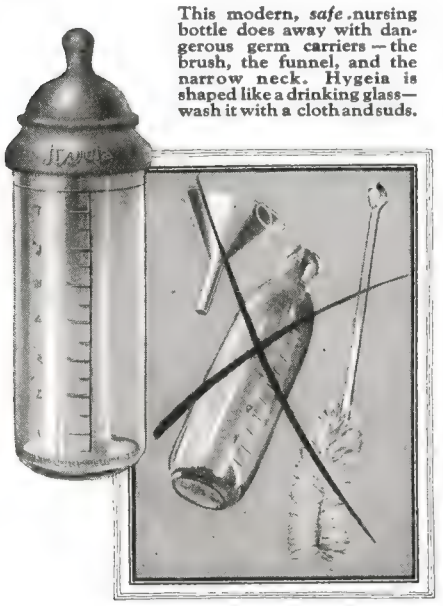
Hygeia
The SAFE
NURSING BOTTLE

This modern, *safe* nursing bottle does away with dangerous germ carriers—the brush, the funnel, and the narrow neck. Hygeia is shaped like a drinking glass—wash it with a cloth and suds.



and caused the Irish girl's eyes to shine with suppressed merriment. "Look a here, ma'am, you'll be a wantin' t' ride, of course. Was you ever on a horse?"

"Never in my life, sir."

"That's all right. I'll learn you. You might take a notion to go a ridin' with some feller."

"I can't say, sir. I never did, and those beasts that I saw this morning didn't behave like they'd ever been accustomed much to women."

"Oh, ma'am! You ain't supposin' that I'd let *you* git on any horse that was even thinkin' o' bein' bad! Why, it was me that learned your brother how to ride!"

"You did? Ah but 'tis a kind gentleman you are. And tell me now, is Larry boy good on a horse? Can he ride like the rest of you?"

The cowboy drew a long breath as he shot a glance of triumph toward Gray. "Can Larry O'Shea ride? Well I should hope to die he can. Why, ma'am, that brother o' yours can ride anything that looks like a horse. Do you remember, Mr. Gray, that day we all got us that rarin', buckin', corkscrewin', sunfishin' outlawed bronc what piled every man in the outfit as easy as Wing Foo can flip a hot cake? Pablo, too, ma'am, and Pablo he won the championship last year, at that. Well, ma'am, Larry he jest set there on the corral fence a lookin' at us old timers gettin' throwed around 'til there wasn't any more of us left; then he climbs down and walks easy like over to that fightin' fool of a horse, and 'fore we could bat an eye he's 'up in the middle o' him an' a sittin' as pretty as you are in that there chair. Ride! Why, ma'am, Larry rode that outlaw to a whisper without ever turnin' a hair himself. Rode him proper, too—a scratchin' him on the shoulder and flanks every jump an' all the time a smilin' calm an' peaceful like a angel an' not even once a pullin' leather, either. You wait till you see him—finest figger of a man on a horse I've ever seen, an' I seen *some*. I'd sure be mighty proud, ma'am, if you'd let me learn you, like I learned your brother Larry."

It is impossible to say what daring heights the cowboy might have attained under the spell of Nora's smiling delight had Wing Foo not again reminded the rider that he was not employed to sit on the ranch house veranda and entertain Mr. Morgan's guests. "You can see how it is here, ma'am," said Curly as he started for his horse, "even the Chink is plumb set on takin' the joy out o' life. But just you wait, I'm good natured and easy goin', like I say, but some bright mornin' there's goin' to be pieces o' Chinaman scattered all over this end o' Arizona."

Nora was watching the cowboy as he rode away and Gray, observing the Irish girl's face, was wondering just what impression Curly had made when she met the student's gaze with an unmistakable knowing look. "'Tis a great blessing to have a fine imagination now, isn't it, sir?" she said gravely. As Gray laughed, she added: "If only a man don't be spending the strength of it all on himself." The man of books flushed. Had she meant the shot for him? He could not be sure, but whether she meant it or not he was forced to admit the hit. He left her soon after that, upon the pretext that he must write letters.

Later in the forenoon Holdbrook appeared and endeavored to make himself very agreeable with the evident purpose of enjoying the Irish girl's company. But he did not remain long. Her innocent inquiries—if he had recovered from his attack and was it his heart?—and her sympathetic story of how she knew a man once who dropped like he was hit, proved too much for him and he disappeared for the day. Gray joined her at lunch but was preoccupied and silent and as soon as the meal was finished retired again to his room. When, unaccustomed to such idleness, she insisted on helping Wing in the kitchen, the Chinaman compromised by bringing out some of Morgan's things that needed mending.

As the girl sat with her grateful task under the umbrella tree in the vast quiet of that afternoon, her thoughts were as active as her busy needle. She believed implicitly in the kindness of her new found friends. She did not question their explanation of her brother's absence. She did not too much credit Curly's complaints. But something—she could not say what

A Son of His Father

[*Continued from page 45*]

it was—disturbed her with the feeling that all was not as well at Las Rosas as it appeared on the surface. Again and again her mind returned to Big Boy Morgan as she had seen him at the corral that morning. Again and again she assured herself that the master of Las Rosas, in his gentle consideration, his thoughtfulness for her, his sympathy, his strength, in his looks, even, was all that she had imagined him to be. And yet there was something—something that caused her heart to go out to him in a great pity. She was conscious of an intense longing to help him. What had Wing Foo meant when he said that his "Boss Big Bloy no catch um happness any mo"? How much had Curly exaggerated his statement that the boss was not like himself? Why was Mr. Gray so preoccupied and troubled? What was the reason for Holdbrook's evident ill humor and discontent?

The girl's thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of Stub and Maricopa Bill. Riding up to the fence and leaving their tired horses, the cowboys went to the pump near the kitchen door—that is, Bill went to the pump but Stub stopped under the umbrella tree. Nora received him with her ready smile and the rider, throwing aside his hat and squatting on his heels with his back to the tree trunk, returned her greeting with a grin of admiration. Gray, drawn by the sound of the galloping hoofs, came from the house, and Stub—with his eyes on Nora—answered the student's inquiry: "The others 'll be along with a bunch of cattle directly. Me an' Bill hopped on ahead to put what's in the pasture down yonder out before they get here. I just stopped for a drink. Water at the corral don't appear to be agreein' with me lately. How are you enjoyin' yourself, miss?"

He was gazing at the girl so intently that he did not see the laughter in Gray's face. Nora answered demurely: "I'm doing very well, thank you. 'Tis nice to be so peaceful and quiet like after my long time on the steamer and the trains."

The cowboy heaved a sigh. "Las Rosas ain't what it was before your brother went away. I sure miss him a lot. You see Larry an' me, we was great friends. Fact, he was the only man in the whole outfit that really knows me. Everybody else is so darned sulky like or something, an' I'm so naturally good natured and jolly that Larry took to me first thing. Men like your brother an' me are bound to be lonesome with an outfit like this and so we got to be mighty close. Last word Larry said when he was leaving was: 'I sure wish you was going along, pard. I hate to leave you alone here—don't know how I'll get along without you.' But of course Morgan he couldn't near spare us both at the same time—and so you see, miss, I just had to stay."

The Irish girl's face beamed with her appreciation. "'Tis easy to understand how Mr. Morgan could not spare a man like you. And 'tis sure I am that you and Larry would be great friends. He could not help it."

Stub stole a look at Gray and upon receiving a reassuring smile continued: "Yes, ma'am, Las Rosas is sure nothin' like what it used to be. I'd just about made up my mind to quit and let Morgan and his ranch go to thunder. But I reckon I'll stay on a spell longer *now*. Ain't there nothin' I can do for you, miss? I'd sure admire to. Maybe you'd like to learn to throw a rope?"

Gray laughed. "Well," demanded Stub, "and what's funny about that? It's a mighty handy thing, to know how to handle a riata. You never can tell when you're going to need it. She might want to rope her a man," he finished slyly. "Don't you mind Mr. Gray, miss," he continued seriously. "I can show you, just like I showed your brother Larry."

"And is Larry good with a rope—can he throw it over the head of a beast the same as I watched you doing this morning?"

"Can Larry throw a—! Did you hear that, Bill?" He appealed to the grizzled old cowboy who was now standing awkwardly at the other side of Nora's chair. "Why, miss, your brother is the best hand with a rope in the whole Southwest, ain't he, Bill?"

"You bet yer life."

"Can Larry catch a horse, huh? That's a good one! I give you my word, miss, I've seen that boy do what no other puncher in the outfit would even think of trying—I seen Larry, many a time, catch three and four horses at once. Ain't that the truth, Bill?"

"You bet yer life."

Nora exclaimed with delight: "'Tis certain I am that my boy would do well anything he started. With a man like you to teach him, he could not help being a wonder."

"You find the water here at the house pump much more healthful than that at the corrals, don't you Bill?" Gray asked earnestly, in his best student manner.

"You bet yer life."

The girl smiled on him. "And what will you be teaching me, Mr. Bill?"

Maricopa Bill shuffled his feet and fingered his hat nervously. "Why, I don't know, miss, I'd sure be glad to help. I'm best with a six gun, I reckon."

"Good!" cried Charlie Gray. "She might want to shoot her a man."

"There's plenty of men what needs shootin'" retorted Stub savagely.

Bill grinned. "And is my brother Larry good with a gun, too?" asked Nora innocently.

"You bet yer life," said Bill. "It was me larned him, and I'm tellin' you, lady, that kid can shoot the eyebrows offen a musquiter. An' quick on the draw—why I've seed him—"

A yell interrupted Bill's testimony as to the prowess of Nora O'Shea's brother. The startled group under the umbrella tree looked up to see Long Jo at the big gate and, just coming over the hill, the leaders of a great herd of cattle. The two cowboys, without a parting word, leaped the fence and before the Irish girl could catch her breath were in their saddles riding like mad.

From the veranda overlooking the old rose garden and the little valley the Irish girl and the student watched the Las Rosas men at their work in the field below the house. Stub and Maricopa Bill, with shrill cowboy yells, dashed wildly here and there, moving the few cattle already on the ground to another pasture, while the big herd with the other riders were streaming down the hill. As Curly and Bill drove the last animal through the gate on the far side of the field Long Jo opened the gate toward the house and rode through followed by the herd. And then while the cattle were held in a compact band by the cowboys, Morgan and Long Jo rode among the crowding, jostling creatures. Now and then one, more venturesome or more unruly than the others, would make a quick dash for freedom and a horse and rider would spring with startling swiftness into action—running, leaping, whirling, here and there, with what seemed a mad reckless fury, until the baffled animal was turned back into the herd. From the thousands of trampling hoofs the dust lifted in a yellow cloud which the long slanting rays of the afternoon sun transformed into a cloud of golden light in which the constantly shifting forms of cattle, horses and riders appeared and vanished only to reappear and dissolve again in a never ending variety of group arrangements.

Nora O'Shea exclaimed with wonder and delight. Her eyes danced with excitement, her face was flushed with color, her eager voice was charged with enthusiasm as she asked question after question of the grave student at her side. Presently, in answer to one of her characteristic expressions of admiration for the horsemanship of the cowboys, he said: "I suppose you will be riding with them before the week is past."

She caught her breath with a gasp of delight. "Oh, sir, and do you think I could ever stick on a horse at all?"

"Why not?" he smiled. "Everybody in this country rides—women, girls, children."

"Oh, but you're joking with me?"

"Indeed, no, there's no reason in the world why you should not ride if you wish."

She gave him one of those looks which made him feel that she saw so very much deeper than the mere surface of things. "And why don't you have a horse yourself?"

The color came into his pale cheeks again as he answered: [*Turn to page 51*]

"Those Endearing Young Charms"

are most often expressed without words—just the enticement of natural loveliness, as millions know, which comes in this simple way

BORN of the wisest of all generations in beauty culture, the modern woman has succeeded in making natural loveliness the most important quest of the day.

To be audacious, she seeks, above all things, to be demure. To incite the emotions, she employs the dangerous weapon of simplicity!

Thus the natural complexion succeeds the artificial. Which is as it should be. For, like artificial flowers, or imitation jewels, the artificial invariably offends in contrast with the real.

So today, wherever your eyes turn, fresh and glowing complexions greet you. Modern beauty methods start with the common-sense care of natural cleanliness—the balmy lather of Palmolive used in this simple way:

Simple rules that do wonders

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

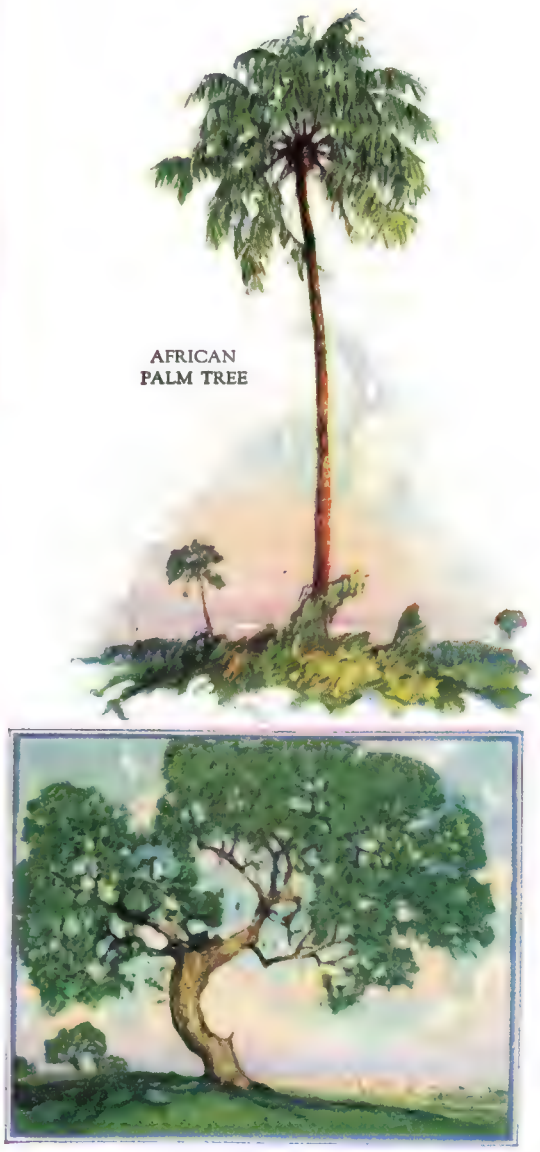
The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.



OLIVE TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else*, give Palmolive its green color.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

2724

More extracts from the

LIFE *and* LETTERS *of* IVORY SOAP

Being the second installment of the authorized biography of AMERICA'S *best known product*

YOU remember—

Mysterious shadows in the room. Firelight that flickered upon faces white with apprehension as the voice of the speaker approached the dramatic climax . . . .

". . . . and on the third night, as he lay alone and sleepless in the silence of the otherwise deserted house, that same phosphorescent glow appeared in the doorway. It took on strange shapes, and was gently propelled towards him by a slight breeze. As it reached the foot of the bed he heard again that hollow, mysterious voice. . . .

"'It floats! It floats! It *floats!*'

"Remembering his decision, he gathered together the shreds of his courage. With a tremendous effort of will he raised himself to a sitting posture and cried out in a loud voice, '*What* floats?'

"There was a moment of complete silence. The luminous shape became greatly agitated and drew back from the bed. As it started to pass through the doorway it suddenly shrank to the size of a man's fist and exploded in orange, red, and green flames. Then a new and more horrendous voice answered the inquiry of the trembling figure:

"'IVORY SOAP!'"

Perhaps this is not quite the way *you* heard this famous old ghost story fifteen or twenty years ago, because there were so many versions all over the country, but it is vouched for as authentic.

The ACCIDENT *that changed history*

IF it hadn't been for an accident neither the old Ivory ghost story nor the phrase "It floats" might ever have come into being.

When Procter & Gamble started, in 1879, to make a pure, white, neutral soap to supply a demand for a soap as good as genuine Castile, yet far less expensive, they had not dreamed of a floating soap. But upon testing the first batch of what was eventually to be called Ivory Soap, they found that *it floated.*

No one will ever be able to estimate the time and temper saved for humanity as the result. Think of the "deep-sea-diving" in the bathtub that has been prevented. Think of the hundreds of thousands of laundry tubs in which Ivory has blithely floated to the top instead of sinking disconso-

lately to the bottom, there to waste away, out of sight and out of mind, as sinking soaps do.

Not long ago a boat race was held in Central Park, New York, contested by more than twenty young skippers. The hulls of the boats were Ivory cakes, shaped to cut the water and equipped with mainsail and rigging. With a fair wind and a chorus of shouts, the unsinkable Ivory craft went bobbing across the lake, as smart a fleet as ever clove the wave.

And bath-tub boat racing, with Ivory soap boats, has long been a famous indoor sport.

Why the FISH *gave up hope*

THE Ivory biographer cannot leave the subject of Ivory's floatability without retailing this delectable yarn from Mr. Francis Lynde, author of "The City of Numbered Days," "The Honorable Senator Sagebrush," and other stories.

Mr. Lynde had been camping with his family. He had packed the fishing tackle and all other equipment in the car and was ready to start for the long drive home. He needed to wash his hands, and found a towel but no soap, though he was sure he had left a cake of Ivory on the running board a short time before. As he approached the lake, he found his redheaded son industriously angling for a final "fryer," with an impromptu fishing rig consisting of a willow limb, a piece of string, a hook, and —

"What kind of float have you got there, son?" he asked, seeing a queer white object that was bobbing up and down doing duty as a cork.

"Aw, dad," grinned the redhead, "don't you ever read the advertisements?"

"Certainly, but what has that got to do with your fishing rig?"

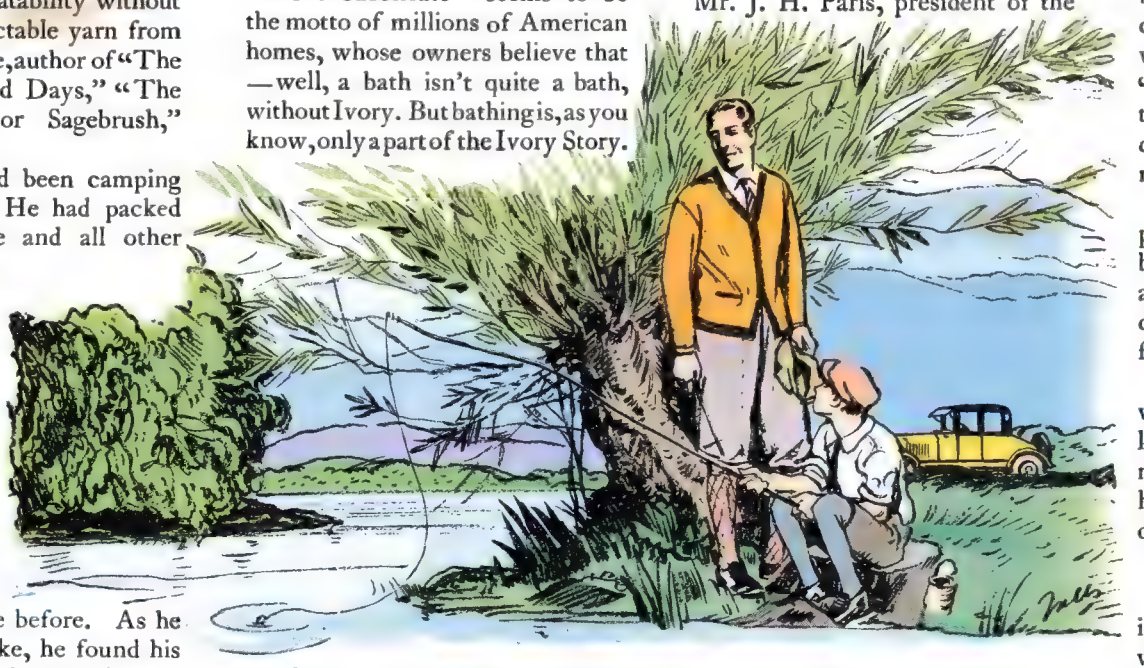
"Well," he drawled, "It Floats!" Then Mr. Lynde knew why he had been unable to find that cake of Ivory which had been left on the running board. We ask you! What chance has a fish with a boy like that?

"No SUBSTITUTE *allowed"*

IVORY has probably been imitated as often and as persistently as any commercial product ever made. But somehow no one else has ever been able to duplicate Ivory's purity, mildness, and gentleness.

Perhaps there is no better proof of this than an incident such as this which happened not long ago in a Western state. A list of 95 items required for the use of state institutions was opened to bidders. Many items specified certain brands but allowed substitution provided the substitute was of equal quality. One item called for 125 boxes of Ivory Soap. But opposite this item appeared the words, "No substitute."

"No substitute" seems to be the motto of millions of American homes, whose owners believe that —well, a bath isn't quite a bath, without Ivory. But bathing is, as you know, only a part of the Ivory Story.



"Ivory is one of the established necessities and conveniences in our home," writes a Detroit woman, "performing its many duties admirably, from bathing the soft skin of dear little baby all the way down to cleaning the furniture and rugs. And I must say that it never fails. Ivory is one of the world's greatest conveniences."

Clean MONEY

THE makers of Ivory have heard of so many startling and original uses for it that they are almost immune to surprises. But they had to confess, not long ago, that the genial manager of the Grove Park Inn at Asheville, N. C., had found a new one.

Of course the guests of the Grove Park are provided with Ivory for toilet and bath use—and how they do appreciate it after a day of golf or horseback riding. But Ivory's soothing properties do not end there. They accompany the guest even through the ceremony of money-changing and bill-paying. For a sign at the cashier's desk says,

> *"All the money we give you in change has been boiled in Ivory Soap and thoroughly cleaned."*

And while we are on the subject of hotels, haven't you been gratified to find Ivory nearly everywhere you have gone?

The management of the beautiful Hotel Cleveland in Cleveland, Ohio, writes that: "We believe almost everyone knows about 'the soap that floats,' and they all seem to appreciate finding it in the hotel." Mr. J. H. Paris, president of the exclusive Chatham in New York and the Lafayette in Washington, says, "Ivory has proven superior and more satisfactory to our guests than any other soaps used heretofore." Hotel managers say that Ivory gives their guests a "homey feeling."

The HOMESICK LADY *of the "Mandie Kamer"*

IN Japan Ivory is known as "uki shabon." This, translated, means "float soap." And in Java—well, we shall have to do something about Java, as you will see from this letter:

"At the end of a long passage, covered with bamboo and rose trellis, lined with potted flowers and paved with 'granite so gray,' is a little room called the 'mandie kamer.' The floor is tiled, and in one corner is a huge stone basin fed by a bamboo pipe direct from the Tji Liwoeng River, which brings me fresh mountain water, as well as frogs, leeches, small fishes, and hard shell crabs.

"This, my dear, is an oriental bathroom. It was my custom to climb into the basin as though it were a porcelain tub at home, until 'my lord of Telaga' explained about the leeches. Now I do as the Dutch do—stand on the tiles and shower myself with a small pail.

"But betwixt thee and me, I pine for an honest-to-goodness bathtub with a spigot marked 'hot,' a rubber plug, a nickel plated soap dish, and a bar of the soap that floats."

This charming word picture, with its appealing touch of home longing, came to a California woman from her dearest friend, who had married a wealthy Dutch resident of Java.

* * *

Perhaps a good friend of Ivory in Tucson, Arizona, puts the whole Ivory idea as well as it can be put. She writes, "I've reached the conclusion that from kitchen to guest room, from hand to foot, and from skin out to daintiest garments, Ivory is the finest of all soaps."

PROCTER & GAMBLE

© P. & G. Co., Cincinnati, 1925

(to be continued)

Guest IVORY

THE dainty new cake of Guest Ivory, made especially for the face and hands, just fits feminine fingers and the toilet soap holder. It costs 5 cents.

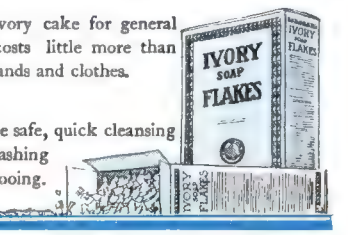
Bath IVORY

FOR the bath, most people prefer the medium-size cake of Ivory. "It floats," of course, so you never have to hunt for your soap at the bottom of the tub.

Laundry IVORY

THE big economical Laundry Ivory cake for general laundry and household use—it costs little more than laundry soaps and protects both hands and clothes.

TISSUE-THIN flakes of Ivory for the safe, quick cleansing of all delicate fabrics; for dish-washing (to protect hands), and for shampooing.



The dangerous toast-and-coffee breakfast

THE meagre breakfast, hastily eaten, is becoming a national bad habit. We may not need the amount of food our ancestors ate. But we need more real nourishment. For in this age of intensive work we use up considerably more nervous energy. Therefore, if *your* appetite dictates a small breakfast, be sure the food you eat contains the vital elements of nourishment you must have.

A single serving of this tempting food contains more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal

NATURE demands that your body be supplied daily with a variety of food elements if it is to be properly nourished—but the modern diet rarely gives you all of them in sufficient quantities.

From an infinite number of foods, how can you select those which give you these vital elements? Unless you thoroughly understand foods and their values, it is an impossible task for you—and for millions of others. Realizing this, a man who understood food values originated Grape-Nuts.

This famous food is intentionally designed to supply vital food elements so often missing from the average modern diet. In Grape-Nuts you find the elements of vigorous good health: dextrins, maltose, and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for the bones and teeth; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential Vitamin B—a builder of the appetite! Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts is an appetizing food—small, crisp kernels composed of two healthful grains, wheat and malted barley. The delicious flavors of these golden grains are brought out with a richness unmatched in any other food. That is why Grape-Nuts, with cream or whole milk, is a favorite breakfast dish in millions of American homes. Buy a package today.

Try this delicious food tomorrow morning. Two tablespoonfuls are ample for a serving. Taste the crisp, nut-like flavor. And know that this very crispness is beneficial to you, for it gives your teeth and gums exercise. Your dentist will tell you that exercise is necessary to keep teeth beautiful and healthy.

Even the way Grape-Nuts is prepared—by a special baking process—adds to the healthfulness of this delicious food by making it easy to digest.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.

A series of health breakfasts — with four servings of Grape-Nuts free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you four individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for four breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

© 1925, P. C. Co.

MeC 6-25 G.N.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, four trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

"Oh, I used to ride with Morgan when we were boys and I visited here with my father. I haven't seemed to care for it much this time though."

She regarded him with a teasing smile. "Mr. Curly said he would teach me."

"I don't think you would have any difficulty finding teachers," he retorted.

Her laughing glance was a challenge. "And Mr. Holdbrook was kind enough to invite me to go with him."

"Holdbrook! And did you accept?"

"Not entirely. I thought I'd better just wait a bit, do you see?"

The man of books surrendered. "Will you ride with me?"

She laughed merrily: "Thank you kindly, sir. I will be happy to do so if"—she added with mocking seriousness—"it you are sure such a frivolous occupation will not interfere with your pursuit of ill health."

It may be remarked that the Philadelphian's shell of scholarly aloofness was at least cracked.

CHARLIE GRAY observed a marked change in the atmosphere of Las Rosas that evening when the men came in from their day's work. The Irish girl's charm, which had worked such a wholesome transformation in the little world of the tourist car, brought a new spirit into the world of the Las Rosas men. The riders, as they came from the corral, were laughing and talking like a band of happy children. They exchanged hearty greetings and merry jests with Gray and Nora, shouted joyously to Wing Foo, and even—with some reserve—acknowledged the presence of Holdbrook. Morgan, too, Gray thought, seemed in better spirits as though—temporarily at least—the gloom of his trouble was banished by the glow of her happiness.

When the evening meal was over and they were all assembled under the umbrella tree, on the veranda, and in front of the bunk house, the cowboys called for Pablo to bring his guitar. A light breath of air rippled over the sea of grassy hills, stirred the leaves of the cottonwood in the valley meadows, and softly touched the rose bushes in the old garden, as if with a good night caress. The dusk of twilight deepened. The voices of the ranch were hushed. Above the mountains in the west, where Yellow Jacket Peak lifted out of the shadows into the sky, the evening star shone in the faint afterglow of the departed sun. Softly, sweetly the tones of the guitar floated away into the night. And to each one—to the girl who had come so far across the seas to be with her beloved brother, to Morgan with his memories of his Las Rosas childhood and with all that those surroundings meant to him, to Gray and Holdbrook and the cowboys—the music said a different thing.

It was Charlie Gray who asked Nora to sing. "Oh, sir, but I don't know a thing save some old Irish songs my mother taught me when I was a wee slip of a girl."

The men were insistent. "And how can you be expecting Mr. Pablo there to play a thing he has never even heard?" she demanded.

"If La Señorita will sing a little, mebby so I can," the vaquero offered modestly. "I don't know—me, I will try."

So she hummed a simple melody which Pablo quickly caught and then she sang. Rich and full, with marvelous sweetness and purity of tone her voice rose and fell to the accompaniment of the guitar. The genuineness of their appreciation touched her heart and she continued to sing for them song after song, with a joyous giving of herself in the music as if she were pouring out for them with lavish abandon all the wealth of her soul. And some of her songs were gay with laughter and the sound of dancing feet; and some were filled with sadness and the pain of aching hearts; and some were bold and brave with promises; and some were filled with tears; and in all there was love.

The men sat very still. And no one heard a horseman who rode quietly up on the far side of the corrals behind the barn. With the building between himself and the house the man dismounted, and, leaving his horse, crept along outside the fence nearly to the big gate. For some time the dark form, shadowy and indistinct in the night, remained motionless, listening to the Irish girl singing her Irish songs. Then suddenly, as one overcome by his emotions, the unseen listener threw himself on the ground where he lay prone, his face buried in his arms to smother the sobs he could not control.

A Son of His Father

[*Continued from page 46*]

IN spite of her host's kindly protests and Wing Foo's quaint arguments, Nora had insisted, after that first morning, on having her breakfast with the others. On this particular morning the young ranchman was alone in the dining room when the girl, with her arms full of roses, appeared. "Look," she cried joyously, as she held out the blossoms for his admiration, "Wing told me I might gather them. 'Tis an amazing thing how they bloom in spite of—" she saw Morgan's face and faltered.

"In spite of my neglect," he said grimly. "Don't mind me, Miss O'Shea."

She looked at him frankly—too honest to deny her thought. "And what a pity 'tis," she said softly, "that your mother's garden should get in such a state—even if you have no fondness for flowers yourself—which I don't believe."

Big Boy Morgan hung his head. "You are right, Miss O'Shea," he said at last. "I do care for flowers. That garden out there—" he paused because he could not go on.

Together they turned and stood looking into the weed grown yard. At last, with an effort, he said: "The ranch takes its name from the garden, you know—El Rancho de Las Rosas—The ranch of the roses—or simply Las Rosas—the roses."

She spoke softly: "I wonder would you mind, sir, if I was to fix the old place up a bit? It would be a real kindness for you to let me, because you see I am not used to playing the lady with nothing at all to do."

"Go as far as you like," he returned. "I'll give you a couple of men to help."

"No, no," she answered quickly. "I want no help—if you please, I'd much rather do it all **by** myself."

There was a peculiar expression on his boyish face as he answered: "That's what mother used to say—she never would let anyone touch her roses."

"I know," she answered, "'twas Wing that told me how she loved them and tended them with her own hands—as I can easily understand how she would."

"But if you should find it too big a job will you tell me?"

"Indeed, sir, if I find that I'm needing anyone to help I'll just be asking Mr. Gray," she returned. "'Twill be good for his health, I'm thinking." The look with which she accompanied her words was illuminating.

Morgan smiled. "By George! I believe you can do it."

"Do what?" she asked innocently.

"Get Charlie Gray away from his books and interested in something beside himself," he answered bluntly. "That's all in the world he needs."

"Well," she returned demurely, "I'm thinking that's all most of us need—one way or another." And with that she left him standing there while she arranged her roses in the vase which the Chinaman brought. Gray and Holdbrook came in a moment later. With Nora presiding at the table, the three men always attempted a decent show of cheerfulness while the Irish girl, though she invariably felt the forbidding presence of the spirit that sat with them, did what she could to lighten the gloom. Breakfast, this morning—perhaps because of the roses—was even more depressing than usual.

Charlie Gray, aroused by Nora's spirit and touched by his friend Morgan's evident unhappiness, did his best. Holdbrook, under the spell of her charm, was as unlike himself as it was possible for him to be. But Big Boy Morgan, characteristically unable to continue for long the pretense, sat in a moody silence which to anyone less discerning than Nora O'Shea would have been inexcusably rude. Then Holdbrook with devilish diplomacy began taking advantage of the situation to exhibit his host in the worst possible light, whereupon Gray, in his effort to defend Morgan, revealed more clearly his own dislike for Holdbrook. And finally Morgan, with no attempt even at an apology, rose abruptly and left the room.

Nora's eyes followed him wistfully. Holdbrook laughed. Gray was silent. But when Holdbrook attempted a diplomatic excuse for their host's manner the girl said quietly but with pointed meaning: "My father used often to say, sir, that an unnecessary explanation was an impertinence. Don't you think it would be best if we were just to assume that Mr. Morgan has some good reason to be troubled and let it go at that?"

It was an hour or more later. Morgan had ridden away with his cowboys without again coming to the house. Nora was in her room—Morgan's room. The girl was trying bravely to dismiss the unpleasant breakfast scene from her mind, but the depressing effect of her host's manner persisted. Had she offended him by her interest in his mother's neglected rose garden? Could it be that in spite of his repeated assurances she was not welcome in his home? If the ranchman's welcome was not sincere she could not stay, of course, but where would she go? What would she do? If only Larry had gotten her letter before he went away. If only he would come soon! Her thoughts were interrupted by Wing Foo who called to her: "Missee Nola, Missee Nola, clome see."

As the girl joined the old Chinaman and Charlie Gray on the veranda, Wing pointed excitedly toward Pablo who was leading two horses toward the house. "Lookee—lookee, Pablo flix um Sarco hoss fo Missee Nola lide!"

Gray smiled at her bewildered air. "Come, this is an occasion," he said, and led her to the gate. Wing Foo disappeared again into the house.

The old horse had been groomed until his white coat was like satin and his mane and tail were like spun silver and, in spite of his years, he moved with a grace and spirit which seemed to imply that he, too, realized that, as Gray had said, this was an occasion. The vaquero led the pride of Las Rosas up to the girl. With sombrero in hand he bowed low. "Señorita, dis is Sarco. I bring him to you. He ees the mos wonderful horse in all dis country. It ees so, as everybody know." He turned and addressed the horse: "Sarco, you come speak to La Señorita good morning. La Señorita, she ees now to be your boss and you are to be always for her—jus for her, Sarco, like in the old time you was only for La Señora Morgan. It ees as I tell you in the corral—come."

Obediently, but with the dignity that was fitting to his rank, the beautiful animal stepped forward and extended a soft muzzle toward the wondering girl. With a little cry of delight she met the gentle creature's advance with extended hand. "I do believe he understands," she whispered. "Sure, and he's offering to be friends with me."

"Si, Sarco he understan'."

"I'm thinking 'tis myself that doesn't understand," said Nora looking at Gray doubtfully.

"I told Mr. Morgan you wished to ride," Gray returned smiling.

"Sure," cried Pablo, "it ees like dis Señorita: Señor Morgan he tell me, 'Pablo, it ees for you to stay at the corral for a little dis morning and make ready a horse for La Señorita who will wish to ride'. 'Si, Señor', I say, 'there ees that Pedro horse, he ees nice gentle horse for lady'. The boss, he look at me straight an' he say, 'No, Pablo, that Pedro horse ees not for La Señorita—Sarco, he ees the only horse for her. As long as La Señorita ees stay at Las Rosas, Sarco shall be her horse.' Me, I was near dropped at his word—never was such a thing before. Sarco was all the time only for the mother and never since she die has there been one to ride him. If anyone put a saddle on Sarco Señor Morgan kill, I think—until this morning. An' then what you think—the boss he bring with his own hand his mother's bridle an' saddle—look!" He turned and placed his hand reverently on the saddle. "Dis saddle it have not been touched since the las' time she ride. Me, I made Sarco ready for her that las' time myself." He bowed his head. Gray stood waiting.

Then indeed the girl knew that she was welcome at Las Rosas. And so the man of books and the Irish girl, that morning, found the bond of their friendship—a friendship that was to be to them, all the years of their lives, a very beautiful thing.

[*Continued in July* McCALL'S]

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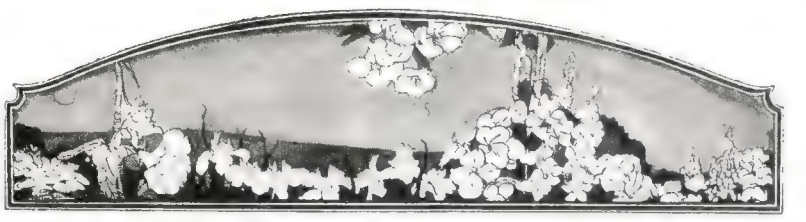

A Hurry-up Garden

BY MRS. FRANCIS KING

Author of "The Little Garden"

LET us suppose that these suggestions are for the garden of a rented house, that it is May first before this house can be occupied and that the mistress of the house wants bright color in her borders and plenty of flowers for cutting. We shall hope that back of this garden is a wall or hedge of green—some kind of nice background—for no flowers are ever so lovely as those that shine out against dark foliage.

Now what seeds can be sown to give quick results in flowers? Since all gardeners, without exception, love pure blue in flowers, one thinks first of the cornflower as a standby for the quick garden. Seed of the cornflower germinates in a very short time, a few weeks really; sowings every two weeks for, say, six weeks from May first, will give a long time of bloom.

These very charming garden subjects can be obtained, now, in four other colors as well as in white-rose-pink, claret color, mauve, and a color called rosy-red. Try packets of each kind but always more of the blue than of the others.

These cornflowers should be sown in the middle of the border though some running forward toward the edge among lower things, look well. Never get a look of stiffness in such a border as this. One of the best ways to obtain a good effect in the heights of plants is, now and then, to break away from masses and to sow seeds in drifts or in long irregular points like the peninsulas of our childhood's geographies. The cornflowers, sown in their separate colors, would be charming if they wander forth toward the front of the border among the lower occupants of the edge, such as sweet alyssum and candytuft.

For one cannot do without those two small annuals in the "hurry-up garden" because they rise so quickly if the seed is carefully sown. The alyssum should be nearest the grass or walk and I like the variety *Little Gem* for this purpose. *Lilac Queen* is a delightful little one, too, but in my experience this queen is lilac only when the weather begins to be cool. She loses her color in hot sun. *Little Gem* comes very quickly from seed, begins to bloom before it attains its height which is about four inches, and is the perpetual flowering plant of our gardens.

Candytuft is to me a more wonderful white than alyssum but it does not bloom continuously. Successive sowings of this seed should be made to get brilliant effects. The finest variety is the *Hyacinth flowered* or *Empress*. A lilac candytuft too there is, and very pretty: and another of mauve which is called "rosy-red;" but the color, as I have grown it, is not clear.

Leaving the very low annuals let us take the tallest—the early cosmos for the back of the border. Midsummer Giant is the kind to get and it is to be had in two colors beside white—a cool, light pink and a rich crimson. Only the varieties called *Extra Early* should be bought. The others are too late to make any show before autumn, while the early ones, if sown about May first, will bloom in mid-July. All cosmos should be pinched back while the plants are very small; it will not branch properly unless this is done.

One of the loveliest of annuals has not yet been touched upon—the annual larkspur. And of this I always have quantities of clear purple in my garden. It gives a rich look to all other flowers by its deep, fine color and seems to lift the garden's level by its slim spires of flowers. A new variety called *Exquisite* is of a rosy pink and is said to be very unusual. Sow the seed of the violet annual larkspur (often, alas, called blue in lists!) every two weeks throughout the garden. There is nothing equal to this for giving the border a distinguished look and for deepening the general color-scheme.

Asters, especially that called *Early Wonder*, should not be left out of this group of annuals. The seed sown in late April or early May brings flowers in late June, a thing unheard of in annual asters till lately.

Now, if yellows are to be used, let them be of the paler kinds unless scarlet is also introduced. *Marigold Lemon Queen* is always delightful. It blooms late but would add enormously to this border under consideration if the seed is sown when the others are.

THE single, bedding petunia, *Violet Queen* may be put in at the same time. Orange Prince is a magnificent, tall marigold but if orange creeps into the garden then red should be admitted too. A touch—just a touch—of a good scarlet salvia would be very fine in this border. Few of those who advise on the color arrangement of flowers seem to be aware that nearly all colors go well together in a garden if only they are thoroughly mixed. It is the half-hearted contrasts where only two or three colors are employed—and those the wrong ones—that are really ugly. The Orientals know more about color than we do and in their coloring they imitate the audacity and profusion of nature.

Now I am done, except for suggesting an expedient for in the "hurry-up garden" there will surely be need of something beside seeds and patience. Miss Jekyll does an interesting thing in her English garden when she keeps somewhere in the background, out of sight, a number of potted geraniums. These, when color is lacking in a given space, are brought out, and the pots set into the earth or perhaps placed under the foliage of other plants in a careful way so that pots are unseen. White geraniums are the best for this quick use. If your seeds do not respond quickly, buy from the green house plants of stocks and pale-colored verbenas. Use the stocks in groups at the front edge and middle of the border—their foliage will be delicious next the little white alyssum and give a good foreground for the bright flowers behind it. All luck, then, to the "hurry-up gardener" and may she like her quick garden!

Beauty and the Blantons

[*Continued from page 10*]

It was like the opening of the windows of a closed house to spring. Jeremy would see again the flame-colored apotheosis of the garden; the old brick house; the figure of his mother; the little shadowy island between the canals where, below the garlanded live-oaks, the graves of his family thrust up like eternally unanswered question marks. And he would say to himself: "Oh God, how is this possible? How is it possible that the finest things in a man's life are mixed up with the most unfine? How is it possible that a man's heart can melt so to his mother and harden to this sort of business? Why can't we see the world as a whole, so that we would no more hurt ourselves or those we do not know well than we would hurt those we love? We are all the same; all equally to be hated or loved. The mother of today is only the girl of yesterday; the man you fight is only the little boy of awhile back." Then he would take another drink.

Quite drunk, Jeremy would go home to his boarding-house apartment and, tilting a chair against the wall, would stare at nothing and wrestle with these problems.

The next morning he would wake up very pale and determined and a trifle ill, and go about his business as if nothing had happened. He forced himself to forget entirely, and his shakiness only added to his zest for work by giving him something more to overcome.

Occasionally his mother visited New York and at rare intervals he managed to run down to "Holy Oak" for a week or two. He would have liked to have had his mother live with him, but he knew she would never leave her wardenship, and he did not ask her.

Meanwhile, he was prospering greatly. At thirty he was well-to-do; at thirty-one, by a stroke of fortune and a not too great scrupulousness as to where he stood when it fell, he became an exceedingly rich man. He allowed himself some privileges. The first of these was to marry a blond, quiet, gray-eyed girl with whom he had been in love for five years. Her name was Cecily Sloan and she belonged to a family of social pretensions and little money. Jeremy and she made a remarkable looking couple; he dark and straight, and she slim and upright and appealing, something about her like a silver beech tree at noon.

A year or so after his marriage, Jeremy said to her in his soft, caressing voice: "Honey, you wouldn't mind very much if you left all this and went back with me to that place of mine, would you? You see, I've got to go, because—" he finished rather obscurely—"my going there is the reason for my coming to New York."

She smiled, and then, as if she was listening to something very young and ingenuous, touched his hair with a little feline touch.

"You know less about women," she said, soothingly, "than any other man on earth. . . . And that's saying a good deal. Men are queer. They'll never get over worrying about where to live on account of their wives, when it would be so much easier and cheaper just to keep on loving them. The only time a woman cares where she lives is when she's stopped caring for a man, and the only time she stops caring for a man, if she ever has really cared, is when he stops caring for her. You invented caves, we didn't—we're wild and itinerant."

Which was fairly advanced for a quiet, gray-eyed girl of that period.

But if Jeremy knew nothing about women, he had begun to learn something about life. That something he had learned the previous winter. Up until then he had believed that life was exactly what a man—especially a man like himself—wished it to be. Afterwards, for all time, he realized there are certain outer barriers before which the human will, no matter how adamant, falls back baffled and amazed. That intention and eagerness and determination have their limits. He learned all this because, one day, sitting in his office, a telegram was handed him. He opened the envelope carelessly, and then let it fall to the floor while he stared out of the window.

Across the roofs of the nearby office buildings, serrated here and there by the long shafts of the earlier sky-scrapers, he could see, beneath a soft, February sky, the sparkling ribbon of the river, on it a steamer putting out to sea. Suddenly he could no longer see the roofs or the sky or the steamer.

He got to his feet and began to walk up and down. His heart was a crumbling fire inside of him. "Oh God!" he said to himself. "Oh God!" and he picked up a book and hurled it from him. The desires of mankind seemed to him pitifully feeble. . . .

He went down to "Holy Oak" that afternoon. His mother was buried two days later. A breathless, wintry, gray day when the hanging moss had an appearance of watching rigidity. Jeremy wished it April with the azaleas out. . . .

It was two years after that Jeremy found himself able to leave New York.

Jeremy was very gay; he hadn't been so gay for years. All the way south, the car wheels seemed to be saying to him: "You're done! You're done! You're done! You've just begun! Begun! Begun!" He perplexed Cecily by his youth and unexpectedness and mischief.

He watched constantly her rapt face as she stared out of the window. He thought to himself: "It's all behind you, my son, that damned city! All behind you! No more of it for you, except when you go up there with Cecily and buy it for her."

He had arranged his affairs so that the date of their arrival should fall in April. The train came to the little station that served "Holy Oak," and he saw Melchior, his colored man, waiting with a team. His heart almost choked him. This was what he had been waiting for; this was the end of his journey. He handed Cecily to the platform.

At the end of a mile drive, the carriage turned through the white gate posts and rolled slowly up the long avenue between the live-oak trees, as sixty years before, the coach of Jeremiah I and Dorcas had rolled. The live-oaks looked as trim and well-tended as their shaggy age would permit—for three years Jeremy had kept a large force of men restoring and pruning and grading. At the end of the avenue, above the terrace, the old ruddy house, facing the sinking sun, was like a giant wine-cup held up in welcome.

"Oh, Jerry!" said Cecily breathlessly.

"We'll go up and dress and bathe," he said indifferently. "And then you come down and I'll show you the gardens."

She shook her head smilingly. "But I want to see the house first."

"No, you come down. The azaleas will be in bloom. There're some nice Cherokee roses, too."

He was cunningly unconcerned. He chuckled inwardly at his success in deceiving her into thinking that the azaleas were nothing very extraordinary after all; a few bushes planted by his grandfather. He enjoyed her implicit faith in his deception.

He went upstairs and plunged into the cool soft water of the bath that had been run for him and changed into a soft shirt and old flannels and a shooting jacket. The house was full of warm shadows and silvery reflections. When he was through he went down to the terrace and waited for Cecily. He was as impatient as a small boy watching the outcome of a cherished trick.

The sun sank lower; he was afraid Cecily wouldn't be in time to catch the full color; and then he saw her coming towards him, slender and white and golden-haired; the light shining into her gray eyes.

"Come along!" he begged, and took her by the hand and hurried her along the narrow walk where the breast high hedges of Jeremiah I's time had grown into two walls of concealing greenness. Beyond was a sunken garden where a white mass of the roses he had mentioned spread a delicate carpet.

She wanted to stop here, entranced, but he led her on.

At the end of the sunken garden, beyond a sun-dial of wood carved into the semblance of a Grecian column, was another massive hedge overtopping the view beyond, and in its exact center an opening had been cut, [*Turn to page 57*]

Your Hair is Twice as Beautiful *Shampooed this way*

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use. See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair. Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

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When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

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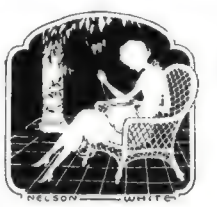
You, Too, Can Have Time for Outdoor Pleasures

By LOUISE THOMAS
Service Editor of McCall's Magazine

DO YOU hear the call of the Great Outdoors? And do you long to be there—to motor or to golf, or to spend an afternoon, sewing, on the porch? You can have time to spend in the sunshine and fresh air if you simplify your home work. McCall's booklets tell you how to do this—how to save time and strength in preparing the daily meals, in the care of your home, in the thousand and one details which loom large on your horizon. So why be a slave to your household duties? Master them and claim your right to healthful, happy living.



TIME-SAVING COOKERY. Prepared in McCall's Kitchen-Laboratory under the direction of Sarah Field Splint. Last-minute meals—how to plan for them competently and serve them with a minimum of time and trouble. The suggestions include quick appetizers; easy salads to prepare; and clever ways of making simple desserts seem original and elaborate.

SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY. By May B. Van Arsdale, Director of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University; Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber. Scientific and practical instruction in the "whys" of cookery, including the art of making perfect cakes, meringues and frostings. Also, how to make delicious ice-cream—from Philadelphia to French Pecan.

MASTER RECIPES. By F. G. O. Sixteen foundation recipes and nine variations to each one, making one hundred and fifty appetizing dishes. Caper sauce, chocolate soufflé loganberry ice, grape Bavarian cream and many other luscious combinations are given.

MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS. By E. V. McCollum, of the School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University. (No charge for this leaflet except a two-cent stamp for posting). Attractive and easily prepared menus, each one of which supplies the nutritive values necessary to good health.

A BOOK OF MANNERS. By Margaret Emerson Bailey. Rules which govern good manners at the present time. Detailed information on the etiquette of introductions, calls, invitations and other social matters. A special section deals with the etiquette of weddings, from the formal church ceremony to the simple home wedding.

THE NEW HOSPITALITY. By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. How to entertain without a maid, simply and charmingly. What supplies to have on hand in advance; correct table setting for informal and formal meals; what to avoid in your hospitality; and what to serve.

PARTIES ALL THE YEAR. By Claudia M. Fitzgerald. New and original ways of entertaining your friends. Appropriate parties for every month—rhymed invitations, favors, costumes and all the necessary knowledge for successful entertaining. Some showers for brides; a strawberry luncheon; a rube party for outdoors; a Fourth of July party; a church bazaar, with suggestions for unique booth decorations and favors; a progressive trip to Chinatown, including a recipe for Chop Suey, made in the approved Chinese fashion. And many other games, contests and novel ideas for social gatherings.

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES. Compiled by Lilian M. Gunn, Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University. Menus for every occasion—dinners, simple and elaborate; holiday meals; bridal breakfasts and announcement luncheons.

THE MODERN HOME. By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Practical devices to save your time, energy and money. Among these expedients are: A meat perforator, which makes tough meat tender and juicy; a radiating plate, with a hood to hold the heat for baking purposes; and a time schedule for daily and weekly household duties.

THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE. By Ruby Ross Goodnow. Pictures of attractive interiors, including a reading-corner, a living-room in flowered chintz, a conversation corner, and a children's room. Mrs. Goodnow gives artistic suggestions for realizing a livable and charming home.

DECORATING YOUR HOME. By Dorothy Ethel Walsh. How to determine color schemes for north, south, east and west rooms. The correct position for furniture and the types that may be used together harmoniously. The meaning of balance in room decorations. These and many other problems of home decoration are solved for you clearly and practically.

THE SMALL HOUSE. Compiled by Marcia Mead, McCall's Consulting Architect. Moderately priced small houses are pictured. Each is designed by a well-known architect, is conveniently arranged and attractive in appearance. By special arrangement with the architects, plans for these homes are only $15 to McCall readers. (The architect's usual charge is ten per cent of the building costs.)

DOWN THE GARDEN PATH. By Dorothy Giles, of the Garden Club of America. General and detailed information about garden planning and planting. A flower chart gives the secret of "continuous bloom" by telling you what to plant, and when—from Achilleas to Zinnias.

THE FAMILY BUDGET. By Isabel Ely Lord, Instructor in Household Accounting, Home Study Department, Columbia University. A practical system of keeping family accounts. How to allot the proper amount of one's income to savings, vacations, health and other items.

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THE FRIENDLY MOTHER. By Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M.D., Director of the Maternity Division of The Woman's Hospital, New York City. Expert medical advice with regard to the daily life of the expectant mother. What she should eat; her clothes; the proper amount and kind of exercise to take.

THE FRIENDLY BABY. By Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D. Feeding schedules for the baby and the older child. The problem of teething and its solution. Why the baby cries. A fine manual.

Each booklet (unless otherwise noted) is ten cents; or any twelve for a dollar. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th St., New York City.

Makes mother a companion

For many a woman, the modern Perfection Oil Range is turning kitchen hours into playtime with husband and children.

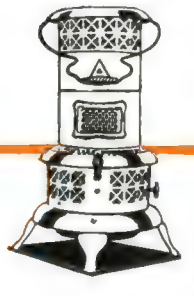
Perfection stoves make homes happier by saving time and lightening labor. Their powerful new burners cook with all the speed and reliability of gas. They let Mother come out of the kitchen earlier and less tired,—free from the time-taking, back-breaking labor of using coal and wood.

If you do not know of the progress that has been made in oil stove cookery, visit a Perfection dealer and learn of Perfection's gas-like cooking service—its clean, intense heat, its fine baking qualities, its ample capacity, its beauty and convenience.

These are things which are giving women a new freedom in homes beyond the gas mains.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., *C-7312 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio*
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens



For quick warmth, whenever and wherever needed—the Perfection Oil Heater.

For abundant hot water in homes without gas—the Perfection Kerosene Water Heater.

Sizes, styles and prices to meet every need and purse.

Boss Oven
bakes them all

The original glass door oven bakes the greatest variety of food—quickly and thoroughly. Uniform circulation of the heat and proper ventilation permit the baking of different foods at the same time. Asbestos lined throughout. The guaranteed glass door makes all baking visible.

More Than 2,000,000 Sold

Sanitary and easy to clean. Keeps kitchen cool and eliminates the drudgery of warm-weather baking. Made in a style and size to meet every family's needs. Sold by hardware, furniture and department stores. Insist upon getting the genuine, stamped with the name—BOSS OVEN.

THE HUENEFELD CO.
Established 52 Years
2705 Spring Grove Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

BOSS OVEN

New Beauty in Porch Shades

AEROLUX
NO-WHIP
Verticolor
PORCH SHADES

VERTICOLOR brings a wealth of new found color values to the living porch, sun porch or sleeping porch.

Broad ribbons of vertical color, hand-blocked on splints of linden wood, make these shades a delight to the eye, as well as a real comfort to the owner.

All the patented Aerolux features are here the "hang-easy" device, "side-glide", and "No whip" cords that hold the shade secure against flapping and noise.

See the soft and pleasing color combinations in tan and green, and green and French grey; and notice also the full length ventilation that is possible from top to bottom.

The Aeroshade Company
2526 Oakland Ave. Waukesha, Wis.

Write for
Free Book in colors "Better Porches"
Ask your department store or furniture dealer for Verticolor—*the new type Aerolux Porch Shade.*

[VENTILATE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM]

Which Kind of Curler Are You?

DIRECTIONS BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS

WHEN your hair is naturally very, very straight, Curlers are most useful. But if you value your Self-Respect, be sure to put on a Beautiful Boudoir-Cap while your hair is learning to curl in these patent curlers. Then next day perhaps someone will say, "My dear, how I envy you your Naturally Curly Hair!"

TREAT your Trusty Electric Curling Iron with the care it deserves. And don't get so interested in Something Else that you forget all about the Electricity, for even a T. E. C. I. will sometimes imbibe too freely. That is what happened to the Lady in this picture—and the results are distinctly upsetting and far from beneficial to the hair!

YOU can combine Uplift and Beauty quite cosily when a permanent wave, from a home outfit, is in progress. On such occasions it is well to improve one's mind, to drink in some inspiring thought. So while your hair is undulating under skilful fingers, what can be sweeter than a chapter of the newest thriller?

WATER Waves are best for your hair if it has a few Waves of its own, or to keep your natural Permanent Wave in order. And it is gratifying to note that a Domestic Water Wave, put in with Water-Wave Combs, harmonizes perfectly with Imported Gowns, Savoir Faire and other Foreign Products.

ARE you worried about your hair because it is turning gray prematurely? Or because it no longer has the light and luster on which you used to pride yourself? Then avail yourself—for this or for other hair troubles—of the advice given in "A Little Book of Good Looks." In this booklet you will find both general and specific rules for the daily care of the hair—whether to singe or clip it; how to give your hair gloss by stimulating the scalp; and many other aids to silky, glistening hair; also directions for the care of the skin, for exercise, for diet, and so on. Send ten cents and we shall mail the booklet to you. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Beauty and the Blantons

[*Continued from page 53*]

flanked high on either side by privet trained to represent proud and alert guinea fowl. Jeremy and Cecily skirted the garden, and turned the corner of a bed of roses, and paused in the opening. Five stone steps, lichen covered, led down to the little wine-colored lake, and across the lake, beneath the spreading plantations of the live-oak, the evening radiance of the azaleas burned.

The moment, the lapse of time since the buds had first opened, the blend of sky and air and shadow, seemed to have struck together into a note so perfect that you knew when its echoes died away not for a long while would such beauty be realized again. Beneath the gray pallor of the Spanish moss blossomed leaping flames that had been caught at their crest by a magic wand and held immovable; a sea of rose conflagration; the heart of the passion in nature you see when the sun sinks in an Occidental ocean. And yet it was a beauty by itself, and, like all true beauty, only to be defined in its own terms; moreover, it was the beauty of a growing thing; transient, changing even as you looked and were unaware of the change, in a myriad small ways; in ecstasy and a sadness. In the wine-colored lake the reflections floated, a mist of rose.

Cecily paused, with parted lips, the color rising into her cheeks and then receding, her hand going up to her breast. "You devil!" she said softly to Jeremy. "You wicked, wicked devil!" She turned her smiling face away; her voice was uncertain. "It almost makes me want to cry," she said.

Jeremy laughed quietly . . . he had found at last complete happiness, permanent and assured. . . . He thought that he had. So have so many other men.

"Holy Oak" changed as the years passed. Jeremy and Cecily no longer had to go to New York, or Charleston, or Europe to see people, because people came to see them. Some of the surrounding places were bought by rich Northerners, and with the emergence of the motor car into history the world became incredibly foreshortened. Jeremy could get into his big car and if the weather was good, in two days, or three, be almost anywhere he wanted to be. In an instant life grew more magic and at the same time possessed of infinitely more capacity for boredom. Jeremy had always had men and their wives down for the shooting, but now "Holy Oaks" began to expand into something like its pre-Revolutionary gayety; and from the growing resorts of Aiken and Camden and Pinehurst friends came to see "the dear Blantons" and "their marvelous place." The gardens enjoyed an increasing fame; a fame almost equal to their neighbors to the south. Strangers made them an object of pilgrimage. Also there was the young Dorothy who in a few years from now—seven, eight . . . extraordinary how children grew! . . . would be wanting house-parties herself.

Long before, Jeremy had made a compromise with himself, and his wife, and the devil. It was an old, childish sort of compromise. You assumed that a thing which existed did not exist; that something which took place did not take place; that four or five times a year you counted out entirely a week or so of excellent, solid, twenty-four-hour-a day days. You erased them, that is, as you would a blur of chalk from a blackboard. Or rather, in reality, the other way around, for the blur was black and the board was white. The year came to have only three hundred and thirty, or three hundred and thirty-seven days, instead of three hundred and sixty-five.

When Jeremy had first found this old calenture of desire coming upon him he had been contemptuous; he had refused to believe in it; he had put it down to physical causes; the relaxation of too much good fortune; not enough exercise. He was a full-grown man, completely master of himself. These uneasy longings were a chimera. Life poured itself into a mold of his own making; it had always been so; always would be so. Never but once, had he found anything so intractile that he could not bend it, as it were, between his long sinewy fingers, and that once had been his mother's death. Since then he had obliterated death from his consciousness, limiting his horizon as a fighting-man limits his class. He wanted to forget the conception of defeat. Now here was defeat staring him in the face in a much more subtle guise than ever before. Those nights in New York had been different. He had deliberately planned them; deliberately set out upon them; deliberately left them behind. They had not conquered him; instead, he had used and conquered them. Jeremy did not know that the black blood of the Puritan is the same as the black blood of the drunkard.

The first time he had gone to Charleston he had made himself the excuse that he wished to consult the library there in connection with a pamphlet he was writing. For a day or so he had kept himself to his task. The weather was very hot; the houses along the Battery slept in a gray haze. The third night, Jeremy had fled along the narrow walled streets like a shadow pursued by shadows. . . .

When he came back to "Holy Oaks" he was very much ashamed of himself. Something inside of him had been damaged; not broken, but weakened—a pride; a self-assurance, and he was never to get it back again. It seemed impossible to him that he and Cecily and this other self of his could all exist together in the same house. But they did; and they continued to exist. He never told Cecily, but she knew. Never by word or sign, however, did she show her knowledge except that when his restless spells came upon him her tenderness and solicitude redoubled. Only once was this pretense broken through, and that was on a moonlight night, when Jeremy had suddenly put his head down on his wife's knees and sobbed. She had said nothing; neither had he. They both wanted to speak, but somehow couldn't. They had been pretending things too long. And as for Jeremy, he dared not break with the burden of his words the wall of protection he felt—quite mistakenly—he had built up between Cecily and that part of him he would not have her know.

The room where this happened was the same room in which Dorcas sixty years before had danced; the moonlight was there; the translucence; the smell of azaleas and wild plum and honeysuckle; even a mocking-bird. But this time it was a Jeremiah who tasted humiliation and not a Dorcas.

Sometimes Jeremy thought he had won this wearying conflict. There were long periods when he was tranquil and absorbed and during which he caught back most of his old self-confidence, and on the whole his personality improved. Relieved of competition, he enlarged; became singularly lovable and gentle and humorous, saving his fierceness for the occasional stranger who crossed him.

Eventually the war came, and he bundled off to Washington with his usual precipitant dreaminess and by means of his position and wide acquaintanceship got himself made a captain in the Ordnance Corps. Later he was sent to France, where he did something marvelous with garbage, and was decorated, and promoted to a colonelcy, and sent home full of honors and sardonicism. Occasionally the thought of the azaleas had disturbed him.

But Cecily had attended to the azaleas. She was as capable as his mother and had considerably more to be capable with.

For a few months after Jeremy's return his path proved to be a singularly peaceful one. The break in ordinary routine the war had made, possibly its discipline, had apparently given him a new retention upon himself, a new hold. He began to hope that the sinister strength which so often had beaten him to his knees was beginning to weaken. And then once again, as if to show him that living is largely an oscillation between the conquest of self and a defeat by circumstances, he received a telegram. He was in Washington at the time.

He hurried back to "Holy Oak." As he knelt by her bed, Cecily stroked his hair. "Dear Jerry!" she said. [*Turn to page 64*]

WEST ELECTRIC

Waver for Long Hair

THIS wonderful West Electric Waver has been in satisfactory use by women everywhere for fifteen years. No heat. No sticky lotions. It curls by pressure only and cannot break or tear the hair. You just dampen the hair and wind it loosely around the arm, then close the rounded end. In almost no time at all your hair is beautifully waved and ready to dress in a fashionable and becoming coiffure. Card of 5, 25c—2 on a card, 10c. 15c in Canada.

Curler for Bobbed Hair

THE only bobbed hair curler on the market that slides out of the hair without unwinding the curl. This means the curl stays exactly as you want it—a curl that lasts. This new curler is just as good for bobbed hair as the waver is for long hair, and women know The West Electric Hair Curler Co. is giving them just as much satisfaction on the bobbed hair curler as on the waver. A card of 5 for 25c, or 2 for 10c. 15c in Canada.

If your dealer hasn't this waver or curler, fill out and mail the coupon below, checking the one you want.

THE WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.
The West Electric Hair Curler Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

THE WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER COMPANY
171 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

☐ Enclosed find 25 cents for five West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers (35 cents in Canada).
☐ Enclosed find 25 cents for five West Electric Wavers (35 cents in Canada).

Name.....

Street.....City.....

State.....Dealer's name.....

Awaken all the beauty of your furniture

O-Cedar Polish

IT CLEANS AS IT POLISHES

Their gleaming loveliness adds charm to the whole appearance

Only a moment's notice

—yet she was proud to show her nails

The only thing you can depend on to remove stubborn dry cuticle

NO matter how you file, clean and polish your nails they will not look attractive if you have hard ridges of cuticle drawn tight on the nails or splitting off in shreds.

With Cutex you will have in the briefest possible time a soft even nail rim and no surplus cuticle, without any dangerous cutting at all.

Wash the hands. Then just dip the end of a Cutex orange stick into the Cutex bottle, twist a bit of cotton around the end and wet it again. Then press back the cuticle around each nail. Work the orange stick, still wet with Cutex, underneath the nail tips to clean and bleach them. Rinse the fingers and all the surplus cuticle will wipe away, leaving a soft and unbroken rim framing the nail evenly. Your nail tips are infinitely improved—transparent and stainless.

Of course, a jewel-like polish is the necessary finishing touch for lovely nails. With Cutex you can have even this at a moment's notice. Cutex Liquid Polish gives a lovely even brilliance that lasts a whole week, or if you prefer a Cake, Powder or Paste Polish you will find it, too, in Cutex.

After just a few trials your nails not only look a thousand times lovelier, but their condition has improved so much. Even those dry obstinate lumps of skin at the edge of the nails have disappeared.

Full sized packages of all these things are at drug and department stores in United States and Canada for 35c each and a choice of 6 complete manicure sets from 60c to $5.00. You will find Cutex too at all chemist shops in England.

—

Six of these manicures for 10c

Mail coupon with 10c for this set: Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream, orange stick, emery board and the helpful booklet, "How to have Lovely Nails." Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York. Or if you live in Canada, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

Mail this coupon with 10c today

Northam Warren, Dept. F-6
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name .....

Street .....
(or P.O. Box)

City .....State .....

The Perfect Hostess

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

When sending party invitations
To special friends and near relations

Be sure to write,
"Dear So-and-So,
I count on YOU
to make things go!"

If you'd a Perfect Hostess be,
Greet all your guests most cordially.
Then see that every soulful She
Is given an Affinity.

To make your party a success,
Have something new to do or guess
And everyone will say, "Good Gracious!
IS there a word called AVENACEOUS?"

In circles of the real Elite
A party means good things to eat.
So serve your guests with dainties—do!
Then they'll be pleased and so will you.

The Hostess, when the hour is late,
Produces prizes with much state—
A tactful way, you will agree,
To end the Party pleasantly!

OF course you want to be a Perfect Hostess. Then for rhymed invitations, for contests, games, prizes, "eats"—for a full knowledge of all the details to make your party a success, consult McCall's Service booklet, More Parties. It will be sent to you without charge this month. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose two-cent stamp for posting.

Demand BUSTER BROWN REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. HOSIERY

Wears longer!

FOR years you've known Buster Brown stockings—probably you've bought them for your children. You *know* how exceedingly well they wear. But did you know you can get the same hosiery satisfaction from Buster Brown Hosiery for your entire family—the same careful shaping, lasting color and—most important—long wear?

Spend less for the family's stockings....
and throw away the darning basket!
Buy Buster Brown Hosiery.

Amory, Browne & Co.
BOSTON NEW YORK

for Men *for* Women *for* Children FOR WEAR!

BUSTER BROWN HOSIERY

Make sure you get the genuine!
Look for this seal on every pair.

The Queen of the Belgians
The King of England's daughter
The Queen of Sweden

How their precious possessions were restored to dainty loveliness

The Queen of the Belgians

"When the King and Queen of the Belgians visited this country a banquet was given their majesties at one of the famous New York hotels. As I am an old newspaper woman I got one of the guards to let me go up to the banquet floor.

"I met one of the parlor maids sobbing bitterly, closely followed by a housekeeper who also seemed distressed. I asked what was the matter and the housekeeper explained that in some unaccountable manner the wrap that the Queen left in the dressing room had been soiled by a hotel attendant. The Queen always wears white and this particular garment was of beautiful heavy brocade trimmed with white fur.

"I suggested sponging it with Lux, and finally persuaded them to let me do it. I sponged it with lukewarm water and Lux, until all soiled places disappeared. I rinsed it the same way and pressed it with a warm iron over a clean cloth.

"When I removed the cloth there the wrap was spotlessly clean—saved by Lux!"

Kathrine Stone Brown, L. I.

The Queen of Sweden

"There had been a state dinner at the home of the Marshal of the Court of Sweden. The following day when I happened to be with the wife of the Court Marshal, one of her maids came into the room holding some priceless doilies of cobweb fineness—sadly soiled. Her Ladyship told me the doilies had been lent her for the dinner by one of the Ladies-in-Waiting to the Queen. She would have to return them personally with apologies!

"Here I interrupted: 'If you don't mind I would like to save the situation!' (confident that I could safely depend on Lux).

"The precious lace doilies were handed over to me. When the little things had dried I examined them and indeed, I felt proud. I could see no trace of soil whatever."

Mrs. S. Fagrell, Calif.

The King of England's Daughter

"When the people in Ireland heard of the intended wedding of the King's only daughter, they decided to send some of the beautiful lace for which Ireland is famed.

"After it was ready, the most rare and beautiful piece was found to be soiled. There wasn't time to make another and without this the other pieces would be incomplete. The workmanship was so delicate that to trust it to any one but an expert might ruin it altogether.

"At last an old Irish woman pleaded to be allowed to cleanse it, stating she knew of a wonderful preparation that would remove spots without injuring the most delicate fabric.

"Great was the joy when the lace was returned free from soil and as beautiful as ever. When questioned the old woman announced she had washed it with Lux."

Mrs. Wesley M'Leon, Mich.

Lux won't harm anything that water alone won't harm

In addition to the well-known uses—washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum.

All the clothes you wash yourself *and your hands-demand the same care you give fine fabrics*

RECENTLY a woman wrote: "Lux literally saves my life a dozen times a day! For fine fabrics of course. Always Lux for delicate silks and chiffons and treasured woolens. Why don't you tell everybody of the magic of Lux in the pantry—in the laundry—all over the house!"

Hers is only one of thousands of letters coming from women everywhere.

"Lux above everything for the laundry" women cry. After all, it's the family laundry that gets the *repeated* washing that is so hard on clothes. All your clothes and your house linens are too nice nowadays—and cost too much—to deserve anything but the greatest care in washing! See how much longer they last when you wash them in sparkling Lux suds

No harsh strong ingredients in Lux. Nothing but those familiar tender whipped-cream Lux suds—every buoyant bubble alive with cleanliness.

And every buoyant bubble full of comfort for your *hands!* So kind to them they stay soft and smooth and white—even though you do your own dishes and laundry! For there is no dread free alkali in Lux to dry up the beautifying oils which nature provides. Lux keeps your hands always soft and smooth. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

One *teaspoonful is enough for washing Dishes*

Now the Big New Package too

WEEK after week—it's the *repeated* washings that are so hard on your clothes.

Your fine bed and table linens—which you wash twenty times to once you wash your finest doilies—those special shirts about which your husband is so particular, the dainty things you embroidered so carefully for the children, your muslin undergarments, your gay house dresses—wash them all in gentle, tender Lux suds, bubbling with pure cleanliness, softly touching everything to sparkling freshness. Colors stay bright, whites stay snowy clean, cuff edges stay whole longer, fabrics don't wear thin so soon. *All* your things last longer when they are Lux-washed! An important matter nowadays—for things cost so much that they repay extra care for preservation.

So little Lux gives such a magnificent brimming suds that ever so many women find it the most economical thing to use for the laundry.

HOW you hated the thought of dishwashing—torturing your slim fingers and rosy nails three times a day with strong soaps and washing powders, giving them that in-the-dishpan look that made you ashamed to go to a bridge party. Then one day—it was like an inspiration—you thought—"Why not Lux in the dishpan!"

Why, you'd trusted your hands to it over and over again, washing your fine silks and laces and it always treated them gently. You'd grown to love that clean satin-soft feeling your hands had afterwards. Presto! a spoonful foamed in the hot water.

Wasn't it truly magical? Such brimming, bubbling Lux suds from just a few delicate white flakes! And your hands—your poor ill-used hands—feeling their way back already to crackless comfort and flawless beauty.

A little Lux goes so far it's an economy to use it

Was she *really* to be blamed?

DESPITE the very greatest care, it happens every day. It is a risk you need no longer take. Do you know how to avert it?

OF COURSE, even competent Marie should not have been trusted with it. But the stunning little frock was soiled, and simply had to be washed. Now it was faded—ruined—and Marie heartbroken.

Millions of women who have had experiences like this are turning joyfully to Everfast Wash Fabrics—the marvelous new wash fabrics that do not fade. Everfast fabrics are guaranteed fast color—fast to washing with any soap or washing powder; fast to boiling; fast to sunlight; fast to rain and salt air; fast to perspiration; fast to everything.

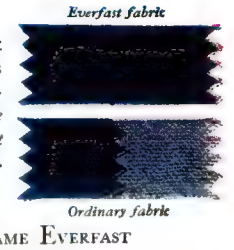
GUARANTEE: *If any Everfast Wash Fabric fades, for any reason, we will refund through your dealer, not only the purchase price of the material, but the making cost of the garment as well.*

Picture an afternoon frock of Everfast voile, the loveliest thing imaginable, that can be washed without danger of fading. Or a smart sports costume of broadcloth or linen in your favorite blue, yellow or brown—unharmed by grass and other stains. Perhaps you take particular pride in your house dresses—how you will delight in Everfast ginghams and suiting for them! And what pretty clothes you can make for all the children's needs from these and the dozens of other beautiful Everfast weaves.

The colors are almost irresistible. For those who prefer bright hues and designs there are gay pinks, greens, yellows, blues—striking checks, modish plaids and stripes. But the lovely pastel shades are just as alluring to many exquisite grays and heliotrope, orchid, lavender, and others too numerous to name.

Don't you want to find out all about Everfast fabrics and their countless uses? For they offer you so many opportunities to give lasting beauty to all your clothes. See your regular dealer about them right away. Or, if he doesn't carry them, either by the yard or in made-up garments, we shall be glad to direct you to one who does. And remember, with all their unique advantages, Everfast fabrics cost but a trifle more than ordinary materials. N. Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Reproduction of Everfast and ordinary wash fabrics before and after being boiled with washing soda. *Note there is not the slightest change in the color of Everfast.*



LOOK FOR THE NAME EVERFAST ON THE SELVAGE

THE GENUINE
Everfast Wash Fabrics
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The black baseboard and deep-toned gray scenic wallpaper give richness to the decorative scheme

With a Touch of Black Paint

By VERNA COOK SALOMONSKY

WHEN applied to our houses, black paint does not cast a gloom; on the contrary, it adds brightness and jest if applied in sufficiently small quantities and in combination with light and restful colors.

The Colonists were not ignorant of the striking effects to be had by the use of a note of black and of black paint in the decorative treatment of floors and walls. One of the most delightful of early American rooms which I have seen is in Fredericksburg, Virginia. It is a moderately small room with walls covered above a wainscoting with an exquisite scenic paper, all woodwork, including doors, casings and wainscoting painted white; at one end of the room is a small wooden mantel surrounding a black marble facing. At the floor line was a narrow baseboard, painted black, which encircled the room and ended on either side of the black marble facing of the fireplace.

The richness and gaiety which this strip of solid black lent to a room of almost superlative refinement is difficult to describe. Without it the room would have been lacking in vigor and life. In trying to obtain this effect in our modern homes care should be taken to keep the baseboard narrow, not more than four or five inches, exclusive of the top mold which is more effectively left the same color as the wainscoting or other woodwork.

For practical purposes, too, the black baseboard is superior to one of more delicate color since it does not require constant cleaning and attention. And, to give a smart appearance, as well as being labor-saving, a dark-colored or black base used in combination with either a composition or linoleum floor (large patterns or squares in these materials are frequently more attractive than smaller ones) is especially recommended for the kitchen, pantry and their dependencies.

In the breakfast alcove shown here, the counter shelf of the china cabinet is black. The reason for this is obvious to the housekeeper who has experienced the difficulty of keeping in a spick-and-span condition the shelf of unprotected, light-colored paint where the constant contact of dishes and pans leaves marks so indelible that to remove them removes the paint also.

A serviceable counter shelf is one made of hard wood, well sandpapered, and to which a coat of ebony oil stain (mahogany stain is also attractive and practical) has been applied, and finished with shellac and a good coat of wax. This will give a finish similar to that of a piece of furniture but it will not stand the contact of hot dishes or pans although the surface will not be marred by ordinary treatment. If it is necessary to utilize this shelf as a working unit—which is not generally the case, it is advisable to omit the wax and in its place to finish with one of the varnishes, now on the market, which withstand extreme heat.

Another extremely practical and good-looking counter shelf which eliminates periodical rewaxing and revarnishing is obtained by the use of black linoleum or a composition applied to the wood. The former is less expensive, and, if used, should be cemented to the shelf and edged with a metal strip, presumably brass, covering the outer joint.

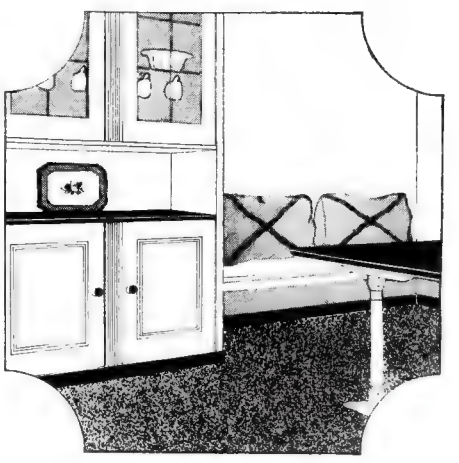
Painted floors, if correctly and carefully done, are very smart and can be obtained at slight expense. The "splattered" floor, shown in the breakfast alcove sketch is patterned after a custom of the early American period. The floor, in this particular case, is first painted a uniform ground color, let us say a gray-green, harmonizing with the walls and woodwork; upon this black paint is splattered by quickly running a stick across a brush dipped in the paint, in this way giving the effect of innumerable black hailstones of varying diameters on a lighter field. A coat of protective varnish may be given to a painted floor to insure it against showing wear.

In the entrance hallway the center of the stair treads, representing in a manner the carpeting, are painted black. Also exceedingly narrow trims at doors, windows and at china cabinets may respond gratefully to a coat of black paint if the character of the rooms will permit such bold treatment.

Here is a pleasing use of black paint on the stair treads and to simulate tiles on the hall floor

◆ ◆ ◆

It is the black paint on the counter shelf, and baseboard, and "splattered" on the floor which gives distinction to this breakfast alcove



Is your skin older than you are?

THE saying "A woman is as old as she looks" should be daily borne in mind by every woman who desires to retain the charm of youth. The skin is the first part of the body to show the marks of age, and no woman can look younger than her skin.

With a little care, however, it is easy to keep it as young as you are, or even a little younger. And the method is so simple—just daily cleansing with Resinol Soap.

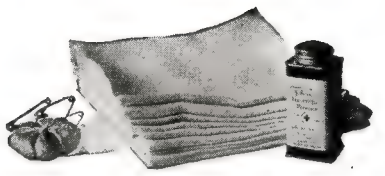
Incredible as this may seem, it is true, because *proper* cleansing is the basis of all skin health and beauty, and Resinol Soap is unsurpassed as a cleansing agent. This enviable position is due largely to its absolute purity but especially to the Resinol properties it contains.

These soothing qualities enable the soft lather to sink deep into the pores of the skin and thoroughly cleanse them without injuring the delicate tissue or removing the natural oil so necessary to prevent dryness and wrinkles. One trial of Resinol Soap will indicate its pleasing effect and reveal its distinctive fragrance.

For special irritations, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which doctors have prescribed for years in treating itching, burning skin troubles. Excellent for the rashes and chafings of childhood and as a healing home remedy. At all druggists.

RESINOL SOAP

Dept. K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



Damp diapers

To guard against the chafing they will cause

Over a million mothers use this *safe baby powder*

"All napkins should be removed as soon as wet or soiled, and the parts kept scrupulously clean and well-powdered."

Dr. L. Emmett Holt

WHEN baby is wet, he himself will announce that fact to you, by crying.

Crying is the only way a baby has of telling you how uncomfortable he is—and how the damp clinging diaper is stinging his tender skin.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, America's great authority on the care of infants, says that to prevent chafing where it most frequently occurs, where the parts are so frequently wet and soiled, "*the utmost pains should be taken that all napkins be removed as soon as wet or soiled, and the parts kept scrupulously clean and well-powdered.*"

The powder must be incomparably pure. It must have been guarded all through the process of its preparation from the slightest possibility of the entrance of any foreign matter. And it must contain nothing but healing, soothing elements.

* * *

THESE are the reasons why over a million of the young mothers in America already know that Johnson's baby powder is *safe* to use.

Johnson and Johnson are well known to everybody as the makers of Red Cross absorbent cotton and Johnson and Johnson sterilized gauze. And they are even better known to physicians as the makers of hundreds of other articles for the medical profession. Everything they make must be surgically clean, antiseptically safe.

It was to them, therefore, that physicians turned when they wanted a baby powder they could depend on and could recommend.

Johnson and Johnson have been preparing that baby powder ever since in their great laboratories.

* * *

The function of Johnson's Baby Powder is to guard against chafing from damp diapers and the infection caused by moisture lurking in the creases of the skin. It is wonderfully absorbent. And it has the faint sweet odor that will keep baby sweet and fresh all through the day.

It should be used invariably after the daily bath, and after every changing of the diapers.

To enable all mothers to know for themselves the goodness and purity of this beneficent powder, Johnson and Johnson are now offering free, to the readers of this magazine, a small can of it together with their concise little book on the care of baby skin, "*The Faith of a Baby*." Just send them your address on the coupon below.

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N.J.

Please send me free, the small can of the baby powder made in your famous laboratories and the little book—"The Faith of a Baby."

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Your druggist is more than a merchant C-4

Beauty and the Blantons

[*Continued from page 57*]

"Dear lovely Jerry. And so beautiful, too; no one knows you the way I do, do they? Dear, lovely, beautiful Jerry. I'm glad I married you and your azaleas. Poor Jerry! Funny Jerry! . . ."

Jeremy decided that life was a matter of building sand castles in the face of a threatening sea. You built your castle, you elaborated it, you made turrets and tunnels and banqueting halls, and then a wave came and washed it away. Sometimes, if the wave was a very large one, it took you with it and for awhile buffeted you in the surf; blinded you; drowned you; until, as if weary with its roughness, it cast you back half dead upon the shore. Whereupon, you got weakly to your feet and built another castle. But you weren't quite so strong as you had been the first time nor quite so enthusiastic. Everyone did this, except a few narrow-faced people who, looking about them timorously, went inland and camped upon the further dunes, safe but uninterested.

Why did you do this? Why, in this world did you build things you knew would be washed away? Was it only because you wished to keep your mind off the constant menace of the sea and pretend that between it and yourself you were really constructing a defence?

Dorothy was growing up. Jeremy directed his attentions upon her. Dorothy was seventeen; with bobbed blond hair and a ravishing, slim figure that looked like a boy's figure, that had suddenly decided to become more gracious. Dorothy also had the bluest of blue eyes under long lashes and an assortment of words, gathered at boarding-school, which made Jeremy wonder how the young of his own generation had expressed themselves as well as they had. He was a little afraid of Dorothy; afraid lest some day she would find him too sentimental and descriptive. Her conversation was pointed, acute, and Doric: her point of view direct and sparse. She knew all about life except what it really is.

In the spring he and Dorothy were at "Holy Oak" again. He had not dared go there before; but he found, once there, what all mature people find, sooner or later, or should find, and that is that a place once greatly beloved may be sad but is never unbearable, since all spirits who have once loved it continue to inhabit it. He became almost happy again. The house was never empty. A blond caravan that got about the country by means of high-powered cars followed Dorothy. The members of it appeared unexpectedly, were very polite to Jeremy—some of them irritatingly polite—wooed the object of their quest with an odd, passionate indifference, and then went away again. The object was equally indifferent. There were also some very nice neighbor boys, who looked just like the other boys and had the same high-powered cars. There was one especially—William Humphrey. Jeremy thought he detected an even more passionate indifference in Dorothy's manner toward William, and took this as a good sign. Dorothy was nineteen.

He was sitting in his library one night reading. The month was April and the azaleas were in full bloom and the windows of the great book-lined room were open. He heard a motor on the drive outside—that would be William. Dorothy had said that he was coming. He heard Dorothy's fresh young voice uttering words of greeting, followed by a silence, followed by something very earnest and low-toned from William; and then Dorothy's voice once more, but this time with a new, excited contralto note in it.

"Here? Just now? Oh, Billy, don't be so absurd! You really mean it? Me? Come out into the garden and we'll talk it over."

Jeremy got to his feet and began to pace up and down. "He was proposing to her, the young pup! Proposing from the front seat of a car! Probably leaning back from the wheel while she was standing up! Well—different times—"

The door of the car opened and shut; William's feet made a creaking sound upon the gravel as he descended to the drive; voices and steps died away.

Jeremy continued to pace the room. Presently the footsteps and the voices returned and crossed the porch and entered the house. They were in the hall just beyond the door.

"Come out into that garden again," said the boy's voice eagerly, "after you've got your coat."

Dorothy's laugh was clear; a small tinkling, slightly metallic bell. "Garden? No more of that garden tonight, my child. It makes you sloppy and hard to control. You take me out in your car and go fast. When we're married we'll live in New York, and see these gardens about once a year and then at high noon. Brr! They're creepy! They remind me of lockets with hair in them. When you've lived with azaleas as much as I have, Billium, you'll think less of them."

The voices went back to the closet under the stairs, repassed, went outside. There was the sound of the starting of the engine, a rasp of controls, a departing murmur of wheels.

Jeremy had not moved from the spot where he had paused. His head was sunk forward on his chest; his drooping figure had lost its alertness . . . . So this was the final defeat! The final sardonic laughter! His little girl! The symbol of eighty years! Of the lives of six people! And she thought these things!

He turned and walked unseeingly to a window at the back of the room from whose level, above the sunken garden and the hedge beyond, the heart of the real garden was visible. There they were, the azaleas, dreaming under the moon.

Jeremy leaned for a long while upon the sill before his tired brain began to form connected visions. What was this thing? This beauty? This incredible hurt and alleviation? This loveliness that surrounded you and beckoned you and yet could not be made part of you? This thing you smelled, touched, saw, drank in, and yet could not lay hold of? Permanent, encompassing, close; more real than flesh that passed, or laughter that was silenced, or tears that were dried, and yet never completely incorporated? The moving spirit of every man's life; the thing that impelled him; however distorted and base his conception of it might be? What was it? Why did men seek it, when they knew they could only touch the outer hem of its garments?

The moonlight over the azaleas seemed to grow deeper, fuller, more complete.

Jeremy, forced back to the inner citadel of his thoughts, saw for the first time clearly what all this had meant to his own race—the repressed lost passions of his grandfather, that grim old man; the broken desires of his father; the quiet radiance of his mother; his own tortured, bitter pursuit. And Cecily! He stretched out his arms.

"My little love!" he said to himself. "My little love!"

They were all there—out in the azaleas. Not as individuals, but more than individuals; greater than individuals; the essence of them; their ultimate yearnings for loveliness. Caught up and made eternal by beauty. As his yearnings some day would be. Yes, and Dorothy's too. She and all her pathetic, self-steeled little generation; driven back into themselves, frightened before they were men and women by a horror which, not being able to interpret, they were attempting to forget. But they would learn some day; sorrow, the inevitable tragedy of life, would teach them. . . . Why, the thing was an epitome of his whole country; this beauty, this garden; which was one of its expressions. His scarred, beautiful, blinded, struggling country. The tragic repression of the first decades; the broken passions of the middle period; the half-tender, half-brutal savagery of his own time striving to build securely in a changing world; the hardness of this new generation—hard lest their hearts be touched too greatly.

But it was there eternally, this beauty. It was strong; it did not die; it could not die. It was a sign that there was eternity. Beauty did not die—no, nor love, which was part of it. No, nor love!

He raised his head.

It certainly gives you a grand and glorious feeling to lend money to your friends and relatives!

But have you discovered what often happens to you when you try to get your money back?

Do Any of Your Friends or Relatives Owe You Money?

BY MARY HARDING

THE other day I received a letter which made me smile. It wasn't a very happy smile—but it certainly was an expensive one! I consider $4,000 a high price for smiles; and this particular one has cost me just about as much as that.

The letter was from a young married woman in Michigan. She had been reading these articles about money and finally she was moved to confess some of her own financial experiences.

"I often wonder," she wrote, "whether other people have the same trouble with their friends and relatives that Henry and I have had with ours. Have others found out—as Henry and I have, to our sorrow—that lending money to friends is one story, and that collecting these debts is a very different tale?

"I used to put all the blame on the borrowers; but I have decided that the lion's share of it belongs on our own shoulders. I wish you would warn others not to make the mistakes we made.

"When we married, we began talking of buying a home. Putting our pre-nuptial savings together, we had about six hundred dollars which we could have given as an initial payment. But Henry figured that this wasn't large enough to be safe. He said we might have sickness or bad luck of some kind and lose what we had paid down. So he insisted on waiting until we had at least two thousand dollars.

"That was our first mistake; for if we had paid down what we had then and had been obliged to meet the other payments as they came due, we couldn't have lent money to anybody. We probably wouldn't have been asked to do it; for our friends would have known we hadn't it to spare.

"Well, we set to work to accumulate the two thousand dollars which Henry had decided would be 'about right.' We watched every cent of income and outgo; and we did manage to save something every month.

"Then we made our second mistake. We were so proud of what we were accomplishing that we boasted of it now and then. And the result was that we might as well have put up a 'Money to Loan' sign.

"The first applicant was Jim, Henry's boyhood chum. He got a loan of $500 from Henry, who assured me that Jim would let us have the money back any time we wanted it and meanwhile would pay us six per cent interest.

"Then my brother Bill borrowed $150 from us; and a friend of mine, Judith, got $50 in order to join the musicians' union. At least, that's what she said. Also, Henry's sister Margaret borrowed $200 to take a commercial course. She promised to pay it back as soon as she got a job. We also lent smaller sums—five and ten dollars each—to various friends.

"When we had been married five years, I received a $600 legacy from my aunt. This, added to the amount that was owed us—about $1,000—and to the money we had saved and which hadn't been borrowed by anybody yet amounted to even more than the $2,000 we had set out to accumulate.

"None of our debtors had paid up, except a few of the $5 and $10 ones. But we knew that of course they would as soon as we mentioned it! So we joyously decided to collect what was coming to us and to buy our home at last.

"'Jim's doing well now,' said Henry. 'And Margaret has had a job for two years. I'll write to them. They'll be glad to send the money'.

"'And I'll write to Bill and Judith,' I chimed in.

"We did write. But this is what happened: Bill and Judith paid up. The others sent nothing but excuses! Margaret said she was going to be married and needed every cent for her trousseau. Jim wrote that his business was at a critical point and he had to have every dollar he could muster to pull through. Some of the small borrowers paid us; but more of them did not.

"Already, Henry and I had picked out a house but the deal fell through because we couldn't raise enough for the first payment. Property had gone up—and first payments had gone up in proportion.

"The next year, my sister Sue pleaded for money to go to a business college. She got $200 from us which she promised to repay when she had a position.

"We went on, saving every dollar we could; and the next spring we again tried to collect from our friends and relatives. But Jim wrote that he had bought a new store and couldn't pay us within a year. Margaret wrote that Henry was making 'a lot of fuss about a little money.' Little or not, she didn't pay it.

"To make a long story short, Jim finally sent us the money; and Sue has repaid her loan. Margaret probably never *will* settle her debt. She resents being asked to do it and she won't even answer Henry's letters.

So we have lost her as well as the money.

THIS article is not telling you to close your heart. But it IS telling you to open your eyes! If you have plenty of money, be generous but also be wise. Some persons need money; others merely desire it. Some will be blessed by it; others will be cursed by it.

If you haven't a great deal of money, try to see both sides of the question. Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive. But we are not considering, now, the giving of money; we are talking about the lending of money which you cannot afford to give.

And here is a sentence for you to remember and ponder over: Strange as it may seem, it is almost impossible to have a straight business transaction between friends!

"At last we have made the first payment on our home! But because we waited these seven or eight years—living in an uncomfortable little flat all that time—it is costing us much more than we could have bought it for when we first married. And meanwhile we have scrimped and saved while other people used our money.

"I hope we have learned our lesson. Anyway, thank goodness! we can't lend money now to our friends and relatives. Instead of boasting of what we have saved, we talk about how hard it is to meet our payments; so no one is tempted to try to borrow from us."

As I said before, this confession made me smile—unhappily and expensively; for if I could collect what I have loaned to my friends and relatives, I should be $4,000 richer than I am.

Some of you, when you read this, will smile rueful smiles of your own. And practically all of you will have to decide sooner or later, whether you can afford this sort of thing.

THAT is just what it amounts to; lending money to one's friends and one's family is a luxury! It is a joy to do it; and sometimes these borrowers have a deep sense of obligation. They are grateful for our help and are scrupulously careful to repay us.

But, even though it may sound brutal, I want to say this: When you lend money to a friend, there is a big chance that you will lose the money, and there is a bigger chance that you will lose the friend! Unless you are willing to lose both, be very careful about doing it.

Almost three years ago, a friend asked me to lend her five hundred dollars. She was a business woman for whom I had a very high regard. Her explanation of why she wanted the money was rather vague; but, as we were friends, I said "Oh, that's all right!" and gave her a check for the amount.

She did not offer to make out a note; and because she was a friend, I hated to suggest it. You see how this "friend" business works. She assured me that she would be able to pay the loan within a few months. During the past two years and more, she has repeated that assurance several times. But she hasn't paid! And I have not received one penny of interest.

Frankly, I had no idea of giving her that money. There were other people, nearer to me and in greater need, to whom I was giving what I could afford. I resent her obtaining a gift from me on the pretext that it was a loan. I think this resentment is justified. At any rate, it has resulted in the loss of what was a very pleasant friendship, in addition to the loss of five hundred dollars.

I have had other similar experiences. I know of many such cases. And the consequence is that I do not now lend money to a friend, unless I am willing to say to myself. "I am giving this money away! If it is repaid, all right! But if it isn't, I shall not care."

I have adopted a plan of which I read several years ago in some magazine. A man had worked out this scheme for dealing with people who tried to borrow money from him.

He decided what amount he could afford to devote to these personal loans. When that amount was all outstanding, he explained the situation to would-be borrowers and said that he would have no money to lend until some of these loans were settled. When one of them was paid, he put it into his "loan fund," and the first applicant—if it was someone to whom he wanted to lend money, got all or part of it.

That is the way I do now; and it is the way I advise you to do, if you feel that you can afford to lend money at all. Recommend it to your husband, too. [*Turn to page 68*]

Martha and George Washington

By MEL CUMMIN

A new series of historical cut-outs for children

MORNING DRESS

GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MARTHA CUSTIS WASHINGTON
wife of the first President
of the United States

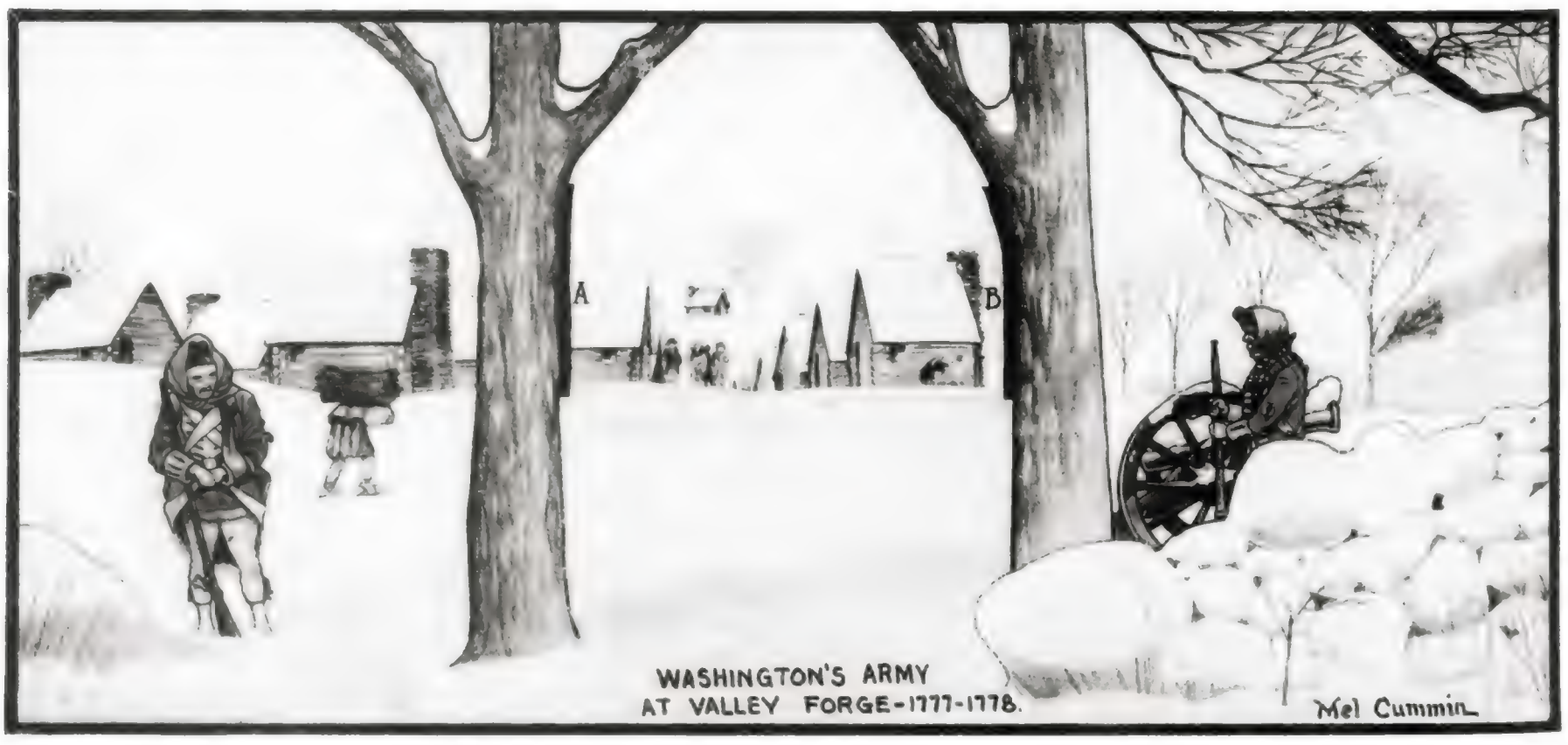
EVENING DRESS

GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY

AFTERNOON DRESS

DIRECTIONS
FIRST PASTE THIS PAGE ON A SHEET OF HEAVIER PAPER. CUT AWAY THE HEAVY BLACK OUTLINES AND FOLD ON THE DOTTED LINES.

DIRECTIONS FOR OPERATING SCENE BELOW: CUT A SLOT WITH A KNIFE ALONG THE HEAVY BLACK LINES AT A AND B. THEN INSERT NARROW STRIP OF SCENES SO AS TO SLIDE BACK AND FORTH



peace of heart, ratification of the right, and confirmation of its principles to all and sundry. These may seem glowing eulogisms. But they are cold and feeble in comparison with the vast range and importance of the Radio's ministries. Religion's progress was deeply disturbed by the revival of controversies. Spectacular crusades against Modernism or Fundamentalism were the order of the day. Further impending cleavages in sects and churches were offset by the growing fraternity that claimed freedom in behalf of cooperation instead of chronic separation. Scientific progress was left comfortless in the midst of its splendid deeds because of its dismal conclusions. Man, said some of its experts, came from dust and to dust he must return. Nowhere in his brief pitiful delirium of life was there any valid refutation of death.

For these evils many correctives have been proposed. The problems in which they originate and also those which they created, have been searchingly analysed and discussed. At this juncture in world affairs I crossed the Rubicon and began my ministry through the Radio. It was nothing new for me to speak to audiences beyond the confines of my parish. It was, however, astonishingly new for me to speak to unseen audiences which none can correctly number. I presume that none has shared this tremendous privilege and responsibility without chastened feelings. And indeed, so keenly did this sentiment impress itself upon me that at first I declined the courteous overtures I received to use the Radio. What was there for me to say about the highest interests of mankind which had not been better and more wisely said by others? What expectations could I justly entertain that I should cast any light upon the darkness or lessen the load of the baffled and the burdened? It was then I happened to think of an extra service for men only, which I had addressed for nearly twenty years. It is held on the Lord's Day afternoon at the Bedford Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Its devoted and tireless leader, Mr. Halsey Hammond, is supported by an able committee of prominent laymen, some of whom are members of my own church. I referred the matter to him, and he counselled with them, with the consequence that for the past two years I have spoken to people living in a dozen or more adjacent States and their towns and cities by means of this new miracle—the Radio.

When I looked upon its simple disc for the first time I found it hard to believe that the God of mountains, continents, seas and boundless areas had therein furnished my message with a universality infinitely exceeding its merits. Truly the Apocalyptic vision of the angelic being who flew abroad, having the everlasting Gospel to proclaim to the planet, was no dreamer's phantasy. Yet on second thoughts, was not the Radio's simplicity in keeping with the Divine method? A Babe who lay in innocent but omnipotent helplessness on his Mother's breast has transformed the earth's prospects. A solitary, persecuted Jew, St. Paul, journeying "in perils oft," had bridged the yawning gulf between East and West with his martyred body. Here the main reality was touched. The very sources of the eternal and the unlimited which produced the Babe, the Apostle and the Evangel had also introduced the Radio. What oriental imagination once conceived and couched in the symbolism of a seraphic form with sweeping pinions was here, before me, palpable, available. "The Gospel on the Air" was no longer a vision; *it was a solid fact.* The ethereal belt around the globe could be employed, not only for air-ships weighted down with horror and destruction, but for the purposes of peaceful trade, for the transmission of those ideals "which wake to perish never," and are more mighty than the bomb or the sword.

Now, by birth, by training and by years of custom, I am a Protestant of the Evangelical type. How was I to adjust my thinking and my utterance to cosmopolitan crowds of gigantic dimensions, including all sorts and conditions of men? In answer, I say that level headed exponents of religion and its application to the whole of life have repeatedly insisted that if the Churches are to command the sympathy and allegiance of the

The Gospel on the Air

[*Continued from page 13*]

present and oncoming generations they will have to make their interpretations of Faith as rich and broad as its claims. It has become a grand imperative with me to intelligently restate the foundation religious beliefs of society. I have no vocation on the Radio unless I attempt to reconcile differences, mitigate confusions, and plead for harmony.

The last task is made comparatively easy by a Radio audience. It will not tolerate manifestations of superiority and aloofness. It is properly impatient with the scornful and self-elected lords over their fellow men whose ocular deliverances often devour one another. Nothing, therefore, is gained by constant jibings at the public mind. After all, it is *the mind* that matters most, and with which we have to work. Whatever are its reactions or radicalisms, its excellencies or defects, it is the sole theatre for our specific business. Touch it at its best, and you will find that it is thoroughly alive, progressive in many admirable directions, rightly conservative beyond the liking of some rash progressives. Such a mind deserves something better from a Radio messenger than dogmatic insistence or a patronizing attitude. It should be challenged without denunication, and enlightened without fear. No speaker can grip hearers of whom he is afraid; any speaker can retain them if he is fair, candid, and comprehensible. The late Dr. Cuyler was wont to explain his tenacious hold on his people by saying, "I love them to death all the week, and hit them clean between the eyes every Sunday morning." With modifications, it is the secret of success, not only for preachers but for all who speak with or without the Radio. Challenge? Yes; but never belittle nor abuse the seen or unseen listeners. Show them how they may acquire fresh strength out of their tragical experiences. Increase their joys by consecrating them to serviceable living; attach their energies to the best objectives within their compass.

After making allowances for the usual ratio of controversial, hectic spirits, the Radio preacher has for his court of appeal the higher central mind of the American people. In this mind, despite cocksure assertions to the contrary, faith is a universal and continuous force. The age has not turned traitor to religion nor to its ethical demands. I have encountered in thousands of hearers, near and distant, a few who are without hope, compassion, or even love. But I have seldom, if ever, discovered any human being bereft of faith. Men have to believe in order not to believe; they announce their creed in reciting their doubts. Does some hoary falsehood have to be squelched, a truth too long delayed brought into the field, a cathedral built, or a thorny question receive an adequate answer? The Radio is at our biddance. The straightforwardness which forbids the speaker to trim, equivocate, or hide his moral unpreparedness in a fog of sophistication, is, of course presupposed. His messages must be brief to be effective, or if lengthy, so organized as to fall into coherent divisions, complete in themselves, thus giving the busy or part-time hearer a square meal while he is connected. An easy, conversational tone will carry further than the vociferations of a passion torn to tatters. In so far as my own calling is concerned, a Radio preacher who puts on undue strain and stress lessens his sway. He is at his best in enlarging upon the verities which the majority implicitly accept. He differentiates between doubts which are superficial and those that are structural. He has sympathy for the sanitating skepticism which relieves faith of superstition's taint. He links every spiritual theory to practice, remembering that while religion is man's inner light it should also be his practical method of living. The model program of "The Gospel on the Air" includes familiar hymns, short, carefully meditated prayers, and a five minute reading from the Bible of passages that strike home to the souls of men and women. This last item is curiously neglected in some Radio services. Yet it can be proved that the public use of Holy Scripture in the majestic version of 1611 has done much to preserve the purity and dignity of the English language. To hear Dean Weldon read the "Sermon on the Mount," or Edwin Booth recite the "Lord's Prayer," was an education in itself. I wish that "listeners-in" who glance at this article would ask for the impressive Radio "rendition" of their favorite Biblical chapters.

Obviously, the Radio gives to its myriad owners what the few at the other end give to it. Thanks to the inborn decency of the American people none dares to insult them with hints of the salacious and the vile.

Most of the criticisms and suggestions I have ventured to make here are derived from my widening contact through the Radio with countless numbers of people. The grave, the gay, the lively and the severe are alike invited to send their questions and their comments to the Bedford Branch Y. M. C. A. Before me as I write is a bulky transcript of this extensive correspondence. Scarcely a month had elapsed after the Bedford Radio was installed when the stream of responses began to flow thitherward. It is still flowing torrentially from all parts of the Republic, from Canada, Cuba and the Panama Canal zone. Sixty per cent or more of the questions touch upon religion and morals.

I quote a few samples: "As there is one Christ, why is there not one Church?" "Is sin punishable as sin, without regard to its degrees?" "State the principal teachings of Confucianism, Moslemism and Buddhism." "Can one who is honestly at odds with Christian doctrine, but who believes in a just and holy God, depend upon this faith?" "Will the Radio evangelize the world?" "Can a man accept the doctrine of heaven and reject the doctrine of hell?" "To what do you attribute the empty seats in Churches?" "Should not Jew and Gentile unite to worship God?" Private difficulties of an intimate sort cannot always be removed by public treatment. Several despairing ones who contemplated suicide have sought out the Radio preacher. He must always extend a benevolent welcome to harassed and driven men and women. The corrective effect of his association with them prevents his blunders, corrects his errors, and blesses his ministry. He should, therefore, be at their disposal to the largest possible extent, and greet them with genial warmth.

If, as any hardworked clergyman has cause to know, a single parish encloses all the material required for life's varied delights and dangers, how much more is this true of the circle swinging eight hundred miles out on to the Atlantic Ocean, and back again behind the Alleghanies into Ohio and Indiana?

Visualize for yourself that mighty arc, think of whom and what it presents to a quick imagination. All the keys of life's overtones will stretch before him. The size of the Radio's circuit may have to be fenced. But not for the Gospel! The heavens themselves are not sufficiently spacious for that proclamation. It has the password into every spirit's hidden chamber.

And now, indeed, the first fruits of the Radio Gospel's harvest are already on their homeward route. Many who "listen in" are fully aware of the futility of war, whether theological, political, industrial, or waged by the insane fury of physical violence. Many more will repair to their ensign, and to the brightness of the rising of an age in which righteousness shall secure tranquility, and give peace the opportunity to win far nobler triumphs than those of war. The Chaplain who told me a year ago that far out at sea on an American ironclad he and his fellow seamen heard my message, then, bowing in prayer, repeated after me the Lord's Prayer, prophesied better than he knew. The passenger who flashed back from a transatlantic liner a thousand miles away his appreciation of the service of that same afternoon was a happy harbinger of the spiritual conquests of the air. Communications multiply too fast and extend too far for our telling here. Gamblers, drunkards, convicts, thieves, young women who have left home, with what this signifies; husbands and wives who have been reunited, cripples, "shut-ins," boys and girls at school, orphans and widows, travellers distant from the hearthstone—all are in the ethereal net cast over land and sea by "The Gospel on the Air."

STRENGTH FOR BABIES

Send this Messenger

if you want this book that millions follow!

LET the Mother Book messenger help you, too. Just clip and mail. Away he will speed, to bring you Nestlé's Mother Book.

That means, he will bring time-tried ways of building your baby's health and strength. He will help you, just as he helped millions of other conscientious mothers. Baby Rose Griffin, of Brooklyn, N.Y., above, a winner in the National Baby Contest, is a typical result of following the Nestlé's Mother Book.

Nestlé's Mother Book has helped more babies grow strong than any other book in the world. Published in 26 languages.

What questions trouble you? Surely, dozens. Probably all are answered in this book,—with the experience of the leading baby specialists of Europe and America. Yet, everything is made so easy to understand. One chapter on the care of baby. Another, on the feeding of baby. Another, on the diseases of baby. All in simple question-and-answer style.

Other Mother books cost a dollar and more. Yet—this one is absolutely free. Don't regard this coupon as just another coupon. Think of it—as millions do—as baby's health messenger. Clip and mail it today.

Nestlé's Milk Food

Makes correct feeding as simple as 1 2 3

"m-m-m

it's PINEAPPLE"

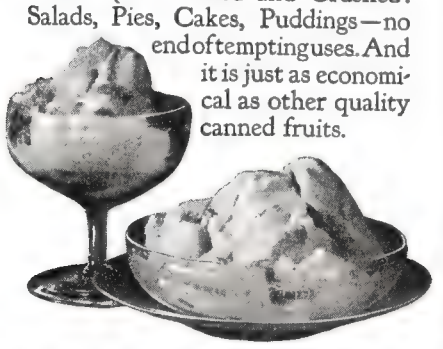
"Bet I could eat a houseful," says little sister.

"Aw, go'n—bet I could eat an oceanful," declares little brother!

And as for the rest of the family; just watch their eyes light up when you serve Hawaiian Pineapple Sherbet, Sundae, Ice or Ice Cream!

Fortunately, it's a "pineapple year" at your confectioners. Pineapple is at last taking the place it deserves as an Ice and Ice Cream ingredient. Order a quart! Or send for our free book which tells how to make it yourself—at home.

Enjoy Hawaiian Pineapple often —*both kinds*—Sliced and Crushed! Salads, Pies, Cakes, Puddings—no end of tempting uses. And it is just as economical as other quality canned fruits.



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—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads & hundreds of made-up dishes.

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Dept. 34, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

Please send me, free of charge, your new book, "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Do Any of Your Friends or Relatives Owe You Money?

[*Continued from page 65*]

I believe men are much more prone to this "friendly" borrowing and lending than women are. It probably would be a shock to you to find out how much money your husband has coming to him—or thinks he has—from his acquaintances. However, when it is a question of family, we women are just as susceptible as men are. Perhaps even more so.

The truth is, this form of lending is largely vanity and self-indulgence. We like to have people talk about our generosity. Every man likes to be considered "a good fellow." Every woman enjoys having the family call her "a good sport."

I know of husbands who can't refuse a friend "just a little loan, old chap!" but who have no difficulty whatever in refusing a wife's request for the money for a new dress. They can't bring themselves to ask the friend to repay the little loan; but they never stammer over saying to "friend wife" something like, "Where's the five dollars I gave you last week?"

Not long ago, a friend of mine suggested that I lend her some money and take as security a second mortgage on a house she owned. At least, she partly owned it. There was a first mortgage on it already.

I knew she was not in dire need. I knew, too, that I did not want to lose all, or part of, that money. I knew also that I did not want to lose her friendship. So I told her that I hadn't any available funds.

Now if that is a good loan, she can get the money from a bank, or from some other business source. In that case she would feel—and this would be the best thing for her—that she must meet her obligations.

If it is not a good loan, I cannot afford to make it. If I did, she almost inevitably would feel that her "business" obligations were quite different from this "friendly accommodation." They must be met! But she would say to herself, "Oh, Mary will understand! She won't mind waiting."

If it should come to the point where I would feel compelled to ask for my money, she would be offended. As for me, I'd feel that I shouldn't *have* to ask for my money. So there would be a little soreness on both sides. There would come a rift in our friendship.

This happens over and over again—between friends, between relatives, even between members of the same family. There are, of course, many wonderful exceptions. But there are countless people who could tell stories very much like the one in the letter I quoted; and these stories should teach us a double lesson: First, before you lend money to your family or your friends, ask yourself whether you are willing to give it outright. Second, be very cautious about an alleged business transaction which is proposed to you as "a matter of friendship."

These "Dangerous" Combinations of Foods Are Perfectly Safe!

[*Continued from page 39*]

Crabs and ice-cream, lobster and ice-cream, oysters with sweet food, like candied sweet potatoes, or even candy, are combinations avoided by a great many people. There is positively no reason that scientific investigation of foods can reveal, why any of these combinations of foods should be feared. Yet the belief in their dangerous nature is so common that it is evident that there must be *some* reason for its existence.

Manufacturers of ice-cream are frequently guilty of using in their cream, dairy products which would not be salable unless frozen and masked by the artificial flavors used. Such milk or cream is often full of harmful bacteria and it is for this reason that attacks of food-poisoning have so frequently resulted from ice-cream. But it is such a common and well-liked food that most of us don't suspect it and so, when illness is experienced after eating ice-cream with crabs or other sea-food, it is natural that a great many should decide it was the *combination* rather than *one* of the foods which caused the distress.

Another reason why this especial combination should have been so frequently condemned is that sea-foods are, more often than other kinds of flesh foods, in a tainted condition when eaten. In places remote from the sea it is never safe to eat sea-foods unless canned. There is, therefore, a special hazard in eating shrimps, crabs, soft-shelled crabs, lobsters and raw oysters, unless they are known to be fresh, or have been properly processed.

Since either ice-cream or sea-food alone is more likely than most other foods to cause poisoning, it is easy to understand why illness should more frequently result from eating the two together.

Cucumbers and milk or cucumbers and ice-cream eaten together are looked upon with suspicion. It is perfectly safe to eat the two together. We have tried them, as well as all the other combinations we have discussed and have never suffered any ill effects provided the foods were clean and free from harmful bacteria.

Once a person, especially one with a nervous temperament, becomes convinced that certain combinations of foods disagree with him, it often happens that he becomes ill when he eats the suspected article. His illness probably arises from his mental impressions; even his fear is probably groundless.

There is no more certain way to disturb the digestion than to keep the attention on the alimentary tract to see what it is doing. Digestion goes on best when let alone.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
3393	25	3912	35	3987	45	4030	45	4053	30	4077	35	4102	30	4114	35
3446	25	3947	30	3988	30	4034	45	4054	40	4081	45	4103	45	4116	45
3511	25	3950	35	3990	30	4035	45	4055	30	4082	45	4104	45	4117	40
3802	35	3956	30	3992	45	4036	30	4057	35	4084	45	4105	45	4118	35
3828	35	3960	30	3999	20	4038	30	4058	45	4086	35	4106	45	4119	45
3857	30	3963	45	4011	35	4039	30	4061	35	4096	45	4107	30	4121	35
3858	30	3964	25	4012	35	4045	45	4062	45	4097	35	4108	35	4122	35
3872	45	3970	35	4023	45	4046	30	4064	45	4098	45	4109	40	4123	25
3880	45	3971	35	4024	25	4047	40	4068	45	4099	30	4110	45	4124	35
3886	25	3974	45	4027	30	4049	45	4070	45	4100	30	4111	45	4125	35
3901	45	3980	45	4029	45	4051	45	4071	35	4101	45	4112	45	4078	45

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
317	15	983	20	1291	40	1350	30	1409	40	1423	25	1445	40
723	20	987	20	1296	35	1352	40	1411	40	1426	25	1446	35
739	15	1120	25	1298	35	1357	25	1414	30	1436	35	1447	35
811	20	1141	40	1310	25	1376	30	1415	25	1442	40		
927	25	1193	40	1337	35	1377	30	1417	40	1443	35		
969	25	1221	40	1338	25	1387	30	1422	40	1444	40		

An easy way to make better

Jam *and* Jelly

ANYBODY can now make delicious jam and jelly. No more guess-work or failures. Only one minute's boiling is required. This new method is as simple and as accurate as "two and two make four."

Success used to depend entirely upon the presence in the fruits of a substance called pectin. Some fruits contained little or none; others contained a lot when green, but the quantity always decreased as the fruits ripened. That's why under-ripe fruit had to be used—why there were so many failures and no two batches were alike.

Now you can be sure of perfect jams and jellies every time. A way has been found to separate, refine and concentrate the jelly-forming property of fruit, so it can be used with any fruit to make the best jam or jelly you ever tasted—quickly, easily and economically. This product, called CERTO (Surejell) is simply concentrated liquid pectin, made entirely from fruit.

Makes One-Half More Jam or Jelly with Better Color and Flavor

Boiling only one minute with CERTO saves the juice with all its bright color and delicious flavor. By the old long boiling method one-half the juice was boiled away, the color was darkened and the flavor escaped. More sugar is used with CERTO simply to jell the juice which formerly was boiled away.

How to Make Strawberry Jam

Crush about 2 quarts of berries in single layers so that each berry is actually crushed or broken up to a pulp. Best results are obtained by running berries through a food chopper. This allows fruit to quickly absorb the sugar during the short boil, and prevents fruit rising to the top or floating. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries into a large kettle, add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard from 1 to 2 minutes, remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (scant ½ cup) CERTO. Skim and stir repeatedly for just 5 minutes after taking from fire to cool slightly. Then pour quickly and seal hot. Use same recipe for Blackberry, Raspberry or Loganberry Jam.

CERTO is sold by all grocers and a recipe book is attached to each bottle. Get a bottle or two and some berries today. Start this fascinating method of making all jams and jellies. Fill your shelves now while fresh fruits are here.

Free Trial Bottle

Let us send you a free trial bottle of CERTO—enough to make 10 large glasses of strawberry jam. To help pay postage and packing cost, send 10c in stamps or money. Use coupon below.

Mail This Coupon Today!

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903-C Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me postpaid a free trial half-size bottle of CERTO with recipe book. I enclose 10c in stamps (or coin).

My name_____

My address_____

Many a woman has added to her reputation as a clever hostess with dishes prepared with

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

EVERY housewife should have Knox Sparkling Gelatine on her pantry shelf.

One package alone makes *four different desserts, salads or other dishes, each sufficient for six people.*

Try this delicious recipe today:

Strawberry Bavarian Cream

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into 1 cup strawberry juice and pulp mixed with 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Add ½ cup sugar, and when sugar is dissolved set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in 1½ cups heavy cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold lined with strawberries cut in halves, and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries and leaves.

Recipe Books—Free

Write for Mrs. Knox's "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," two very practical recipe books. Sent free for 4c in postage and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.

Summer-Time Is Salad Time

[*Continued from page 30*]

COOKED DRESSING
(custard)

1 teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon sugar
2 eggs
½ cup cider vinegar
1 cup milk or cream
2 tablespoons butter

Mix together mustard, salt, cayenne and sugar. Add slightly beaten eggs. Stir in vinegar, then milk or cream. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until mixture coats spoon. Remove from fire, add butter, mix well and strain. If mixture should curdle it will become smooth again when eggs thicken.

When cool this dressing becomes quite thick. It will keep a long time in a covered jar and in a cool place. To vary it add any of the ingredients which you would add to mayonnaise.

NOVEL RHUBARB SALAD

1 cup rhubarb cut in small pieces
1 cup sugar
½ cup boiling water
½ cup cold water
1½ tablespoons gelatin
¼ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
Whites of 2 eggs

Cook rhubarb with sugar and boiling water until very soft. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes, add hot rhubarb, salt and cayenne. When gelatin begins to stiffen fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into mold. When ready to serve turn out on lettuce or other salad plant and serve with mayonnaise or cooked dressing. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

STRAWBERRY SALAD DELIGHT

Select medium-sized berries, wash and hull. Cut in halves and marinate in French dressing ½ hour. Drain well and serve on lettuce or other salad plant with whipped cream mayonnaise or cooked dressing. Garnish with whole, unhulled berries.

STUFFED CHERRY SALAD

1 cream cheese
1/3 cup chopped nuts
⅛ teaspoon salt
36 large cherries

Mash cream cheese, add nuts and salt and mix well. Shape into little rolls. Remove pits from cherries and stuff with cheese rolls. Arrange heart leaves of lettuce on individual salad plates, place 6 cherries on each plate and serve with mayonnaise dressing sprinkled with chopped nuts. Makes 6 servings.

NEW COMBINATION SALAD

¾ cup cooked peas
¾ cup chopped cooked carrots
¾ cup chopped cooked beets
3 medium-sized green peppers
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Marinate peas, carrots and beets separately. Season with salt and pepper. Cut ¼ inch rings of the green pepper. Place 3 rings on a bed of shredded lettuce or cabbage. Fill one ring with peas, one with carrots and the other with beets. Serve with French dressing or mayonnaise. Garnish with small radish roses. Makes 6 servings.

SPRINGTIME SALAD

Slice onions very thin and marinate in French dressing. Arrange fresh crisp watercress on individual salad plates and put onions on it. Serve with French dressing and sprinkle with paprika.

TOMATO SURPRISE SALAD

2/3 cup cooked peas
2/3 cup chopped celery
1½ cups shredded cabbage
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
6 medium-sized tomatoes

Mix peas, celery, cabbage, salt and paprika together. Marinate in French dressing and chill thoroughly. Pour boiling water over tomatoes to loosen skins. Peel and remove pulp from centers. Chill. Fill tomato shells with vegetable mixture, thoroughly drained. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise dressing. Sprinkle top with chopped olives or capers and stick a celery curl in center of each. Makes 6 servings.

GREEN MOUNTAINS SALAD

3 cups cooked spinach
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1½ teaspoons onion juice
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika

Chop spinach very fine and press out all excess moisture. Add lemon juice, onion juice, salt and paprika. Mix thoroughly. Pack into custard cups greased with salad oil and chill. Remove from molds onto beds of crisp lettuce. Garnish with slices of pickled beet and sprinkle with hard-cooked egg pressed through a sieve. Serve with French dressing. Makes 6 servings.

CANTELOUPE SALAD

Halve canteloupes and remove seeds. Scoop out balls of melon with a French vegetable cutter or a round bowled spoon. Chill thoroughly. Arrange in nest of heart leaves of lettuce. Sprinkle with chopped mint and chopped maraschino cherries. Serve with French dressing.

Watermelon salad made the same way is delicious.

JELLIED GINGER-ALE SALAD

3 tablespoons gelatin
4 tablespoons cold water
½ cup boiling water
¼ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ cups ginger ale
2/3 cup white grapes or fresh cherries
1 banana
2 oranges
1/3 cup chopped nuts

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice, sugar and ginger ale. Cut grapes or cherries in halves and remove seeds. Slice banana thin. Separate oranges in sections and discard membrane. When ginger ale mixture begins to stiffen fold in fruit and nuts. Turn into individual molds dipped in cold water and chill. When ready to serve unmold on beds of crisp lettuce and serve with whipped cream mayonnaise. Makes 6 servings.

CHICKEN SALAD

3 large cucumbers
3 cups cooked chicken, cut in cubes
1 cup celery, cut in pieces
1 cup cucumbers, cut in cubes
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon chopped sour pickle

Chill cucumbers and cut in halves lengthwise. Scoop out pulp, being careful not to break outside shell. Place cucumber boats in ice water to make crisp. Cut pulp in cubes. Marinate chicken, celery, cucumber and pickle. Add salt, and chill thoroughly. When ready to serve drain and mix with mayonnaise. Wipe cucumber boat dry, fill with mixture and arrange on leaves of Romaine. Place a celery curl upright in each boat and two cooked asparagus tips for oars on both sides of boat. Garnish with watercress and serve with Green Pepper Mayonnaise. Tuna fish may be used instead of chicken, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

Wash and cook fresh asparagus in boiling salted water until tender but not soft. Drain and while hot marinate with French dressing. Let stand until cold, then chill thoroughly in ice-box. Drain, arrange on lettuce and garnish with large strawberries which have been marinated with the hulls on. Serve with mayonnaise or cooked dressing. Canned asparagus can be used if desired. Fresh whole cooked string beans well marinated are attractive served this way and garnished with radish roses instead of strawberries.

SALAD COFFEE BISCUIT

1½ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
3 tablespoons fat
½ cup strong coffee

Sift together flour, baking-powder, salt and sugar. Cut in fat. Add coffee to make soft dough. Roll out lightly on floured board and cut in tiny biscuit. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) ten minutes or until brown.

Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.

Crushed into creaminess

FOR any nuts to be enjoyed as much as they ought to be, they must be masticated very thoroughly. Otherwise they are likely not to be readily digested.

Here is Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Just peanuts, broken so finely in the process of making that they are the easiest food ever to digest. Finely crushed peanuts and a little salt—all that is used to make up this delightful spread.

Get a jar. Leave it in a handy place for everyone to come to when he is hungry—father and the youngsters, too. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is good for the children—nourishing and healthful. And it certainly has the most wonderful flavor as a sandwich filling, either by itself or combined with other fillings. Your grocer sells Beech-Nut Peanut Butter in vacuum-sealed glass jars.

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Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"

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Please send, without expense to me, Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Beech-Nut Book of menus, recipes and service information.

Name .....
Street .....
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It's a different kind of a wash fabric

Better for dresses ~ Better for childrens clothes

★YARN DYED — GUARANTEED

SUNPROOF, TUBPROOF

You can see the difference and feel the difference in Devonshire Cloth when you buy it. But only long, hard wear reveals all Devonshire's unseen quality.

DEVONSHIRE Cloth is a distinct, different, *individual* fabric—NOT a Gingham. It is light, yet closely woven, astonishingly durable and resistant to wrinkling.

Guaranteed Sunproof and Tubproof

All of the charming Devonshire colors and patterns are *dyed in the yarn** and woven in—not printed on or dyed in the piece after weaving.

Colors will neither run nor fade despite constant tubbing with *any* soap, and long exposure to the hottest sun. Moreover—unlike fabrics which contain a large amount of dressing, or filling, Devonshire does not become loose, sleazy or easily stretched after washing and ironing.

Famous for 13 years

For 13 years women have found this fabric ideal for house dresses, aprons, children's clothes, rompers and creepers.

Sold at dry goods stores near you. Genuine has the full name stamped on the selvage.

Send for FREE Sample

Send today for free folder showing 20 smart Spring Devonshire colors and actual sample of this remarkable fabric. Mention the name of the store where you deal.

**See column at lower left.*

RENFREW MFG. CO.
ADAMS *Dept. B* MASS.

★*Facts you should know about yarn-dyed fabrics*

Make sure in buying wash goods that you are getting a *yarn-dyed* fabric. There is an important difference.

A *yarn*-dyed fabric—such as Devonshire Cloth—is *dyed in the yarn*, and after each thread has thoroughly and evenly absorbed the color, the yarn is woven into cloth. A *piece*-dyed or printed fabric is first woven. *Then* it is printed, or the whole piece is immersed in dye and colored.

You'll note these facts about *yarn-dyed* Devonshire Cloth:

1. Colors are clear, even and totally devoid of harsh crudeness.
2. Every part of yarn is completely saturated with color and no matter how thin the thread may wear, the color will always be the same. A dress made of yarn-dyed Devonshire Cloth will not wear "light" at the elbows or knees.
3. Devonshire Cloth is always absolutely *uniform* in quality.

You can be sure of all the important advantages of yarn-dyed fabrics by buying genuine Renfrew DEVONSHIRE Cloth. See that the full name is stamped on the selvage.

Steady, hard scrubbing for 3 minutes in a soap solution heated to 120 degrees Fahrenheit produces no change in Devonshire colors.

Devonshire undergoing Peroxide Bleach test. A more severe trial than you would ever give it—yet colors are unaffected by even this.

SUN-PROOF
TUB-PROOF

Renfrew
DEVONSHIRE
Cloth

"A whole dinner can be cooked at once!" her husband exclaimed

George's Practical Gift

By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough

MRS. PALMER stood at the sink, peeling potatoes. With a preoccupied gaze, she looked out of the window; only the smug vegetable garden stared back at her.

It lay there in straight unimaginative rows, flourishing and well-tended by George's own prosaic hands. But what did it hold? Potatoes and cabbage! The potatoes and cabbage of life pursued her. Her artistic soul rebelled against the pressure of the commonplace.

She dropped her slim hands limply on the edge of the sink as her gaze settled dolefully on the hateful spot. Suddenly, under her intent eyes, the dreary landscape changed. The hillside was covered with trees, the cabbage patch greened into a velvety lawn. Brilliant people gathered at a lawn fête. Mrs. Palmer, the center of the group of art admirers, was radiant in a gown of palest green, the very shade so becoming to her blond hair and fair skin. The gown was her birthday gift from her husband, the gift most desired, next to a chance to take up her painting again now that the children were in school.

A sharp ring at the front door! The lawn party faded; the cabbage patch returned.

She ran into the living-room and peeped out. An express wagon! Had George remembered her birthday after all, dear old practical George? Was he sending her an easel? Or was it the gown of her vision? Her heart fluttered. She opened the door breathlessly.

"Case, ma'am."

"Why—what can it be?" stammered Mrs. Palmer, aghast at the huge case on the porch. How could it contain a dainty gown or artist's materials?

"Mrs. George Palmer?"

"Yes—but we haven't bought anything—anything big like that. There must be a mistake."

"A cooker, ma'am."

Potatoes and cabbage again! Her brow puckered. Why was George always giving her something *he* wanted her to have not what *she* wanted?

For a moment she was filled with resentment. And yet, was it fair to complain when George was so thoughtful, generous, in love with her? Why, his only fault was practicality! Hadn't *she* a fault?

In the midst of her unhappy reflections, her husband came in. His eyes were a-twinkle, hers dark wells of gloom.

"Don't you like your birthday gift?" he asked.

"Birthday gift? This thing my birthday gift? I wanted a gown—or paints."

"This is loads better! Will outlast dozens of gowns. Think of what you can cook with it!" as he dashed to the cellar for hammer and chisel.

Potatoes and cabbage again! Mrs. Palmer burst into fresh tears. But her husband was too pleased with his purchase to notice. Off came the top of the case, out came the cooker and utensils.

"Now, Sue, you'll have to learn how to take care of it. You must always wipe the compartments dry after using, the man said, to prevent odors."

ANOTHER burden added, she thought; then the coloring of the booklet he held caught her eye. She drew closer.

"'An automatic timer,'" he read, as she leaned against him. "'Connect with lamp socket, pre-heat, put food in, close lid, set timer—and off you may go and forget the cooking.'"

"Forget the potatoes and cabbage?"

"Exactly. It's just like those new electrically-heated fireless cookers, you know, except for the heat element in the lid for boiling. Isn't it a saver of time and effort! You can go to the movies, entertain, read, do anything—"

"Paint?"

"Why not?"

This time she smiled guiltily as her husband's enthusiasm ran on: "Aren't these triplicate pans great? Three foods cooked in one compartment. Then on top goes the roast. A whole dinner can be cooked at once!"

Her thoughts took flight as she dreamed of what this meant for her.

"I love it!" she burst out at last.

"I love *you* because *you're you.*"

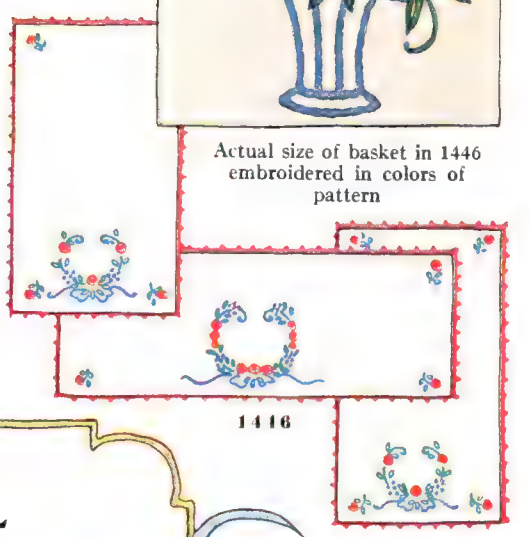
And that is why, when I commented on the skill of Sue Palmer's poster at our Bazaar, which was held several months later, she said:

"It's all due to a fireless, and a practical husband! Without these, I never would have found time to paint."

Actual size of motif in 1446 embroidered in colors of pattern

1446

Actual size of basket in 1446 embroidered in colors of pattern



1446

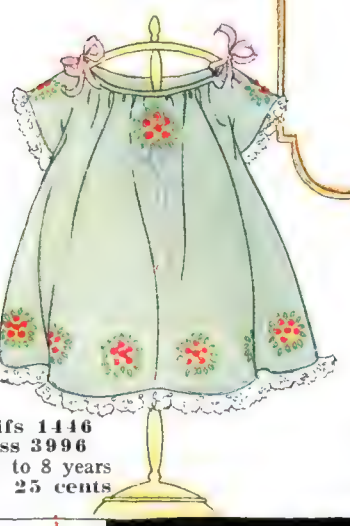
Motifs 1446
Underthings 3656
Sizes 14, 16, 36 to 46
Price, 35 cents

THE NEW McCALL MULTI-COLOR TRANSFERS

They Stamp in Full Colors You Follow the Stamped Colors in the Embroidery

ASK TO SEE McCALL MULTI-COLOR TRANSFERS
Nos. 1446 and 1447

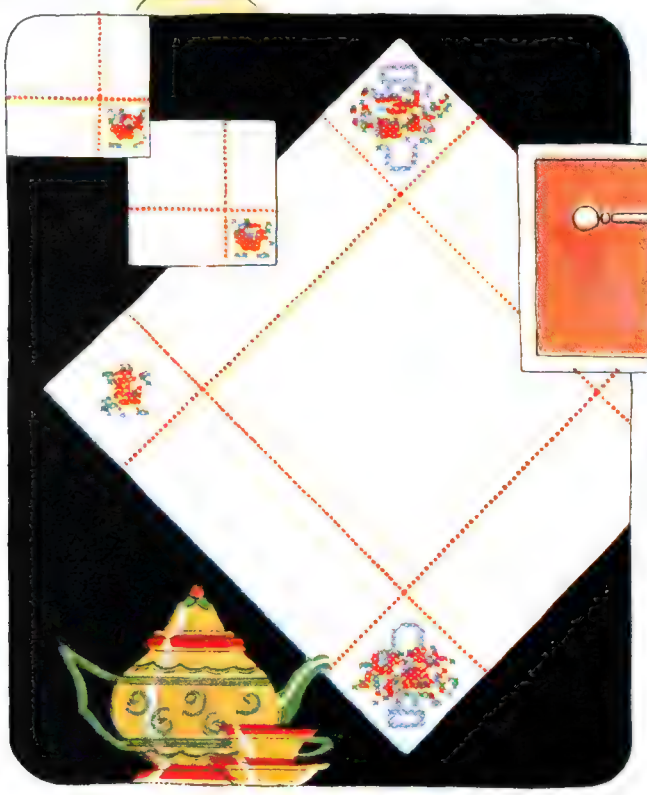
Motifs 1446
Dress 2358
Sizes 1 to 8 years
Price, 25 cents



Motifs 1446
Dress 3996
Sizes 2 to 8 years
Price, 25 cents

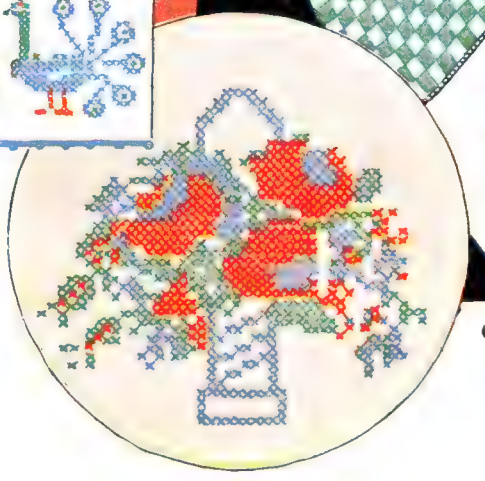
No. 1446. McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Design for Multi-Color Motifs.—The flowers stamp in pink and blue, the leaves in green and the ribbon and baskets in blue. With this pattern even a child can always embroider the right color in the right place. For outline-, lazy-daisy-, and rambler-rose-stitch or French knots. 1 sheet of motifs in pattern. Price, 35 cents. This design stamps on all light and medium colors but will not stamp on black, navy blue, dark brown and other dark colors.

No. 1447. McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Design for Multi-Color Cross-stitch.—The motifs stamp as illustrated below in a combination of green, blue and rose. You follow the stamped colors in the embroidery just as the artist planned when making the design. Includes 2 baskets 5½ inches across, 8 single rose motifs, 1 double-bird motif 3¾ x 10 inches. Price, 35 cents.



1447

These Multi-Color designs are made by a new patented process exclusively for the McCall Company



Cross-stitch Motifs 1447 used on table linen. See description above

From Paris Comes the Smartest of Two-Piece Frocks

4068 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4081 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

4064 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4061 Jumper Skirt
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
3990 Blouse
6 sizes, 34 to 44

4062 Dress
sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

No. 4068, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch or 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2½ yards. The box-pleated front flounce and plain back are smart.

No. 4081, Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress; with circular side panels. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. A simple and practical frock for every day wear.

No. 4062, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves; two-piece straight skirt with draped panel at front. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 4064, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; slip-on blouse; two-piece camisole skirt with pleated front. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material; collar, ¼ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4061, Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Skirt; two-piece with insets at front and sides; tailored welt pockets. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2¾ yards.

No. 3990, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch or 2⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Blouse is made with a roll collar and set-in sleeves with turn-back cuffs. Opening on hip.

Afternoon Dresses of French Inspiration

4090 Dress
6 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46
Emb. No. 1357

4110 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4105 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 723

4111 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4101 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4112 Dress
5 sizes, 12 to 20

No. 4096, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1357 may be used in lazy-daisy-stitch and French knots.

No. 4110, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch; sleeves, 1¼ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4105, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch, scarf, 2⅝ yards of 9-inch material. Width, about 1⅝ yards. Embroidery No. 723 in satin-stitch is suggested.

No. 4111, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 2¼ yards of 40-inch; lace, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 4101, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4119, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch, 3 yards of 3¼-inch ribbon. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Embroidery No. 1350 in buttonhole-stitch may be used.

No. 4112, MISSES' AND JUNIOR'S DRESS. Size 16, 2⅞ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

OUTFITTING THE BRIDE

BY

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

ONE of the sensible economies in this sensible age is the elimination, in a bridal trousseau, of a mass of unnecessary garments. Another move in the right direction is the abolition of a staggering price for the bridal gown and veil which is often discarded after the ceremony and laid away in lavender. Fashions change rapidly these days. No bride wants her closet littered with useless things before the season is half over. The bridal chest holds heaps of house linen with pads of lavender, and boxes of fine underwear perfumed with sachet. These are the things on which the majority of dollars are now spent. They last, but gowns and hats do not. Coats change their fashion almost while one is wearing them. Bridal frocks should be in the mode of the day, so that they may be used to serve gay occasions during the summer. They are chosen with this in mind, by practical brides, unless one has money enough to discard them after the ceremony.

Working along such a sane and practical schedule the bride's mother is saved exhaustion and her father is saved a pile of bills that convince him that the ways of the Hottentots are best. The girl, herself, is prevented from looking like a frump while wearing out a mass of clothes that have lost touch with the current fashion. Therefore be warned in advance. Make just enough clothes and no more. Later in the season, replenish the wardrobe. Do this throughout the year. It will keep you happy and well-dressed. Control the old-fashioned impulse to arrange an outfit that would serve a bride for a year when fashion was almost standardized. Those were times when the silhouette didn't change as you slept. A woman was able to take off a gown at night and awake to find it still in style. One feels that such conditions are never to return. It is the urge of women to appear in new raiment and they cannot do it when they put all their money into an outfit to last a year. This is true of all women whether bride or middle-aged mother.

It is wise to choose a bridal gown that is able to give service through the summer. Don't think of autumn. Dismiss it from your calculations. The fabric should be of georgette crêpe, chiffon or any of the fine and fanciful weaves of silk. Chinese crêpes with large or small patterns are excellent. Soft, thin brocade will also do. The dead white tones [*Turn to page 74*]

4119 Dress
7 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1350

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 68.

Paris Endorses Simple Frocks For Everyday

4107 Jacket Jumper
9 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 46
4071 Blouse
4 sizes, 34 to 40
4077 Skirt
6 sizes, 30 to 40

4030 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 46
Emb. No. 1337

4122 Jumper Skirt
7 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 42
4086 Blouse
7 sizes, 34 to 46

3987 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 44

4119 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 42
Emb. No. 1193

4051 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 46

3980 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 42

No. 4107, Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Jumper. Size 36, 1¾ yards of 36-inch or ⅞ yard of 54-inch material.

No. 4119, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; slip-on blouse. Size 36, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. A cross-stitch banding may be made from embroidery No. 1193.

No. 4030, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Embroidery No. 1337 in darning-stitch would be smart.

No. 4071, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36, 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Smocking included.

No. 4077, Ladies' and Misses' Low-Waisted Skirt. Size 34, 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

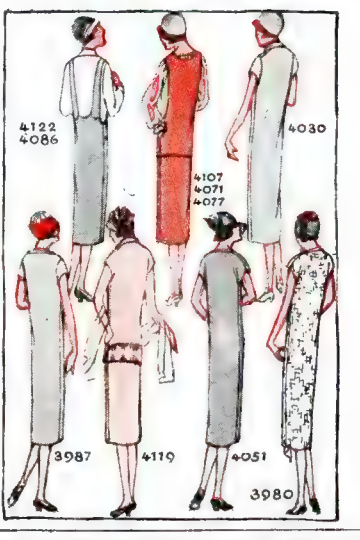
No. 4122, Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Skirt. Size 36, 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4086, Ladies' Blouse. Size 36, 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material. The tailored blouse is a smart accessory with the jumper skirt.

No. 3987, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 4051, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36, 3 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 3980, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; jabot, 1⅝ yards of 20-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.



[Continued from page 73]

are preferred for hot weather, although cream and ivory shades are still liked for winter. Preference is given to georgette crêpe this season by brides who depart from conventional white satin which, lovely as it is, has no special merit for a June wedding. If a train is desired, it can be of satin or brocade, but the smart young women who are married at home, prefer a reasonably short skirt minus a train. The long, voluminous veil is a graceful substitute. Under a thin bridal frock there must be an elaborate one-piece slip of fine silk crêpe de Chine. Silk allows the soft texture of the gown to drop in graceful convolutions. This slip should be edged with good lace at top and at hem. Make the straps over the shoulders of white silk or lace, either of which are effective.

The accepted skirt length of fourteen inches from the floor is not for the bridal frock. It should clear the ankles, but it should have dignity as its basis and it must be long enough to support a train or a veil of tulle. If it is nearly up to the knees, the effect is grotesque.

No one particular style of wedding gown predominates this summer, but the so-called period gown with full skirt, long slim bodice and short sleeves is worn as often as the straight chemise frock. There must be no attempt at undue ornamentation. A garland of orange buds and a shower of them attached to long, satin streamers at one side is essential. Also a piece of precious lace at the de-colletage is permissible, if one is sentimental about such accessories to be handed down to posterity or borrowed from ancestors. However, such frivolities are the limit of decoration. It is rarely possible to persuade the bride's mother that the ancestral lace veil is difficult to arrange, and, usually a failure in grace. So, if this cumbersome thing must be worn, let it be mounted on quantities of white tulle. Whatever the arrangement of the veil, be sure to buy more tulle than you think you need. Too much is

Replicas From the Model Makers of Paris

4122
Jumper Skirt
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
4071 Blouse
4 sizes, 34 to 40

4103 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

4106 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1376

4098 Dress
8 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 44

4096 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

4105 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4104 Dress
9 sizes,
34 to 50
Emb.
No. 811

never enough. A scanty and stingy drapery can completely spoil the loveliest costume.

The head-dress must be governed by the bride's face. The cap with a wide band of orange buds mounted on silk net, and tightly drawn about the forehead, is the prevailing fashion. Another smart head-dress is a pleated crown of lace holding down the tulle cap. This is too heavy over a large face however. Fragile faces and wide florid faces must be treated differently. Whatever you choose, get away from the boudoir cap resemblance. Slippers should be white satin. The buckles, if any, of flat orange flowers. If simpler ornamentation is desired, small, flat bows of satin are good. The height of heels are to be governed by the height of the bride's father and the groom. No girl wants to tower over the man with whom she walks.

The Going-Away Gown

We continue to call the costume that follows the wedding frock by the nice old-fashioned name of the "the going-away gown." It is prettier than the European term: "travelling frock." It is as important as the wedding robe in a certain sense, for it must serve far oftener, and be seen by more people. The new ribbed silks are admirable for this gown. So is Chinese crêpe, not too thin, for if it needs the constant services of a hot iron life becomes burdensome. Tailored printed chiffon is the newest thing. It is printed in dark and practical colors and is cool and pleasant to wear. A cool gown with a matching top coat for warmth is the best choice, and is better than a tailored coat and skirt, for the reason that the thin frock serves for afternoon hours, for dinners, and the theatre, if necessary. The tailored suit is restricted to informal hours. The small printed foulards are more practical than chiffon, although not as fashionable. The foulard pattern should be small, but it may be brilliant in coloring. The top coat should not be of tweed or sturdy [*Turn to page 76*]

No. 4096, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; sleeves, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4105, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 36-inch material; all-over lace, 1⅞ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4122, Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Skirt. Size 36, 1¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4071, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36, 2⅛ yards of 40-inch. Smocking included.

No. 4103, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress with Guimpe. Size 36, 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material; guimpe, 1¼ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 4106, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36, 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 2 yards. Poppy motif in running and single stitches from Embroidery No. 1376 may be used.

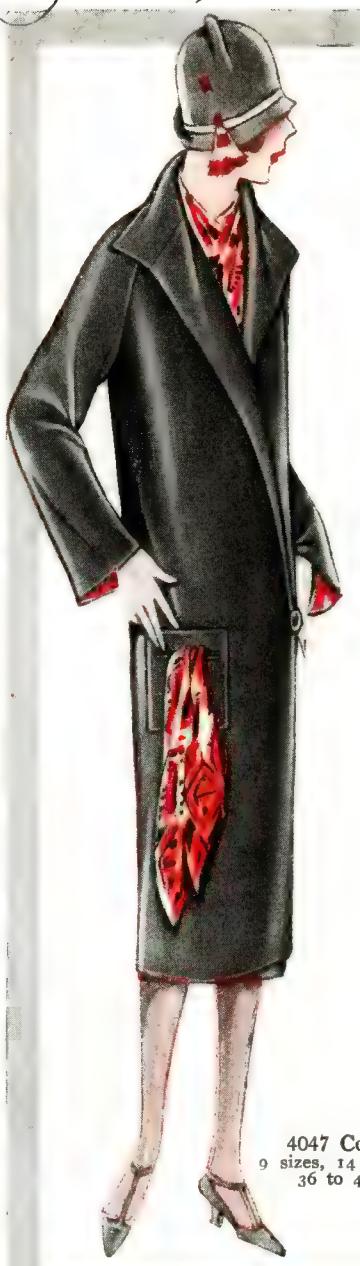
No. 4098, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4104, Ladies' Dress. Size 36, 4¼ yards of 36 inch; vest and collar, ⅝ yard of 32-inch. Width, about 2½ yards. Braid banding and motif from Embroidery No. 811 suggested to trim.

The Tailored Mode is Youthful

4084 Ensemble Suit
9 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 46
Emb. No. 1296.

4023 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 46
4054 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 46

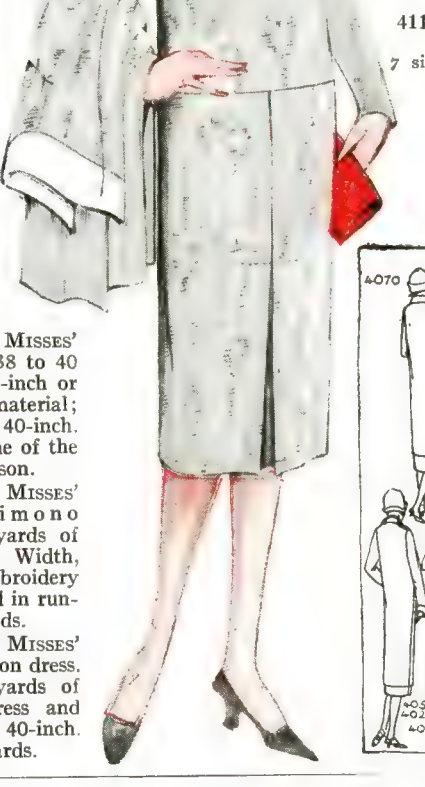


4047 Coat
9 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 46

4070
8 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 44

4082 Ensemble Suit
8 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 44
Emb. No. 1409

4117 Cape
3 sizes, Small, medium, large
3980 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 42
Emb. No. 1411



4116 Ensemble Suit
7 sizes, 14 to 18 36 to 42

[*Continued from page 75*]

stuff, unless one goes to a cold climate for the honeymoon. There are light weight fabrics a-plenty for such coats. It should be made in the prevailing fashion nearly, if not quite as long as the skirt; slim as a pencil, long-sleeved, and slightly double-breasted, with mannish revers and small armholes. The fabric may be plain or figured. The point of importance is that it must match or harmonize with the frock.

Felt hats are smart for travel. They are smarter than straw; but they are not so cool. The bride must choose between comfort and style. If it is to be straw, the hat's decoration must be reduced to a minimum. No fanciful flowers nor buckles nor outstanding bows which lose shape and catch dust. Gloves should be washable and loose, of the slip-on gauntlet type. Nothing in dress is in worse taste than to travel in clothes that are frivolously ornamental and gay. There is economy in choosing a perfectly appointed travelling costume as an asset to the trousseau, for it lasts longer into another season than any other type of costume and it gives more constant service.

No. 4084, Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Suit. Size 36, coat, 2¾ yards of 54-inch; dress and lining, 7⅛ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards. Rosettes may be made from Embroidery No. 1296.

No. 4023, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with two-piece trimming band. Size 36, upper section, 2¼ yards of 40-inch; band, ⅞ yard of 40-inch; inset, ¼ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 4054, Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; lining and facings, 3¼ yards of 40-inch. A smart ensemble when worn with dress No. 4023.

No. 4047, Ladies' and Misses' Coat; raglan sleeves. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch or 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3⅜ yards of 36-inch. Youthfully smart and easy to make.

No. 4082, Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Suit. Size 36, coat and dress, 7⅛ yards of 40-inch; coat lining, 3¼ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Darning-stitch Embroidery No. 1409 may be used.

No. 4070, Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with pleated flounce in front. Size 36, 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3¾ yards of 36-inch. The back is plain and straight.

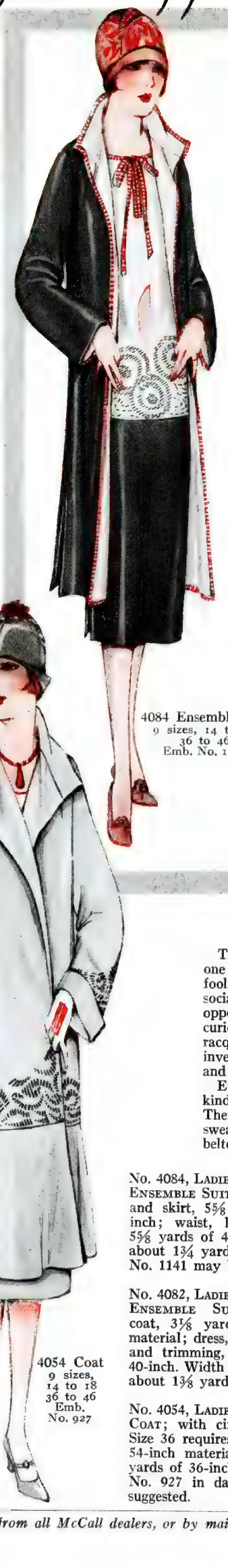
No. 4117, Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, 2½ yards of 40-inch or 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch. A georgette cape is one of the new features this season.

No. 3980, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Embroidery No. 1411 may be used in running-stitches and beads.

No. 4116, Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Suit; slip-on dress. Size 36, coat, 2¼ yards of 40-inch material; dress and lining, 5⅜ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

Smart Apparel for Out-of-Doors

4082 Ensemble Suit
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44



4084 Ensemble Suit
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46
Emb. No. 1141

4058 Coat
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44

4117 Cape
3 sizes,
Small,
medium, large

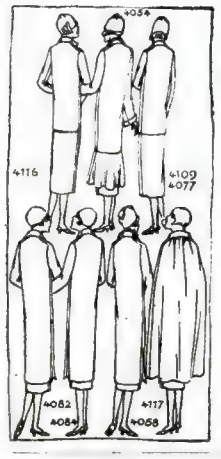
3980 Dress
7 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 42

4116
Ensemble Suit
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4109 Coat
8 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 44

4077 Skirt
6 sizes,
30 to 40

4054 Coat
9 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 46
Emb.
No. 927



The rest of the trousseau must be chosen according to the social life one leads and to the climate in which one lives. Evening frocks are foolish extravagance for the girl who doesn't take part in any kind of social life. Smart afternoon frocks are useless if one doesn't have the opportunity to go to luncheons, card parties and teas. But sports clothes, curiously enough, are necessary even to those who don't know a tennis racquet from a snowshoe. Most of our modern life is lived in garments invented by capricious French dressmakers, copied from the English and called "le sport."

Even rich, fashionable folk, have eliminated any number of different kinds of gowns, once considered essential, in favor of sports clothes. Therefore a multiple number of jumpers, separate skirts, bright wool sweaters, and simple one-piece frocks buttoned down the front and belted with bright leather should make the bulk of the bridal outfit.

No. 4084, Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Suit. Size 36, coat and skirt, 5⅝ yards of 40-inch; waist, lining, facings, 5⅝ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards. Embroidery No. 1141 may be used.

No. 4082, Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Suit. Size 36, coat, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material; dress, lining, facings and trimming, 6¾ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 4054, Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with circular flounce. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3¾ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 927 in darning-stitch is suggested.

No. 4058, Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Size 36, 3⅞ yards of 40-inch or 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3⅜ yards of 36-inch. The long slender lines give the youthful touch so much desired.

No. 4117, Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, requires 4 yards of 40-inch or 3 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch. A smart wrap for wear over summer frocks.

No. 3980, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; closing at left shoulder. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards. For brocade or printed crêpe.

No. 4116, Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Suit. Size 36, coat and skirt, 2½ yards of 54-inch material; waist, lining, facings, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4109, Ladies' and Misses' Suit Coat; hip length. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2¼ yards of 36-inch. Welt pockets and double-breasted closing lend a mannish effect.

No. 4077, Ladies' and Misses' Low-waisted Skirt; for corsetless figure; three pieces with inset at front. Size 34 requires 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1⅝ yards.

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the needless pain of burns and other injuries

SMALL hands that are into everything! How often they get burned and hurt!

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Unguentine gives almost instant relief from the pain of burns and scalds—and from wounds of every kind. If you have never used Unguentine you will be astonished at its effectiveness.

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Afternoon and Evening Frocks to Complete the Trousseau

4111 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

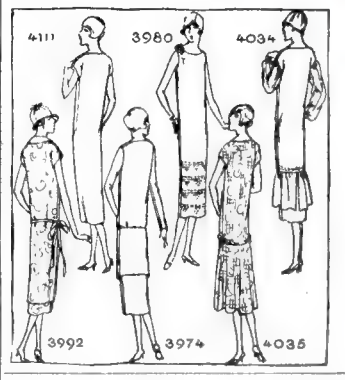
3980 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 969

3992 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

3974 Dress
6 sizes, 16 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1298

4035 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4034 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1352



No. 3974, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; tunic blouse; with slip. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Beaded motif may be made from Embroidery No. 1298.

No. 4035, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with short kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch or 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2½ yards.

No. 3980, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Beaded banding from Embroidery No. 969 would be smart.

No. 4111, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard of 36-inch lace. Width at lower edge, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 3992, LADIES' AND MISSES' TUNIC DRESS; with kimono sleeves and jabot. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ⅞ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 4034, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; bishop sleeves. Size 36, 4⅛ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Embroidery No. 1352 in chain- and single-stitch and French knots may be used.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 68.

Simplicity Characterizes the Smart Bridal Frock

4049 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1291

4045 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4062 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46
Emb. No. 1221

3963 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44

4112 Dress
5 sizes, 12 to 20

4029 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

No. 3963, LADIES' AND MISSES' EVENING DRESS; with draped tunic. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material; tunic, 2 yards of 27-inch lace. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4045, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; tunic with godets; camisole skirt. Size 36, tunic and skirt, 4 yards of 40-inch material; godets, 1 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4062, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; skirt with draped panel. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Embroidery No. 1221 may be developed in beads.

No. 4049, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; four-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¾ yards. Beaded trimming may be made from Embroidery No. 1291.

No. 4112, MISSES' AND JUNIOR'S DRESS; kimono sleeves; straight gathered skirt. Size 18, 3 yards of 40-inch material; 2 yards of banding. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 4029, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened by bishop sleeves. Size 36, 3 yards of 40 inch material; contrasting, 2¼ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 68.

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Distributors in all principal cities

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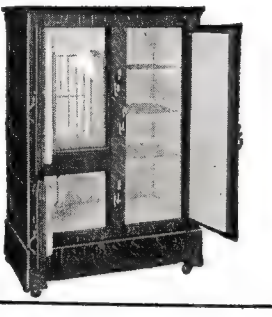

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Demonstrate on your own shoes with Dyanshine's "Dry Dauber Demonstrator", the quickness and ease with which color is restored, scuffs concealed and shoes shined. *Send 4c in stamps for packing and postage.*

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CITY_____

STATE_____

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

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Smart Blouses in two Lengths

3990 Blouse
6 sizes, 34 to 44

3828 Blouse
6 sizes, 34 to 44

3960 Slip
8 sizes, 14 to 16
36 to 46

4118 Blouse
6 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 40
Emb. No. 1436

3960 Slip
8 sizes, 14 to 16
36 to 46

4077 Skirt
6 sizes, 30 to 40

4039 Skirt
7 sizes,
27 to 39

No. 4077, LADIES' AND MISSES' LOW-WAISTED SKIRT; three pieces with front inset. Size 34 requires 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4039, LADIES' AND MISSES' LOW-WAISTED SKIRT; two pieces with pleated insets. Size 31 requires 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 3990, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Blouse slips on over the head and fastens on each hip.

No. 3828, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch or 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material. A belt effect is achieved by means of a slash and gathers at each side.

No. 3960, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP; two-piece lower section. Size 36, upper section, 2 yards of 36-inch; lower section, ⅞ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 4118, LADIES' AND MISSES' TUNIC BLOUSE. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Bright embroidery in cross-stitch would be effective, using Embroidery No. 1436.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 68.

So easy to use this

Patching Plaster

YOU can patch cracks and holes easily and quickly with Rutland Patching Plaster. And the patch will *stay*. It will not shrink as Plaster of Paris shrinks. Neither will it crack, crumble nor fall out.

It does not dry or "set" instantly—hence is easy for anyone to use. You can paint or paper over it without shellacing and the patch will not "spot" through. Has many other uses—repairing stucco walls, pointing brick work, etc.

Rutland Patching Plaster comes all ready to use, in handy cartons like prepared flour. Just add water. Buy it at paint, wall-paper and hardware stores. If your dealer hasn't it, mail the coupon below. Send no money. We will send you a 2½ lb. carton and you can pay the postman 30c. plus postage, upon delivery.

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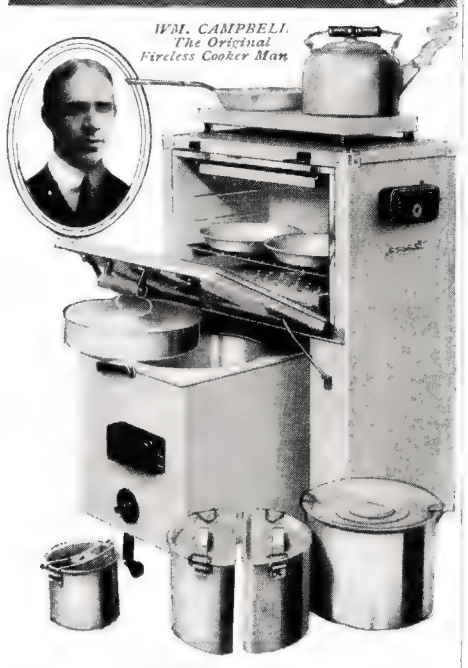

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HERE'S a wonderful invention—just what thousands of homes are waiting for. It's a small, compact electric range on which you can do all your cooking, baking, broiling, frying with all the advantages of electricity, plus the many advantages and economy of fireless cooking. Just think of it! An electric range, combined with fireless cooking features. Ideal for the small home and practical for any home. Especially valuable for kitchenette apartments.

This is a *complete* combination electric range and electric fireless cooker. Has double electric grill on top for frying, cooking, etc., a deep 17-inch oven for baking, roasting, etc., and a big electrically heated fireless cooker compartment. Oven is big enough to hold a large turkey or three loaves of bread. Slow, fast or medium heat. Automatic Control Box shuts off electricity at the right time, and cooking or roasting continues on fireless cooking principle. Fuel saving, work saving, time saving and wonderful in better cooked, more delicious foods.

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Lighten your work with
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4114 Sport Blouse
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

4055 Blouse
6 sizes,
34 to 44

3960
Slip
8 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 46

4046 Skirt
6 sizes, 30 to 40

4121 Skirt
6 sizes, 30 to 40

4118 Tunic Blouse
6 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 40
Emb. No. 1417

3960
Slip
8 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 46

No. 4055, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch or 1½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4121, LADIES' LOW-WAISTED SKIRT; three piece with band at lower edge. Size 34 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 4046, LADIES' LOW-WAISTED SKIRT; tucked in box-pleated effect. Size 34 requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4114, LADIES' AND MISSES' SPORT BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting collar, cuffs and belt, ⅜ yard of 54-inch.

No. 4118, LADIES' AND MISSES' TUNIC BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. Embroidery No. 1417 in cross-stitch may be used effectively.

No. 3960, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 68.

Sheba's gifts to Solomon included precious dyes.

Color Variety is the secret of charm in dress

Shades of orchid or lavender (mauve) are Fashion's color decrees for Spring and Summer. Don't think of discarding a favorite waist or frock if the fabric is serviceable. Try the sensible economy of freshening and brightening garments by means of

New Improved
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Now Guaranteed to fast-dye or tint

The process of giving new life and the charm of fashionable color to garments and household fabrics is simple, interesting and sure. You can fast-dye or tint in darker colors or in lighter shades with New Improved Rit. There are twenty-four colors and shades and numerous combination blendings from which to choose.

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Removes Old Color

Takes out color, stains and spots. The fabric then may be dyed lighter or darker as desired.

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Fast-Dyes or Tints

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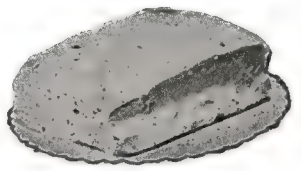

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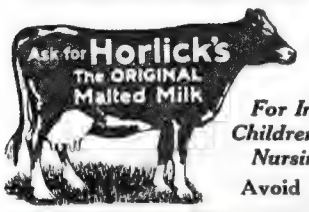

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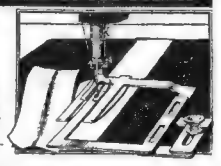

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3956 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 1357

4036 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 1387

4038 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 1296

4097 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 1338

4123 Romper
4 sizes, 1 to 4

4102 Dress
4 sizes, 2 to 8
Emb. No. 1120

4053 Jumper Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14

3964 Dress
4 sizes, 4 to 10

3886 Dress
4 sizes, 2 to 8
Emb. No. 739

No. 4036, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with yoke. Size 12, 2⅞ yards of 36 or 40-inch material. Embroidery No. 1387 in satin and outline stitch may be used effectively.

No. 4038, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at center back of yoke. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards of 36 or 40-inch material. Rosettes may be made from Embroidery No. 1296.

No. 4123, CHILD'S ROMPER; closing under leg in envelope style. Size 4, 1⅜ yards of 32- or 36-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3956, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with ruffles. Size 12, 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Lazy-daisy motif and border may be worked from Embroidery No. 1357.

No. 3964, CHILD'S DRESS; with gathered ruffles. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch or 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Opening at center back.

No. 4102, CHILD'S DRESS; with bloomers. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1120 would make a dainty trimming.

No. 4097, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with godets set in front. Size 12, 2⅜ yards of 40-inch material. The needlework may be worked in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 1338.

No. 3886, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with yoke and sleeves in one. Size 8, 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Scallops and dots may be made from Embroidery No. 739.

No. 4053, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS; with guimpe. Size 10 requires, dress, 1½ yards of 36-inch material; guimpe, 1¾ yards of 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 68.

Practical Suggestions for the Children

4097 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 983
View A

4097

3947

3947 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14

4102

4102 Dress
4 sizes, 2 to 8

3988 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 1414

4097

3988

4097 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 1350
View B

4123

4123 Romper
4 sizes, 1 to 4

No. 4097, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12, View A, 2⅜ yards of 40-inch. Embroidery No. 983 in single stitches may be used. View B, 2⅜ yards of 36-inch. Flower border in buttonhole-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1350.

4108 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 1377

4100 4108

4100 Bathing Suit
6 sizes, 4 to 14
Emb. No. 1310

4099

4099 Dress
4 sizes, 2 to 8
Emb. No. 739

No. 4102, CHILD'S DRESS; with bloomers. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 36-inch. For gingham, print, or dimity.

No. 3947, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with ruffles. Size 12 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. A simple little frock which is practical as well as smart.

No. 4100, GIRL'S BATHING SUIT; closing at shoulders; attached tights. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1310 in outline-stitch would make an appropriate trimming.

No. 4123, CHILD'S ROMPER; closing under leg in envelope style. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 27-inch or 1⅛ yards of 40-inch material. For gingham or pongee.

No. 3988, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material; insertion, 5¾ yards of 3-inch; edging, 6½ yards of ½-inch. Embroidery No. 1414, may be worked in satin-stitch.

No. 4108, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10, 2½ yards of 36-inch, collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Monogram No. 1377 in satin-stitch may be used.

No. 4099, CHILD'S DRESS; with bloomers. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material. Scallops and dots may be made from Embroidery No. 739 in buttonhole- and satin-stitch.

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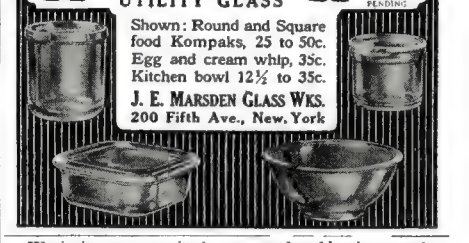

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Kitchen bowl 12½ to 35c.
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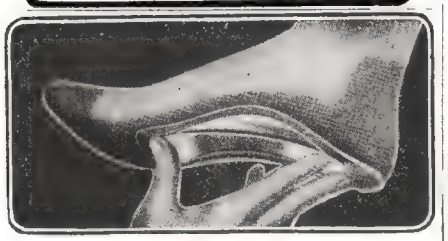

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Smart and Desirable Neccessities

No. 3858, LADIES HOUSE DRESS. Size 36, 3⅛ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4024, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN CHEMISE. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 1¾ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1120 would be smart.

No. 3999, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 3⅛ yards of 32-inch.

No. 3446, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP. Size 36, View B, 2⅝ yards of 36-inch; View A, 3 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Scallops may be made from Embroidery No. 317.

No. 4057, LADIES' AND MISSES' CHEMISE AND STEP-INS. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 2⅞ yards of 40-inch. Embroidery No. 987 suggested to trim.

No. 4027, LADIES' AND MISSES' CHEMISE AND BLOOMERS. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 2⅞ yards of 40-inch.

No. 3857, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 32-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 3398, LADIES' AND MISSES' COSTUME SLIP. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 3511, LADIES' PRINCESS SLIP. Size 36, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards. Needlework may be made from Embroidery No. 1426.

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DAINTILY EMBROIDERED TUB DRESSES FOR THE SUMMER

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

3912 Dress and Embroidery Design
4 sizes,
2 to 8 years

4125 Suit and Embroidery Design
3 sizes,
2 to 6 years

4124 Suit and Embroidery Design
3 sizes,
2 to 6 years

3971 Jumper Dress, Blouse and Embroidery Design
7 sizes
6 to 18 years

3802 Dress and Embroidery Design
5 sizes,
6 to 14 years

4012 Porch Dress and Embroidery Design
3 sizes,
Small, medium, large

4011 Porch Dress and Embroidery Design
3 sizes,
Small, medium, large

3950 Apron and Embroidery Design
One size

3970 Jumper Dress, Blouse and Embroidery Design
7 sizes,
6 to 18 years

No. 3912, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. A dainty smocked slip-on frock, with pastel embroidery and lace frills. A lavender crêpe de Chine smocked in pale yellow with roses of pink and leaves of green, makes a lovely little frock. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 36-inch material.

No. 4125, LITTLE BOY'S EMBROIDERED SUIT. Simple smocking in rose and black gives a smart touch to the tiny boy. Contrasting material is used for the trousers, collar and cuffs; ⅞ yard of each material 36-inch wide required for size 4.

No. 4124, LITTLE BOY'S EMBROIDERED SUIT. A manly smock and trousers embroidered in black darning-stitch and white satin-stitch. The collar and cuffs are of plain contrasting material. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yards of 36-inch material, and for the collar and cuffs, ⅜ yard.

No. 3802, GIRL'S EMBROIDERED DRESS. A serviceable frock suitable for tub materials worked in darning-stitch and French knots. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material.

No. 3971, MISSES' AND GIRLS' EMBROIDERED JUMPER DRESS WITH BLOUSE. A smart jumper with pockets embroidered in buttonhole-, outline- and running-stitch. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch material, blouse 1¼ yard.

No. 4011, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED PORCH DRESS. A good-looking tub dress for informal hours, embroidered in simple stitches, lazy-daisy, French knots and running-stitch. Medium size requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch material.

No. 3950, LADIES' EMBROIDERED APRON. A fetching apron of unbleached muslin with darning- and outline-stitches in black and rose. Requires 1⅜ yards 36-inch material.

No. 4012, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED PORCH DRESS. A dainty summer frock that is lovely developed with embroidery in blended colors. Small size requires 3 yards 36-inch material.

No. 3970, MISSES' AND GIRLS' JUMPER DRESS WITH EMBROIDERED BLOUSE. A modish fashion, with the popular peasant blouse embroidered in colorful cross-stitch. Suitable for the little girl too, when embroidered on voile and worn with a jumper of linen. Size 14 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch; blouse, 2¼ yards.

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By Elisabeth May Blondel

4078 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1444

3880 Dress
6 sizes, 16 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1444

3872 Dress
5 sizes,
12 to 20
Emb. No. 1445

3901 Dress
5 sizes,
12 to 20
Emb.
No. 1376

4045 Dress
7 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb.
No. 1445

No. 4078, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt with two-piece tunic. The beaded motifs, developed in colored or iridescent beads, are from Embroidery No. 1444.

No. 3880, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with drop shoulder and the new jabot. Three rows of crystal beading in delicate sprays decorate the front panel. Embroidery No. 1444.

No. 3872, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to camisole. A large poppy spray embroidered in vivid colors interprets the vogue of the hour. From Embroidery No. 1445.

No. 4045, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; sleeveless tunic blouse with modish godets of chiffon set in front. Large embroidered rose sprays adapted from Embroidery No. 1445.

No. 3901, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS; a simple youthful frock with V-shaped panel embroidered with a smart motif from Embroidery No. 1376.

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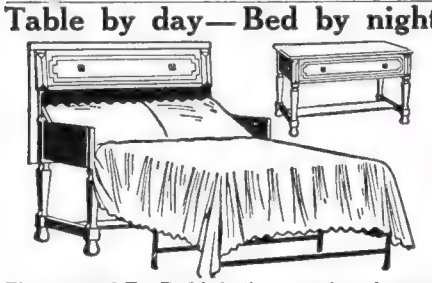

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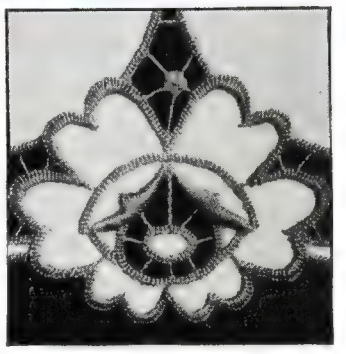
DESIGNS FOR CUT-WORK AND APPLIQUÉ

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

1442—1443

No. 1442, DESIGN FOR CUT-WORK CENTERPIECE. A stunning round centerpiece, 34 inches in diameter. This is particularly lovely, stamped on heavy white linen and embroidered in white or delft-blue perle cotton No. 5. It may also be worked in rose, yellow or any color that will harmonize with the room in which it is to be used. It matches scarf No. 1443.

No. 1443, DESIGN FOR CUT-WORK SCARF. The design is for a scarf 36 inches or longer and 16 inches wide. It matches the cut-work centerpiece No. 1442, and when stamped on heavy linen either white or écru and worked in white or delft-blue, a handsome scarf is achieved.



1442

1422—1423

1415 (below)

No. 1422, DESIGN FOR APPLIQUE BEDSPREAD. A quaint appliqué of gingham suitable for a young girl's room. The bedspread is of unbleached muslin with the gay little frock in pink checked gingham; the hollyhocks are worked in buttonhole-stitch in lavender of various shades with centers of rose French knots, and the stalks and leaves are in shades of green. Black outlines the shoulder, arm, feet and parasol.

No. 1423, DESIGN FOR HOLLYHOCK BORDER. Matches bedspread No. 1422 and when used for the curtains and dresser scarf completes a charming bedroom set. The design is worked in buttonhole, French knots, lazy-daisy- and outline-stitches.

No. 1415, DESIGN FOR KITCHEN TOWELS. Simple stitches are used to develop these attractive towel designs. Three glass and silver designs complete the set.

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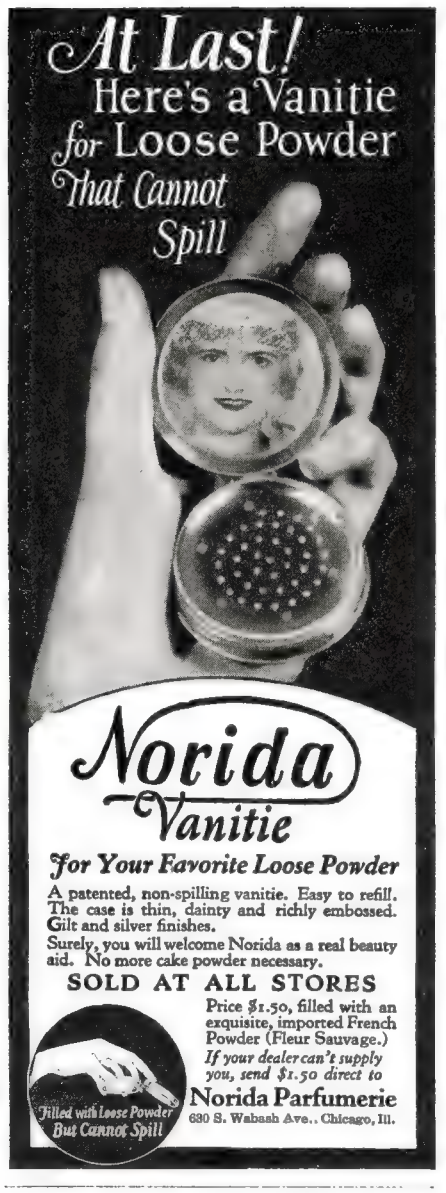
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Red Ashes

[*Continued from page 26*]

floats by. But, after all"—encouragingly—"things mayn't come to the worst. The flood may begin to subside before we're actually forced to quit."

Pamela looked down. The water washing into the room was lapping her instep now. Her eyes met Blake's in silence. There was no need for words. The next moment his arms were round her and he was holding her as though he would never let her go.

"Darling!" he exclaimed unsteadily.

"Blake—oh, Blake!" She clung to him, letting him hush her into silence. And presently she heard his voice again, deep and very tender.

"Beloved, I don't know if we're ever going to get out of this mess. I think—not. So will you tell me—it doesn't matter now to anyone—do you care? Could you have cared—as I do?"

"As you do?" she whispered. "Blake, are you sure?"

"I think"—his voice deepened again to that grave, tender note which seemed to wrap her round like a caress—"I think I loved you the very first time I saw you—do you remember? And I've loved you ever since. Whatever happens, if we die—and more than ever, if we live—remember that I love you with all there is to me—body, soul, and spirit, through this world and through eternity."

"Blake—" It was hardly more than a whisper, tremulously compact of the passion and the tenderness and the sheer selfless adoration which is love. "Blake—"

With his arms about her and his lips crushed against hers they forgot for a brief passionate and glorious space the grim figure of Death, riding on the waters.

"Blake!" There was a queer, uncertain leap in her voice. Her breath came quickly. "Blake! The water's stopped!"

In a flash he had seen what she had seen—a couple of inches of damp wood showing above where the water now lapped the door-post. For a moment or two they both stood staring at it. But, even as they watched, the length of gleaming wet wood emerging from the water increased. It was true! The flood had begun to subside almost as quickly as it had risen. The relief from the awful strain through which she had passed was too much for Pam. She tried to speak.

"Blake—" She faltered abruptly.

He swung round just in time to catch her in his arms as she fainted.

IT was about eleven o'clock in the morning, the day after the waterspout had burst over Cranruth, and Pamela was seated idly beside the roaring fire when Bubbles came into the room, accompanied by Judy and Bay Sarton.

"Oh, my dear, we only heard this morning," exclaimed Judy, embracing Pam. "What a frightful time you must have had!"

"It did seem pretty bad at the moment," admitted Pam, nodding. "But, anyway, it's all over now, and I'm really very pleased to find myself alive."

"How did you get away from the mill, finally?" inquired Bay.

"A rescue party came along with a cart and horse, as soon as the water had sunk down a bit, and took us off."

Later on, when Pam's adventure had been discussed threadbare, Bubbles carried Judy off to inspect a new hunter which had just been added to the Rakehill stables. Bay remained behind and for a few minutes he and Pamela pursued a desultory conversation. Then, without preamble, he remarked suddenly:

"Poor old Carrington! If he weren't such a confirmed bachelor, I should think he'd quite expect you to marry him after taking so much trouble to save you from a watery grave."

"Would you?"—she asked indifferently. Bay's eyes fastened on her curiously.

"Perhaps, then, you do intend to bestow your hand upon your heroic rescuer?" he demanded ironically.

Despite herself, beneath that cool, curious glance, a deep flush mounted.

"How dare you—" she began hotly.

"So it is that!" He took a step towards her. "You may as well give up the idea, Pam. I swear no other man shall have you. I'd run away with you sooner."

There was a force of complete conviction in his assertion. Passion and a reckless self-will smouldered together in his dark eyes, and for a moment she felt an actual physical faintness stealing over her. It was as though she knew that he must ultimately conquer her. A strange sensation of foreboding filled her. Some subconscious knowledge seemed to warn her that the man beside her held her happiness between his two hands—and that one day, relentlessly, he would crush it.

WHAT a merciful escape Pam's had," said Judy, as the car swung through the gates into the road. "It was a miracle."

"Yes," Bay nodded. "It was a pretty close call for both of them, I imagine."

"It might so easily have been the third tragedy," she went on.

"The third tragedy?"

"Why, there've been two in the family already—both Miles' and Harvard's lives were simply thrown away. And somehow, ever since, I've lived in dread of there being a third fatality of some kind. Things so often run in threes."

"Of course. But there have been plenty of men killed in the hunting-field. Miles' death, of course, was different."

"By the way"—Judy spoke with sudden breathlessness—"you know, don't you, that neither Toby, nor Bubbles, nor Pam have the least idea that Miles didn't die a natural death?"

"It's just as well you warned me. Good Lord! I might easily have blurted out something about it."

The car sped on, and presently, as it approached Boscowen Farm, Judy discerned Blake Carrington leaning against the gate and signed to Bay to stop.

As Bay brought the car to a standstill, a sudden, sharp ejaculation escaped him. Judy turned towards him inquiringly.

"What have you done, Bay?"

"Nothing. Just stubbed my finger against something. That's all," he answered. And then, in obedience to Judy's signal, Blake came up to the car's side.

"We've just been to see Pam," volunteered Mrs. Sarton. "She seems wonderfully cheery after such an exhausting adventure. I don't think"—critically regarding his rather drawn-looking face—"that you seem to have survived it quite so well."

"I'm all right, thanks," replied Blake.

"Oh, a man would always say that!"

Judy laughed and shook her head at him, and, after chatting for a few minutes longer, declared that they must go.

Bay was very silent during the remainder of the run back to Trethry. Only as they drew up in front of the house he exclaimed suddenly, as though the recollection had just come clearly back to him:

"I remember now where I've seen that fellow before!"

"Blake, do you mean?" asked Judy. "Where was it? In Singapore?"

"No. It was the year I was over in England. I saw him then—once. But we never spoke to each other," he added grimly, and would say no more.

When Judy and Bay had gone, the thought which had lain at the back of Pam's mind throughout the whole of the morning came uppermost. Where was Blake? She wondered if he were ill. She longed to telephone to Boscowen to find out, but something held her back—not pride, but a queer sort of shyness. And then, when this particular form of mental torture had been going on for nearly an hour, there came a knock at the door and, in answer to Pamela's, "Come in," Carrington himself entered the room.

"Toby told me I might find you here," he explained, as he closed the door behind him—closed it with a curious deliberation. There was an odd note, too, of repression in his voice, and he paused a little apart from her, making no attempt to take her in his arms.

For a minute silence held them both—a strange, impossible kind of silence, pregnant with undefined emotion. At last:

"Blake?" she said hesitatingly. "Blake?"

As though her words broke the spell which had held him motionless, he took a single stride towards her and gathered her up into his arms.

[*Continued in July* McCALL'S]

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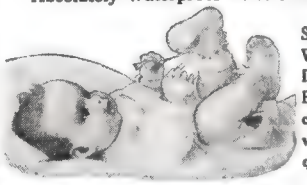

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Full Measure

[*Continued from page 5*]

hear it in lots of different versions tomorrow. It's true I wiped his boots for him, but I threw a tumbler of whisky and water over him first."

"What did you do that for?"

She laughed contemptuously. "Just to take him down a peg. He deserved it."

"What did he do?" asked Mike.

He was frowning heavily, his attitude was almost threatening; but Sally maintained a wholly emotionless demeanour. "He behaved like a bounder," she said. "Most men do some time or other, but he's worse than some. Prosperity is his trouble. He's got too much of it."

"I'll soon cure that," said Mike, "if he's dared to offer you any of his lip. What was it all about?"

"Oh, never mind!" said Sally with sudden impatience. "I can get even with him without any help from you, so don't you go interfering! Understand? I'll manage my own affairs."

"The chap isn't going to insult you."

"No, he isn't," said Sally with tight lips. "Don't you have any fears on that score! No one's going to insult me for nothing. I shall pay back—don't you be afraid!—full measure—full measure!" Her laugh had an eldritch sound. Even Mike flinched as he heard it, and let her go.

AS she had foretold, the news of her encounter with Farmer Elliott was in every mouth the following day. The village gossips were chiefly of the opinion that it would do Sally a lot of good, and were greatly disappointed when she marched down the street in the afternoon with her head as high as ever.

She knew they were thinking about her as she passed swiftly by, but it made no difference to her. The red-hot fire that burned within her had nought to do with them. It had driven her forth on that soft afternoon in August to seek the comforting solitude of open country. She yearned to be alone. A fierce and bitter rebellion was in her heart, more insistent even than the desire for vengeance—a hot resentment against the fate that had placed her where she was. So, absorbed in her own seething thoughts, she went, till the little village world dropped behind her and she entered the peaceful meadows that bounded the river's edge. A public path ran through the field behind her, but she was screened from the sight of possible passers-by by the depth of the bank. No one had ever disturbed her here and she counted upon absolute security. She closed her eyes. Only the sound of the reaping-machine over at Hunter Vale broke the stillness. How peaceful it was! And suddenly she knew that she was tired—tired to the very heart of her! Of what avail this hot anger and rebellion against destiny? Nothing could ever alter her lot. Mike had spoken of marriage. Marriage—for her! Ah! marriage and happiness were for others, but only loneliness and ignominy for her. She, the daughter of a drunkard, the sister of rogues, whose life-work was to wash their glasses and serve them with drinks!

Her throat began to work painfully as every humiliating detail of the previous night rose up before her. She had seen him before, this Farmer Elliott who had bought Hunter Vale and was making the whole of Little Chudworth gape at his energetic and business-like management thereof.

And then very suddenly she heard a sound and looked up to see a man walking on the farther side of the stream.

Her first impulse was to spring to her feet and escape, but immediately she checked it. To do so would be to attract his attention, and above all things she desired to avoid that. For the intruder who walked with such unconcern on the other side of the river was the one man whom she least desired to see at that moment—Farmer Elliott of Hunter Vale.

Painfully aware of the tear-stains she could not hide, she remained as she was, crimson with embarrassment, quivering with mortification, and a fierce fire of anger against him raging in her heart.

"What's the matter?" he said.

She gave a great start. His voice had a slightly constrained note, but it was not unfriendly. Yet to Sally the bare question was fuel to the flame.

"There's nothing the matter," she told him, in a voice that hissed at him like an angry snake, "so long as you keep out of the way, you bullying coward! You're better at fighting women than men, aren't you? But you'll find that even women can hold their own sometimes, and a bit over, too."

"I am sure of that," said Farmer Elliott.

He stood looking at her with an expression she could not understand.

In the silence that followed, came the musical whirring of his reaping-machine.

"Go back to your corn-fields!" she said. "If any curse of mine could wither them, you wouldn't gather a grain!"

There was something terrible about her as she uttered the words. The man moved sharply as if she had touched a vital spot. If he had dominated her the night before, their positions seemed strangely reversed to-day. He turned, leaving her staring after him, scarcely believing that she had been left the victor.

THE farm of Hunter Vale was acknowledged to be the best in the neighbourhood. Its fields were the most fertile in the district and its crops were always the heaviest. This year had been exceptionally good. Six great stacks stood in Elliott's rickyard, and one large barn was already filled with corn.

It was the last day of the week, and Farmer Elliott was evidently bent upon finishing cutting before the week was ended. The men were working overtime, and he himself was superintending their labours with a restless energy which testified to his anxiety to complete the task. The evening was sultry, and heavy clouds were massed on the horizon. There had been some weeks without rain and the stubble crackled underfoot.

The work was finished by ten o'clock in the evening. Farmer Elliott was the last out of the field, and he firmly closed and padlocked the gate. Then he followed the men to the farm to pay them. They all trooped off at length, and he sat down alone to a cold supper.

But though he had accomplished all that he had set out to do, the man's face had a dissatisfied expression. He ate but little, and he did not smoke when the meal was over. He sat and brooded. It was hard on midnight when he got up from his chair with a sudden movement of impatience and went to the open window. Outside, a light wind had sprung up, but though the sky was overcast there was no immediate sign of rain. It seemed possible that the clouds might disperse before the dawn.

Not more than half-a-mile from Hunter Vale lay the sleeping village with The Rising Sun at its further end. He looked along the narrow valley. And it was for a glimpse of The Rising Sun that his brooding eyes sought to pierce the darkness.

Minutes passed, the darkness remained unbroken, and at last with a heavy sigh he turned from the window and went across to an ancient bureau that stood against the wall and sat down before it. The drawn, troubled look was still upon his face. He took up a pen, pulled out a sheet of paper and very laboriously began to write:

"I want to tell you I am sorry. I was in a villainous bad temper, and I let myself go, in the bar. But I never thought, after the way you treated me, that you'd take it to heart. Will you let by-gones be by-gones and meet me in the meadows about three? I swear I will never make you cry again. John Elliott."

He set out with the finished letter in his hand. At the entrance to the village street the road took a sharp bend so that his own fields lay at right angles to him as he walked. His sheaves of corn were all blotted out by the darkness, but the scent of them reached him, and he paused for a deep inhalation of their fragrance.

It was then that it came to him—the first faint suspicion of something unusual in the air. He stopped dead and sniffed. A wind swept past him and the faint, disquieting scent was gone. But Farmer Elliott remained motionless, gazing out towards his cornfields with eyes that sought in vain to pierce the darkness. A full minute passed; the wind died down. He sniffed again [*Turn to page 90*]

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Full Measure

[*Continued from page 89*]

strongly, then he caught his breath with what was almost a gasp. At the same instant, far away in the darkness, shot into being a tiny pinpoint of light. The next moment he had turned in his tracks and was pounding back along the dusty road at a speed such as he never attained before. He reached the gate and swung himself over. As he did, another gleam of light glowed at a point some distance from the first, seemed about to die down, then suddenly turned into a blaze that not only leaped upwards but also shed a burning trail along the ground.

Farmer Elliott sprang down with an oath and ran as if for his life over the stiff stubble of the corn-stalks. His corn for which he had laboured so patiently, so tirelessly, and at last so triumphantly, was burning, burning, and there was none but himself at hand to save it.

To Elliott it was like a horrible nightmare. Then a lantern flashed—it was White, the village constable.

"Lor' sakes! Farmer Elliott!" he ejaculated. "I've just seen it! I'm off for the fire-brigade!"

Farmer Elliott struggled on to the gate. His face was ghastly. He pointed a shaking hand towards Hunter Vale. "Look!"

The constable turned, and gasped in his turn. "Gosh! What's that?" he said.

"It's my—rick—yard!" said Elliott, and pitched headlong to the ground.

When morning broke upon Little Chudworth, a drizzling rain came with it, but it was too late to save the great field of corn at the edge of the village, and too late to save the six big ricks of hay in the yard at Hunter Vale. At nine o'clock Farmer Elliott strode round in the rain with a police-sergeant and surveyed the ruin. The agony of the night had left its mark upon him, but he was sternly self-contained now.

He agreed that the fire was the work of an incendiary, but had no suggestion to make on the subject.

When the sergeant was gone, Farmer Elliott went into the house for a wash and shave, emerging again half-an-hour later looking less haggard and every whit as self-assured as ever.

Along the road he went at a swinging pace, past his blackened cornfield. He scarcely glanced at it as he went by. It was as if something wholly different occupied his mind. Reaching the village street he quickened his pace. The passing of Farmer Elliott sent an electric thrill through the street, and when it was discovered that his goal was The Rising Sun, excitement rose to fever-pitch.

"Ah!" mumbled old Granny Tufnel. "'E knows where to look for 'is enemies."

For if Farmer Elliott had no suspicions in the matter, those of Little Chudworth were quite definite and freely expressed. It was "them Bateses" who were responsible for the fire. This unexpected visit of Farmer Elliott to The Rising Sun was strongly suggestive of the fact that he also had come to some decision.

He was seen to stop at the private door, and all Little Chudworth awaited results with bated breath; but he did not pause for admittance. He merely pulled an envelope out of his pocket and pushed it through the letter-box. Then, to the vast curiosity and somewhat to the disappointment of his village audience, he turned, came back, and strode by as before without a glance.

THE ruined cornfield on the further side of the river lay like a great dark blot.

The church-clock chimed the hour and the bell ceased to toll, as if it were giving it up in despair, and a pall-like silence fell.

Soon there came another sound,—the soft squelch of a man's boots in the wet grass. Someone had crossed the little footbridge from the side of the burnt cornfield. Then came a rustle on the bank above.

A girl in a shiny black mackintosh, a black sou'-wester framing her white face, was coming towards him along the public path that led from the village. Her blue eyes surveyed him unflinchingly, but they had a tense and desperate look. She came straight to him without a second's pause.

"You had my letter?" said Elliott.

She nodded, her eyes still challenging him. "What made you write it?"

He met the challenge without resentment, but with a certain mastery. "If you read it, you know," he said.

Her lip took a bitter curve. "You don't suppose I believed it, do you?" she said.

"Why not?" demanded Farmer Elliott.

She almost scoffed openly. "Men don't say they're sorry—like that—for nothing."

"Not for nothing—no," he agreed.

She drew a hard breath. "Then what did you do it for? What do you want?" He looked at her, and something in his look quelled her defiance though it was wholly free from any browbeating quality. "I'll tell you what I want if you like," he said slowly. "I want—you."

"Me!" She went back a step, incredulity, astonishment, almost horror, in her face. But in a moment, "That's a poor sort of joke," she told him grimly. "You don't think I'm taken in by it, do you?"

"I'm not trying for to take you in," said Farmer Elliott. "I know it's darned unlikely that you'll forgive me for treating you so scurvily the other night. But when I say a thing, I mean it. And when I write a thing, well, I mean it even more. And you needn't be suspicious, for my intentions are honourable. I've had a stroke of bad luck and I haven't got quite so much to offer you as I had. But I'm not down and out yet. And if you'll have me, well, I'm ready to marry you any day from now on."

"Are you mad?" said Sally slowly.

"No," said Farmer Elliott.

"But what—what do you want to marry me for?" She stammered a little.

Farmer Elliott hesitated, embarrassed.

"But—you must have a reason!"

He nodded. "Yes, of course. There's always a reason. I liked your pluck when I baited you in the bar the other night. Somehow I couldn't forget it. And I was ashamed of myself afterwards for biting back. And then—" again he hesitated, and a queer note of reverence crept into his voice—"when I saw you down by that tree—crying—and looking so pretty—I—well, that finished me—" he smiled persuasively, apologetically.

He made a slight gesture towards her with the words, but she retreated.

"Don't—don't come near me!" she said. "You don't know— don't understand! Besides, you—you must be lying! —no one—ever thought me—pretty!"

"Rats!" said Farmer Elliott stoutly. "You're as pretty as a white rose."

"I'm not!" she protested. "I'm not!"

"It's you that's lying now," he said, and his arms went round her. "Will you promise—"

She cut him short. "Of course I promise! I'm not a fool, and I'll play the game. You—you've got a sort of right—"

"Well, any man's got a right to love a woman," said Farmer Elliott, releasing her somewhat reluctantly, "specially if he thinks he can make her happy. When I wrote you that letter—you'd have got it a bit sooner if it hadn't been for the fire. I couldn't sleep for thinking of you, so I sat up and wrote it. And I was bringing it along to you when the fire started."

"And then—afterwards—when you knew—"

"I wanted you all the more then," said he.

She made a desperate gesture. "Why?"

"But I've told you," he said again. "It was your pluck that got me—and—the way you cried."

She uttered a sound that was like a laugh gone wrong. "But your field—"

"Oh, leave the crops out of it!" said Farmer Elliott. "I deserved all I got. You can go and burn the whole blasted lot of what's left if you'll come back and marry me afterwards. You don't suppose I care?"

"And my father and brothers! They'd be a perpetual shame to you!"

"Why, they can all go to blazes. They aren't going to stand between me and the girl I love."

"Love!" She cried out at the word as though it pierced her. "You can't mean it! You can't really—love me!"

He let himself go then and answered her, forcibly and quite convincingly. "Like blazes I do!" he said.

His lips found hers. He kissed her hotly, lingeringly.

"We—we'll pay each other back!" gasped Sally, tears and laughter mingling. "We'll both get full measure that way."

"Ay, that we will!" said Farmer Elliott.

The Keeper of the Bees

[Continued from page 22]

played fair if she knew that I was working with all my might to be a whole man. I wonder, oh, I wonder, what she'd think if she knew that right down in the depths of my heart I just about adore her. I wonder what she'd think if she knew that there haven't been very many minutes since the night that I held her in my arms that I haven't held her in memory and haven't wanted her and haven't ached for her. And I wonder, too, what she thinks when she gathers sand verbena and puts it into my fingers and carries it within a few feet of my pillow. By Jove! I wonder if I married her with sufficient assurance to stamp a little bit of my individuality on her! I wonder if she feels that I really am at least half a man. I wonder if days of trouble are coming near and if she needs a man who could take care of her and comfort her and do what he could to fortify her. I wonder if those flowers beside my pillow are her way of asking me to break my word, to search for her, to find her, to help her?"

After that Jamie lived in hourly expectation. Some day surely she would come again!

IN those days he had an ever present worry concerning Margaret Cameron. He had learned to respect his neighbour highly.

One day Jamie mentioned Margaret's children to the little Scout and found that the child was as indignant as he was.

"There isn't any tellin'," said the little Scout, "as to when Lolly will get here. She doesn't think about much except herself and she does mostly what she pleases. But Molly will come. Her job's a hard one and she may have to rest up a few days. She may have to close her rooms and get somebody else in them, but if Molly doesn't come she's got a mighty good reason, and when she comes, the camp fires and the picnics will begin."

"I'm waiting anxiously," said Jamie, "to know Molly."

"Well, go on waitin'," said the small person. "Stick on the job, and when she does come, if you care about girls, why there's a girl that's got some juice in her!"

The little Scout was crumbling bread along the edge of the back wall for a hen mocking bird that nested there.

"By gracious! there goes your telephone!" Jamie wiped his hands on his trousers and walked to the telephone and took down the receiver.

He had picked down the receiver and said: "Hello!" as casually as any man ever had said it, and then answered in the affirmative to the inquiry: "Is this James Lewis MacFarlane of the Sierra Madre Apiary?" Then the voice had continued: "You are wanted immediately and most imperatively at the Maternity Hospital, corner of Seventeenth Street."

"Yes," panted Jamie.

The voice went on: "Your wife last night gave birth to a fine son, but she is not reacting from the anaesthetic as she should, and we are growing alarmed. We found your address among her effects. How quickly can you come?"

Jamie hung up and was out of the door in a trice. Then he made a headlong plunge down the walk and down the street toward the car line. When he landed some distance away, he took a taxi. His thoughts were whirling in chaos. The Storm Girl! She had come to her hour of agony, bravely, without doubt, as she would. She had asked no help from him. She had brought a child into the world, a son. In just a minute more and he would be in the room where she was!

Jamie knew what he was going to do. That was definitely settled in his mind. He was going to take her hands and hold them tight. He was going to draw her face to his as she had voluntarily yielded it to him once. He was going to cover it with passion of suffering kisses.

Jamie raced into the hospital and to a desk and down a hall and into an elevator and then into a small room. He stood beside a bed and took one long look. Then he turned his ashen face from the doctor, waiting by the bed, to the nurse.

"You are making a mistake," he said. "They've given me the wrong number. This isn't my wife."

The nurse stepped over and from the contents of a drawer picked up a marriage license that he had seen before.

"James Lewis MacFarlane," she read from it, and replaced it in the drawer.

Jamie took a grip on the foot of the bed and leaned over. *The girl lying on it was not a girl he had ever seen,* not a girl who, by the wildest stretch of possibility, could have been the Storm Girl!

He made his way to the side of the bed and looked intently at the left hand lying nerveless on the coverlet. There was the ring that he had bought, on the third finger—his wedding ring. He knew that both the doctor and the nurse were watching him.

The doctor spoke: "How long has it been since you've seen your wife?"

Jamie opened his lips to say that never in all his life had he seen the woman before him, and stopped abruptly.

If he said what he was thinking, if he repudiated her, then where was the beauty of the deed that he had tried to do in covering a woman who needed a name with his? "A fine little fellow," the doctor had said. If he opened his lips, the fine little fellow would no longer be fine. He would be a shame baby, a thing to be pitied, to be scoffed at, to be shifted around from one charity organization to another. And the girl. Jamie stared hard. He realized that if there were blood in the china white face, if there were colour in the lips, if there were lustre in the hair, if those transparent eyelids would reveal pain filled, beseeching eyes, she would be lovely,—Possibly there was a man in the world who could have repudiated her. Jamie could not. Not Jamie MacFarlane.

"You mean," he said thickly, "that it's strange I don't recognize her? Maybe it's the pain, and it's been long—"

"I've learned," said the doctor, "that there are a good many curious and some inexplicable things in this world, but I can't help expressing the opinion that you've been a poor sort of a husband if you've allowed your wife to go through anything so crucial as maternity and delivery and given no sympathy, extended no care. It scarcely seems human."

Jamie licked his lips and took his medicine. He could not say anything in self extenuation that would not cast a reflection on the girl before him and in the few minutes that he had stood staring down at her he had realized that her every breath was coming shorter. The hand he was holding was a weight in his fingers. He gripped it, chafed it between both of his to warm the chilling fingers.

"Oh, doctor," he cried, "try to do something! Forget about lecturing me now! Do something! Don't, don't let her slip away like this!"

The doctor looked up at Jamie and said quietly: "There is nothing known to medical science that three of the best doctors in the city have not been trying all night. You might as well understand that it is very close to the end. I thought possibly she might rally. I thought possibly she might have something she would want to say to you. I thought you ought to be here in the event she needed you, and I told you the truth when I said your son is a fine little fellow. He is a beautiful specimen of babyhood. There's the makings of a fine man in him, and we are needing men in this country. We seem at the present minute to have a surplus of hounds."

Again Jamie took his medicine. The taste of it was bitter on his tongue, because he was not a "hound." He never had been. He had not the smallest obligation to the woman before him.

Here lay a woman dying; dying in youth; dying in beauty; dying, in her own thought of herself, in shame, in scorching anguish, because some man, somewhere, had held her body lightly and violated it and consigned it to months of mental suffering, to hours of pain wracked anguish, to the loneliness of unloved death. Jamie reeled on his feet and the nurse thrust a chair under him.

She looked at him penetrantly and then she said deliberately: "Doctor, there's something about this I don't understand. In the few days the patient was here before the child was born, Mrs. MacFarlane seemed to adore him. [*Turn to page 92*]

At forty

how old will *your* skin look?

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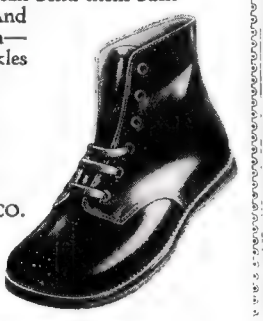

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The Keeper of the Bees

[*Continued from page 91*]

She had no unkind word for him."

"What's that?" asked the doctor.

"I am telling you the truth," said the nurse. "She said that he was the noblest man, the finest man, in all the world. She said that he had done one thing so big and shining that no other man would have done it. She said that she had a feeling that she would not survive the birth of the baby. When she showed me her marriage license, I supposed she intended me to send for him. I looked up his residence. She said that if her baby should live, provisions had been made for it, but she expressed a wish to me that so fine a man as he might have it. I don't know how to explain the fact that they haven't been together these months, but I do know that the fault did not lie with Mr. MacFarlane."

"In that case," said the doctor to Jamie, "very likely I owe you an apology. About your son, the provisions having been made for him, that's up to you. If you want the child, of course, in the face of this marriage license, the law will give him to you."

Jamie turned to the nurse.

"What did she say?" he asked.

"She said once," answered the nurse, "that it was impossible, but if it were possible, she would give her life gladly if she knew that you would take the baby and make of him the man that you are."

"All right," said Jamie tersely. "I will take the baby. You may get him ready."

Then Jamie and the doctor and the nurse were astonished and bewildered. A low laugh broke from the lips of the girl on the pillow, a low, exultant, caressing laugh, a laugh full of wonder and delight and unbelief, and with it ended the last remnant of breath from the tortured body.

Jamie covered his face and sat silent, and when he looked again he saw a sheeted straight line. He looked at the nurse with pitiful eyes.

"Have you instructions," he asked, "for necessary arrangements?"

The nurse nodded.

"All right," said Jamie arising and mustering his strength, "where is the boy?"

The doctor looked dubious.

"You have some one competent to take charge of a new born baby?" he asked.

"I have," answered Jamie. "A fine, woman who has reared three children."

"All right, then," said the doctor. "Give him the baby."

The nurse put into Jamie's arms a bundle odorous of Castile and boracic, a thing that was warm and alive and moving. And Jamie put on his hat, and walked from the room.

"What do you suppose came between them?" asked the doctor. "If she said things like that about him, why should he leave her, never to see her again, without a tear of remorse, without a touch of affection? I've had a good many peculiar experiences in thirty years' practice of medicine, but this beats everything."

The nurse picked up a towel and wiped her hands vigorously.

"Sometimes I think I just hate men!"

Then the nurse went her way and the doctor went his way, and the Keeper of the Bees climbed in the taxi and was driven back home. He was surprised to find the little Scout sitting on the front steps beside a bottle of milk half consumed.

"Well, look who's here!" said the little Scout. "Say, Bo, honest, *what* you got there?"

Jamie pointed to the bundle.

"That's a baby," he said, "a live baby that needs nursing and feeding and loving, and I thought Margaret Cameron would be the woman who'd do it. And now I remember she has gone visiting—"

"She said 'a few days,'" said the Scout Master. "I should think a few days would be a week maybe."

"And what," demanded Jamie, "what am I going to do in 'a week maybe' with a live baby?"

Then the Scout Master walked over and lifted a square of fine white flannel with a border of forget-me-nots, and peered down at what was beneath it. Suddenly the Scout Master dropped to a kneeling position, leaned forward and looked intently. Then a softened face turned to Jamie over a lean shoulder.

"You'll have to get a baby bottle," was the verdict. "'Tis a nice baby. It's an *awful* nice baby! Say, *where'd* you get him?"

"He's mine," said Jamie. "His name is James Lewis MacFarlane, Junior. What's more I hate to tell you, but the truth is this baby hasn't any mother. The task of getting him into the world was too big for her. She paid for his life with hers."

From the floor the little Scout stared up at Jamie with wide eyes. Then suddenly the little Scout slowly assumed an erect position, stumbled to the telephone and gave a number.

"Hello, Mom, is that you?

"Say, Mom, we got the dirtiest gyp out here this morning! We got a little splinter new boy baby just like Jimmy when he first came from the hospital. And, Mom, this is the dirty part of it. Getting him here was too much for his mother. She went dead on us and we ain't got her, and we are got the baby. And his name's Jamie after his Dad,—just like our baby! And, Mom, we thought Margaret Cameron would take him and take care of him for us, and that's another dirty thing! She's gone off on a visit and she won't be home for three or four days."

Then the little Scout sprang straight in the air and gave a shout:

"Bully for you, Mom! I *knew* you'd come across!"

The Scout Master hung up the receiver and turned to Jamie.

"I didn't even have to *ask* her!" said the Scout Master. Both hands waved outward and onward in a curve of exquisite grace. "Just like *that!* Whenever you go to bet on the right royal high steppers, I've got two bits I'll chalk up on my mother!"

[*Continued in* JULY McCALL'S]

Harold Bell Wright

[*Continued from page 41*]

helps them over the rough places, with a word of cheer and encouragement. He is the true realist. Much more to be desired is he than the Job's comforter who sits in the squalid dirt and drab filth and rails at fate.

Senator Arthur Capper."

By Judge Florence E. Allen, Only Woman in the World Sitting in a Court of Last Resort.

"Away with the tragedies! For my part I want tales of faith and strength, tales like Mr. Wright's, setting forth the epic of the West with its stimulus and power. Is there any one who will say that men and women never win? Then let's watch the real players of the game—the ones who win not pelf, not social position, not fame, but love and comradeship and the joy of a life well lived.

Yours very truly,
Florence E. Allen."

By S. Stanwood Menken, President of the National Security League.

"The present trend of writers in this country is not alone towards a sordid and grim interpretation of the national life, but is cynical with a socialistic reaction. They seem to ignore the fact that we are not alone the happiest nation in the history of the world, but that America is resplendent, and only needs constructive thought galvanized into constructive action to insure the success of democracy.

"In making achievement the keynote, McCall's Magazine is undertaking a great work. Yours very truly,
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By Walter Wellman, Famous American Explorer and Journalist.

"There is sordid and ugly and unhappy life in America as everywhere under the sun, but far less such here than anywhere else on the globe. When America does her full share, the New World of peace and the broader spread of security, prosperity, progress and happiness throughout all the races of men will be here.

Walter Wellman."

Externals

[Continued from page 2]

It is probably true that life to her up to that period had meant merely a good time; time to laugh; time to play; time to enjoy her companions. Life had been very wonderful. She came in from school one afternoon and said she did not feel well. By midnight she had made her crossing. Her physician, in trying to learn what possibly could have been the trouble, unearthed the fudge story. And so a fair young life, a beautiful young life, a life that was made up principally of good times, was lost to this world through overindulgence in too rich and too heavy sweets.

I did not need anybody to hold this case up to me as a horrible example. I had seen it for myself. I never had cared half so much for fudge and taffy as I did for apples and oranges, but after that experience I learned that it was very wise to stop on one piece of fudge and fairly dangerous to go over two.

I am strong for fresh air and plenty of water and sane food combinations and restraint as to sweets. But when it comes to going further than this, I believe in going to the best doctor you can find and letting him take you gently by the hand and lead you in the way you should go.

But when it comes to externals there are a lot of things that each and every one of us can do to add to our comfort, to add to our appearance, and to our efficiency.

King Solomon, a great and mighty king, full of years and power and riches, and of fine discrimination in taste, was responsible for the pronouncement that a woman's glory lay in her hair. In the days of my youth we must have been a glorious set. Almost every woman one could see anywhere had a perfect mane of hair. It did not cause the trouble that hair seems to cause in these days. We did not know about diseased scalps and falling out and premature grayness. Almost without exception every woman who ever came to my mother's house had a rope of hair as thick as her wrist and as long as her arm and of silken fineness, but it was customary in those days to comb the hair with a fine comb and to rub oil into the scalp thoroughly once a week, and naturally this treatment did develop heavy heads of beautiful hair carried about in a condition that people of discriminating taste to-day would pronounce nothing short of filthy. When it was discovered that it was filthy for men and women to use bear fat and renderings from the fat of chicken and turkey gizzards cut with alcohol and scented with bergamot on the hair, gradually the use of soap and the washing process began. It has gone on increasingly until many women to-day feel that their hair must be washed once a week in order to keep it in a desirable state of cleanliness and fluff.

Among externals with which we have a lot of trouble are our feet. Every day it is the commonest thing in the world to see women, especially, hobbling along the street, victims of broken arches, tortured with corns and with bunions, utterly unable to swing their legs and set their feet down in a firm, reliable step as if they had a definite purpose and were going somewhere to do something worth while.

All this aggregation of pain and expense is directly due to the wearing of shoes that do not support the arches and fit the feet properly. Pointed toes—toothpick toes, they used to be called—were responsible for bunions and corns, and French heels, never intended by their original inventors for any use except on the dancing floor where the weight is borne practically on the toes and the ball of the foot back of them, have done great damage. Half of the women in our country to-day who are going around with vile tempers, snapping and snarling, impossible for their husbands to live with in comfort, impossible for their children to respect, impossible for their friends to appreciate, are making their troubles by throwing the whole muscular and nervous system of their bodies into a snarl by pegging up their heels from one to two inches higher than nature intended them to be, with the artificial support of high shoes.

The last external that I would caution you about is your hands. For the woman who has worked for years to keep her face young and attractive and has neglected to expend the same care on her hands there is always on her person a tale-bearer. If a woman of sixty can make her face appear to be forty, well and good. She is an artist. I commend her on her job. But let her remember that if she has sixty year old hands lying in her lap, her forty year old face is not going to help her any. If, in all the massaging and the care that the face has been given, the hands have been neglected, they will tell age aloud and to all and sundry. They are like that first deep crease that falls under the chin and like the crow's feet that come creeping around the eyes. They are a sign; and if you have been wise enough to massage away the crows' feet and to efface the facial lines, well and good, but if you have left these same signs of age all over your hands, you have merely wasted time on the face.

In conclusion, to sum up, what I want to urge is that every man and woman who reads these lines will be sane and reasonable as to internals. When in doubt, call the best doctor you can secure. When it comes to externals what happens to you is largely up to yourself. If you have sinned away your day of grace and lost your hair and ruined your eyes and deafened your ears and sacrificed your teeth, then at least you are in a position to know what you should do for your children by doing for them exactly the things that you did not do for yourself. If it is too late to make any material change in your own condition, then I beg of you, earnestly beg of you, to be careful of the hair and eyes and the ears and the teeth of the little folks, and to be doubly careful of what kind of combination of food you put into small stomachs.

The Story of Woman

[Continued from page 19]

unable to punish, because the hunger strike was introduced. The police could arrest the women, but they could refuse food. The government realised that if it let them die, a sentimental fit of fury would sweep the country, so it fed them forcibly by tubes through the nostrils. Public opinion was impressed, and woman's suffrage became the special subject. There was nothing that women would not do, would not suffer. The agony of forcible feeding, the death of Miss Grey, raised women's ardour to fever point, caused them to crowd forward, begging for martyrdom. The British government did not know how to give in; it did not like to give way to violence, any more than did the American government in spite of the continual disturbances at Washington. The false pride of these governments was saved by the war, which provided another violence, and enabled the suffragists to make a great gesture, to declare that they would do nothing to impede the waging of the war.

But it was war which released them. The arming in Europe and America of over twenty million men aged from twenty to forty, flung the industrial system into such a state of disorder that women had to be recruited for every trade. In England, about four million women were employed in unexpected occupations; they entered not only the European civil services, but even the banks, those spots almost as sacred to men as their temples. The phrase went round that the women were splendid; a number of nurses were killed, and out of their blood sprang the seed of political equality. Thus, as soon as the war was done, the instinct of self-preservation, which is so strong in governments, made London and Washington realise that if they did not act, at once, the suffrage campaign would begin again. The war had not been over six weeks before English women were enfranchised; soon American women followed.

[Continued in July McCALL'S]

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Armand Cold Cream Powder is Armand's original, dense and very fine, always $1.00 a box. Armand Peridore is a light-weight face powder to be put on quickly, also $1.00 a box. Armand Bouquet is a medium dense face powder, greatly favored, 50c a box. . . . Clip the coupon and send it with ten cents for guest-room boxes of Cold Cream Powder and Peridore. Mention the tint you wish. Address Armand—Des Moines. Address in Canada, Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.

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GUARANTEE: *No matter where purchased, if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.*

ARMAND—Des Moines F

I enclose ten cents ☐ stamps ☐ coin. Please send me the guest-room boxes of Armand Cold Cream Powder and Armand Peridore in the shade checked below.

White Pink Creme Brunette Tint Natural Armand Flame (double brunette)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

back a few weeks to our last meeting with Bradley—the thing we've talked so much about. He then said that he was going to get you, and was going to smash me. Well—what Bradley then threatened is exactly what's now happened to you. I believe that it was only the chance of your being in the office when Drayton came in that Bradley trapped you. I'm the person his trap was set for. Mr. Drayton is not the chief figure in this affair."

"Bob! I don't understand!"

"Neither do I—not in its details. But I'm now inclined to think that the mysterious disappearance of Miss Drayton is not as was represented to us or to the public. Drayton was forced to act as he did against you."

"You mean that in all this Mr. Drayton has merely been somebody's tool?"

"Exactly. Merely obeying orders he did not dare disobey. Bradley's orders. Bradley has got something on Drayton. That's been Bradley's business this long while, to get the goods on some rich or influential person and then force that person to pay for silence or take his orders. Bradley's chief game now is to smash you."

They talked of this until they were in Clifford's office. There Clifford, regarding the wife whom in separation he had so long misunderstood, and who had been revealed to him in her true love and self-sacrifice for only these last few weeks, recognized the full magnitude of the situation which confronted them. Mary, through the newspapers, had been sensationally exploited to all the world as a thieving adventuress. And Mary, with the background of her upbringing, and charged with a theft of thirty thousand dollars by so respectable and influential a citizen as Lorrimer Drayton, would be sent to prison.

"It means, Mary, that we will have to fight harder than we've ever fought before," Clifford concluded. "We've both been made victims in this Drayton matter. There are two mysteries here, and to save ourselves we've got to solve both these mysteries. First mystery, what is the hold Bradley has over so rich and important a man as Drayton that he can force Drayton to be the accusing figure in a sensational frame-up? To find out that hold over Drayton is going to be my job. Second mystery, what is behind the strange disappearance of Marcia Drayton?"

"And that second mystery is going to be my job," said Mary promptly.

IN the days that followed Clifford saw nothing of Mary, who was searching for Marcia Drayton. After nearly a week he had acquired two bits of shadowy information which seemed to have possible significance. The first was a whispered rumor that Mr. Drayton had succumbed to the lure of adding to his large fortune by the big profits to be made by secretly backing a large rum-running organization. Second, that a quantity of diamonds, greatly exceeding the normal supply, was getting into the hands of dealers throughout the country, and that the source was a mystery to the customs officials.

After studying all his collected data, Clifford arrived at a deduction so fantastic that he hardly dared put it into words. He reasoned that, if his conjectures were true, then Mr. Drayton would not be operating from his splendid Fifth Avenue shop, but most likely from the privacy of the Drayton residence, which no one would suspect. Therefore, on this hypothesis, Clifford manoeuvered two arrangements: first, Mr. Drayton's butler was called away by an urgent message and the butler engaged in his stead, upon highest recommendations, was one of Clifford's best operatives; and second, Mr. Drayton's house telephone was deftly tapped.

On the afternoon of the fourth day one of the men assigned to listen in on Drayton's house telephone came in to see him. The operative turned in a verbatim copy of an apparently inconsequential message which had just come over Drayton's wire. After his man had gone Clifford intently searched for a secret that might be hidden in that seemingly casual message: *Richard's Point—Monday night—twelve o'clock.*

Richard's Point! He knew the place: far out on the North Shore of Long Island, a few lonely shacks of houses back from the waterside, a narrow rotting pier. And Monday night was that very night!

Clifford talked over the telephone with Special Agent Harford of the Customs Service and Special Agent Rafferty of the Prohibition Service, both old friends, and both promised to come at once to his office. Next he telephoned Mary, then a hundred miles up the state. "Mary, I have a lead! I think you'd better hurry right back to town."

"Glad to hear that," sounded her far-off voice. "But I've just got a lead, too, and I'm going to stay and follow it up."

AT nine o'clock a limousine drew up before Mr. Drayton's house, and Mr. Drayton came out and stepped into the big machine. As it moved away, two blocks behind it, where it had been waiting, a powerful car started in pursuit. For over an hour the two cars rolled through the night over the famous Jericho Turnpike. As they neared Smithtown, fifty miles out, Clifford put on speed until within fifty yards of the Drayton car. But just before the entrance to Smithtown, Clifford swung to the left into a country road which avoids the town and which is a short cut eliminating a mile from the curving turnpike. In a moment Clifford was flying through the deserted road at seventy miles an hour. A little later he swung to his left back into the turnpike. He knew that he had succeeded in his design: the Drayton car was now behind him and Mr. Drayton had not been made suspicious of having been passed.

Richard's Point is half a mile north of the highway, and is led down to by a rutted, ill-kept road. Toward midnight Clifford reached this little road, drove by it a hundred yards, turned his car around to head for the city and backed it into a wood where it was well hidden. With that, Clifford

The Drayton Case

[*Continued from page 12*]

slipped away, his soft hat pulled down and his overcoat collar turned up. Ten minutes later he was on the beach of Richard's Point and was dimly seeing and hearing just what he had expected to come upon. Motor-boats were softly put-putting, row-boats were gently scraping on the sand, shadowy figures were carrying oblong boxes up the beach and stacking them there or thrusting them into vaguely bulking motor trucks. There was no haste, no disorder; the unloading obviously had been well organized. And there were no indications of fear. Clifford joined in the silent handling of the contraband. From the first he had noted a man who seemed to have full authority here, and yet who himself kept to one side close to two cases. Ten minutes passed, then over the sandy beach ploughed a car which Clifford recognized as Mr. Drayton's. Mr. Drayton stepped out, and instantly the man in authority approached him.

"That you, Carter?" Clifford heard Mr. Drayton whisper.

"Yes," whispered the other. "Here are the two cases."

"Good. Let's get them into my car and be off. The trucks can take the others."

Clifford glided away, and once clear of the scene of concentrated activity he hurried through the night toward his own car. Harford and Rafferty were waiting.

"Back to the city behind Drayton's car," gasped Clifford.

TOWARD three o'clock the limousine drew up in front of the Drayton residence, and Drayton and Carter stepped out, both carrying large suitcases.

Two blocks away Clifford snapped out: "Quick, Rafferty, go to a public 'phone and get Bradley on the wire at his apartment. Mask your voice; Bradley will think the report is from one of his own men. Just say that Drayton has landed some stuff tonight and has just returned. Hang up quick before Bradley can ask questions, and come back."

Rafferty was away on the instant. Clifford whispered, "Come on, Harford," and the two stepped out of the car and walked up to the Drayton door, upon which Clifford gently knocked three times.

"That you, Mr. Clifford?" asked the masquerading butler.

"Yes, Thompson."

The door swung wide. "Where are they?" Clifford asked in a whisper.

"In the dining-room."

At the closed door of the dining-room, Clifford went to one knee and applied an eye to the key-hole. His limited range of vision took in two great cut glass punch bowls upon the dining table, and the two men moving before them. He heard the "plop" of a drawn cork, the gurgling from a bottle, unintelligible whispers from the pair—then another "plop," more gurgling, again unintelligible whispers. Clifford counted—he knew just how many there should be. At the twenty-second "plop" Clifford dared to wait no longer for Bradley. His pistol drawn, the two Government agents behind him, Clifford stepped quietly through the door.

"Hands up!" he snapped.

Drayton and Carter whirled about, their hands instinctively obeying the pistol's command. On the dining table stood twenty-two empty champagne bottles, and two as yet unopened. Also on the table stood two large punch bowls, filled almost to their brims with wine.

At that moment a heavy voice sounded at the front door. Clifford knew that voice; it belonged to the man he had been hoping would appear. "Quick, boys, behind that screen!" he whispered, and instantly he and the two Government men were around a high screen of mounted tapestries that sheltered the door of the butler's pantry. Clifford kept one eye on the doorway of the dining-room. Almost at once in it appeared the powerful figure of Bradley. Bradley gazed menacingly at Drayton and Carter.

"You sweet pair, you!" Bradley sneered at them. "So you tried to double-cross me! But instead of my split, I take it all. Get that, Drayton?"

Clifford stepped out from behind the screen, pistol in hand. "You stick 'em up too, Bradley!" he snapped at his old enemy.

Bradley turned pale in his surprised rage, but his hands went toward the ceiling.

"Search him, Rafferty," Clifford continued, "and go through the other two also."

Rafferty took an automatic from Bradley and another from Carter. Drayton was unarmed. The three were then permitted to lower their hands.

"I was just telling them, Mr. Bradley," began Drayton in a wavering voice, "that I was just preparing for a little party—"

"Sure, and I was one of your guests," said Bradley, picking up the cue, his marvelous poise now partially recovered. "That's right. I guess I must be the first to come. I think I get the idea of this little situation. Rafferty thought some bootlegging was being done and that it was his official job to interfere."

Clifford did not heed him. "Harford, draw the cork of one of those two unopened bottles. Now pour the wine into that punch bowl—pour very slowly, for I think there may be some dregs. Carefully—carefully—stop! Now pour the dregs into this glass."

With his left hand Clifford held out a champagne glass. Harford up ended the bottle and the dregs cascaded clinkingly into the glass, half filling it—dregs that threw off every brilliant hue of the rainbow.

"Great Heavens—diamonds!" ejaculated Harford.

"Just so—diamonds," said Clifford. "Now open that second bottle."

Harford obeyed. The dregs were another glass half filled with jewels.

"You've got the direct evidence of how the trick was worked, Harford," said Clifford. "Now have a look at what was in the other twenty-two bottles." He shoved forth that which until now he had kept out of view, a smaller bowl heaped with coruscating light.

"Diamonds!" ejaculated Harford. "A million dollars worth!"

Clifford turned sharply on Drayton, now pasty-white, and on Bradley, who looked black defiance. "Bootlegging—rum-running, eh?" he snapped at them. "Diamond smuggling!! This explains the unusual quantity of diamonds in the hands of the trade!"

Till then Clifford had had eyes only for Drayton and Bradley. Now his vision chanced to take in the doorway. In it stood two women! "Mary!" cried Clifford. "Marcia!" breathed Mr. Drayton.

Mary Regan stepped into the room, her arm still about the girl. "I think it's my turn to say something," she began. "First, let me say that I have overheard most of what has been said. Second, let me say to you, Mr. Drayton"—and her dark eyes blazed at him—"that your daughter is not the incorrigible habitué of wild resorts that you told me she was, but one of the simplest, nicest girls I have ever met!"

Mr. Drayton gulped but did not reply.

"Marcia has told me everything she knows," Mary continued, addressing all. "Her father told her he was in very serious danger, and only she could help him. She could help him if she would secretly go away, and remain away a few weeks in a quiet place; when she returned there was to be, by way of explanation, a story of her having wandered off during a state of lost memory. The old story which most people now accept. To save her father, Marcia consented. She was driven at night to the house of a former nurse who now has a little farm back in the Catskills. That's where I found her. While there she never saw a newspaper, and she's wholly innocent in this business. There you have it all: the entire mystery of the mysterious and sensational disappearance of Marcia Drayton: a mystery case framed merely in order to get a chance to frame me."

The great jeweler had slumped into a chair. Clifford gripped a shoulder and shook the man wrathfully. "How about it, Drayton?" he demanded.

"Marcia—didn't know a thing," groaned Mr. Drayton into his hands. "As for the rest, Mr. Clifford, you were right in what you said about my smuggling diamonds. I saw the chance of making millions by getting in diamonds free of duty as contraband liquor. And the rest is that Mr. Bradley found out and forced me—"

"It's all a lie!" screamed Bradley.

Clifford moved a pace nearer. "You are trapped in your own trap!" he cried. "Your criminal career is ended. I've smashed you at last, Bradley—smashed you at last! For you it's a long, long time behind prison bars!"

Bradley glowered at Clifford with black, choking hatred. Then his right hand shot out and snatched the pistol of the unsuspecting Rafferty and his left hand shot out to the electric light switch.

"I said I'd get you, Clifford!" he shouted.

There was a flash and a roar, and in the same instant the lights went out. Clifford slumped down into a heap.

WHEN Clifford came to himself he was in his own bed, and Mary sat beside him. He blinked at her, not remembering what had happened.

"Thank God!" Mary cried in a half-sob, bending down to clutch and kiss him. "The doctors were right!"

"Right about what?" he dazedly asked.

"That Bradley's bullet had caused only a concussion."

"And Bradley—what about him?"

Briefly she told him. After his shot, Bradley had made a successful break through the darkness for his car which he had left with motor running. There had been pursuit, but it had been futile. He had made for his summer home at Green Moss on Long Island Sound, and had immediately transferred to a big sea-plane with which he had been toying for months as an apparent amateur, and had vanished in the night.

"Then after all my trying I didn't get Bradley!" Clifford groaned. "I was a fool!"

She shut off his speech with a hand upon his mouth, and her dark eyes glowed down into his. "That's why I love you—because again and again you have been that kind of a fool. You did that because of me. The public knows it all now, and it likes you all the better because you were a glorious fool—for your wife's sake! You've had pages of praise in all the papers. I've saved them for you to read when you are better. And Mr. Drayton made a statement clearing me. Remember, even if you did not put Bradley in jail, you exposed him and made him a fugitive from justice."

"I see." But even in that subliminal moment Clifford felt a shadow of regret for the passing of Bradley. He had long fought Bradley as a criminal, but always with a secret admiration of the man's undoubted great powers, and always with a secret wonderment of what a force for good he might have been except for the crooked twist to his nature.

"And don't you see what it all means to us, dear?" Mary went on with quavering exuberance. "Bradley is no longer a danger to you, or to me; we won't any longer have to be playing parts—apparently against each other. We're safe! We can be together—without fear. That's the big thing to me! We can now begin to live! Don't you understand?"

"Mary!" he breathed. "Mary!"

He convulsively drew her closer to him and she sobbed upon his shoulder. He was thrilled with the rapture of the moment and of the future's promise. What, indeed, did it matter to them if he had not achieved the ultimate of his intentions? He had Mary, and they were safe! Love and happiness stretched out infinitely.

Adventures in Health

These letters are typical of thousands which tell of the amazing power of one simple fresh food

"I WAS PASSING through that transitory stage known to all young fellows with its attendant eruptions on the face and neck known as pimples and boils. My face was ghastly and my Mother counted twenty-seven boils on my neck at one time. Of a retiring disposition, this made me more so and I became so sensitive that I often crossed to the other side of the street to avoid meeting the female of the species.

"There was nothing I refused to try. An old-fashioned friend suggested Yeast. With the devotion of a martyr I religiously ate my two yeast cakes a day. In four months every boil had disappeared, my face was clearing, and, most important, I regained my lost confidence."

HAROLD V. DEMOND, New York City

"I AM A HOSTESS at a hotel and not a day passes that someone doesn't ask me how I manage to be up late at night and out in the sun every day and still keep my skin so clear and fair and my eyes so bright. My answer is Fleischmann's Yeast. When I first heard of the curative properties of Yeast I 'tried' it—with no very startling results. Two years more of intestinal indigestion brought me to the point where I determined I'd stick at it. Three cakes of yeast dissolved in water became a daily rite. It was three months before I had the results I wanted—relief from indigestion, gas and chronic constipation. To this day I take one cake as regularly as I rise in the morning."

MRS. GERTRUDE W. HOOD, Mount Lowe, Calif.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals; on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-17, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"IN MARCH, 1923, I had what I supposed was a nervous breakdown. I was restless, irritable, tired and depressed; my sleep was broken. I had headaches and dizzy spells.

"I thought it quite safe to experiment with a food-medicine, so I began to use Fleischmann's Yeast. Gradually my ills disappeared—I became regular, and discontinued the use of cathartics. My energy returned—and in four or five months I was my former self. Not only have I regained my health, but my color and my general appearance have been improved since I have been using Fleischmann's Yeast. And I still use Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. MARGARET ADE SWEENEY, Roxbury, Mass.

"MY WORK TAKES me to construction camps where we get 'grub' instead of food. I suffered incessantly from diarrhoea; I could neither digest nor assimilate my 'grub' and became so weak I could hardly get about. I had taken green pills, blue pills, yellow pills, red pills. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. That was five months ago. I am now a devotee of Fleischmann's Yeast—I have thrown away my rainbow of pills and now enjoy camp 'grub' with the appetite of any husky on the job."

BERT T. MASON, Burney, Calif.

THERE *are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain.*

"SINCE CHILDHOOD I suffered from chronic constipation. I lived by the 'physic bottle' as religiously as Robert Louis Stevenson ever did. I was nervous and irritable; my appetite was poor, and the food I did eat was not properly digested.

"Three years ago I began the use of Fleischmann's Yeast—a cake before each meal. Results were not instantaneous, but I held tenaciously to the hope that it might help me. It did. At the end of six weeks I felt much better; the daily laxative had become a thing of the past; I had a ravenous appetite. I continued. Fleischmann's Yeast has put me in a state of excellent health."

GLEN C. ANDERSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

"POLYGYNY" is the word which Professor J. Arthur Thomson, famous author of "The Outline of Science" would substitute for "polygamy."

Under any name, the latest scientific opinion concerning man's "natural" need of simultaneous wives is sure to interest women; and the subject is not to be avoided in a decade when girls excuse man's philandering, indulge it, and encourage it; and because they do, regard themselves as sophisticated.

But a good many of the "petting class" will not care to learn that there's a new theory which holds that monogamy is as natural as polygyny. Nor is the theory destined to become immediately popular with men. It is, however, one about which girls old enough to marry, and girls adventurous enough to be trespassers, should have information.

Distressed wives of unfaithful husbands and girls who permit married men to make love to them give the same reason for the misery which finally accrues to both women of a triangle. They say that the man in the case invariably claims that vagrant or errant love is a desire not to be denied since it is inherited from farthest ancestors; that monogamy is artificial, abnormal and impossible; that the woman who objects to this cult is unreasonable.

Because it frankly states the prevalent ancient view, I make an excerpt from a man's letter:

Dear Winona Wilcox: There's no escaping the fact that the civilized race still clings to the original plural love standard for men. Polygamy has existed both in desire and practice for innumerable generations.

I am a man, I hope a "he-man," I feel safe in declaring I am not unlike other men. I have an inherent wish to seek the companionship of women in addition to my wife. I am sure that companionship alone would not suffice if I did not control further developments. A man's wife may be all he could wish but that other innate longing is with him. Man is about the funniest animal in existence! Almost as funny as woman!—R. L. F.

Modern sophistication consists in accepting this doctrine of man's inherited tendency and in living according to it; and in scorning laws and conventions which run contrary to it.

Women who do their own thinking always abhor polygyny, but not infrequently they are forced by the pressure of popular opinion to tolerate the cult, although logically they must conclude from it that nature intends woman to be a sacrifice to man.

How Broadminded Must a Wife Be?

"Just how broadminded must a wife be today?" wails one whose husband goes a-petting like any bachelor. "This excuse that a man can't help wandering reduces wives to slavery!" For their consolation, then, I quote paragraphs from the works of scientists who have investigated the love-habits of primitive peoples and of animals. The greatest of these authorities says:

"The hypothesis of a primitive state of promiscuity not only lacks all foundation in fact, but is utterly opposed to the most probable inferences we are able to make as regards the early condition of man."

"Monogamy is the only form of marriage that is permitted among every people."

Says Prof. Thomson: "A reason for regarding monogamy as primitive is to be found in the probability that before the days of tribal wars the proportions of the sexes were approximately equal. Another reason is that primitive man had a hard struggle; polygyny was a luxury that came later."

"We may with a clear intellectual conscience brush away the nightmare picture of primitive man as indulging in promiscuity like rabbits. He was a married man."

It will startle some men and cheer some women to learn that polygamy is not universal among animals. Of those mammals which are monogamous are the seal, reindeer, hippopotamus, gazelle, mole and mongoose. Here are big and little ones, water and land animals. And it is said that silver fox pelts remain rare and expensive because the male of the species refuses to mate again if his particular female dies. The study of monogamy is not complete but it appears, at present, that women can defend their ideal of love and marriage and know that they are genuinely sophisticated because their ideal, monogamy, is supported by science.

I offer the following letter because the writer's viewpoint is decidedly modern, because she worked it out and found it satisfactory:

Dear Winona Wilcox: In a beauty parlor, last winter, I picked up "McCall's" and read of the unhappy bride whom you advised to go home to her mother and repent at leisure. My case was like hers. I had married in haste, I was using one of my last dollars for a marcel because the new husband said I didn't look as I used to. One can't look very nice on one meal a day when one's heart is a mess of mushy stuff salted down with unshed tears. Something had made me save the price of a railroad ticket back home from the money my father had given me. I tore that page from the magazine, went back to our dingy basement room, and got the best dinner I could afford. After dinner, I gave the article to my husband to read, and told him if he didn't find a way to keep us from starving, I would go home in a week. And I came. We didn't quarrel but I've never heard a word from him since. Today I am sitting in a moonshiner's mansion, a boarder, with the family gathered around the oil-clothed table. Children quarrel. Grown folks snarl. But I'm happier than ever in that "love-nest" because I'm finishing a term in a country school, paying off my debts, and fighting my own fight. My parents were the best ever. I never appreciated them until my hour of trouble. In a few months, I'll have my maiden name again. I'll have to live down the "divorcée" business, to forget my brief and breathless romance, and correct my biased opinions of men. But Dad is a good man, so I know that there are some others. I want to thank you, Winona Wilcox, for the honest answer you gave that other bride who had married in haste. It takes almost more grit than one has to hold up one's head and say, "I was mistaken!" But because I was able to do so, I have won my peace of mind.—K.G.

Out of the Depths

Religion is suggested in every mail as the only cure for the sorrows and mistakes sketched on this page. What it accomplished for a sinful girl is vividly told below:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I am sending you a story, perhaps the strangest you ever have received. I come of an old family. Until I was eighteen, every wish was gratified. I was sent to college. My father lost every penny. When a junior, I had to go to work. Pride drove me to a distant city. And there I thought my dreams had all come true! I loved and was loved. But my sweetheart betrayed me. I sank down—down. I lived by my wits and the wages of sin. But I concealed my life from my parents, sent them money, protected my father's name. The men I met were as low as I. I believed they were all alike when suddenly one of God's noblemen came into my life. He believed in me! I deceived him shamefully. Altho I lived wickedly, I was able at any moment to take on the aspect of my girlhood, to play the part of Innocence shocked by cigarets, drink and all the rest. Opportunity came to take a salaried position in another city where I did not know a soul. There I met many wonderful young women. I was so impressed by their Christian lives and influence that I was converted. It was the grace of God which sent me to them. My reform is complete. It is as if the black past never had been—except for one reminder. I am to become a mother. But I dare to hope that my soul is cleansed. I have a new, odd sense of ability and power. In my predicament, I should be cast down, despondent, hysterical. I am not. I am trusting God to show me the way. At night, I dream of my child. By day I whisper to myself, "It's going to be all right. With God's help, I and my baby are going to find the way alone—up and out of the dark valley!" Yes, it is all right! But I dare not tell these beautiful Christian women that I am not a widow. God gives me strength but as far as humans are concerned, nobody understands. I'd welcome a word from a reader who sympathizes —if there be any such.—M. L. B.

East and West

Cowboy and Eastern-girl romances actually happen in real life as frequently as they do in the movies. But the true tale is liable to lack the happy ending. A girl who questions the outcome of such an alliance writes:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I've been living on a ranch, I've found the men of the West vastly more inspiring than any I ever met in New England. I'm acquainted with scores of cowboys. Several have proposed. There's one I think I love and the thought of parting from him is unendurable. Oh, yes! I know well enough he will not fit into the life I knew back home. He has no education. He never heard of my mother's favorite author, Emily Post. He would not like my people, our ways would seem absurd to him.

So the question is: Can I be happy all my life on a ranch At present I am infatuated with the life as well as with my lover. Will the feeling last? There is no use to ask my parents—so I ask you.—Carolyn.

Fortunately, in reply I can quote from a letter which was written by one who has seen many years of ranch life:

Dear Winona Wilcox: People fail to realize that a sudden insane sweep of passion is likely to be aroused in either man or woman who meets some one quite different from his or her usual associates. The uncultivated man feels a mad attraction for a girl of breeding and culture, she touches his mind and body by her lure of mystery. It is this same element of strangeness which arouses a girl's curiosity and leads her to invest some man of a different walk of life with unlimited fascinations.

I have seen many such marriages in my more than fifty years of life on cattle ranges, Indian reservations and in mining camps.

As a spinster-teacher, I have had the confidence of homesick men and boys; youths who fell in love because there was nothing else to do. I've seen splendid boys fresh from the East throw away their careers and break the hearts of their parents by marrying some Mexican or Indian girl who couldn't spell. Why? Because the girl aroused overwhelming waves of passion which the poor boy mistook for love. I've seen cultured girls marry primitive men, men who had run away from the toothbrushes and collars of civilization. Fine girls—good men! But not once have I seen happiness come from such impulsive matings!—D. A.

Scarcely a week goes by that my mail does not bring several letters like the one printed below.

Dear Winona Wilcox: To you it may seem a tiny plaint but to me it is a desperate situation. A nice man comes to see me. He never tells why, but I take it for granted that he cares for me.

Now I have a career, at least I think I have, and I love it. In a year, I've climbed up to the president's office, I am considered an expert, I have been told that I shall accomplish a good deal.

But now I fear I am in love! I can see my ambitions shrivel! I can't decide whether to let love grow or forget the man and attend strictly to my career.—Edna.

Who would dare to shape a girl's future for her? It may not be unwise, however, for an older person to suggest that she estimate her business prospects carefully before she permits them to ruin her love experience. Can she define exactly what she expects to accomplish in her dream of business success? How much does she expect to be earning five years from now? Will she still be an employed girl? Or will she employ others? Will she be so independent that she can fix her own salary? In short, in her chosen profession is there a top for a girl? These are practical details for every ambitious girl to consider when she is tempted to go adventuring in business instead of matrimony.

Yes, I omitted the sentimental side. That will take care of itself.

Sometimes marriage and a career are not incompatible. Here is an excellent picture of modern marriage with a working wife as one of the partners:

Dear Winona Wilcox: Shortly after the war, I was married. For the most part, I have been happy. Ever since my marriage, I have worked in an office every day except for vacations.

The greater part of my housework, I hire done. What is left, my husband helps me with loyalty. We own our home in a good locality, it is well furnished, we have a car and many luxuries that my salary makes possible. But when I was married, I never intended to work so many years. Were we to maintain our present standard of living on what my husband earns, we'd have nothing left for the savings account. He works hard every day, he thinks we are getting along very well. But friends tell me that I am making a mistake and that I am very foolish to work in an office. What is your idea?—E. P. T.

That most women prefer office work to housework. That the cost of office finery, restaurant food, laundry, mending and other hired service eats up the salary of an average office employee.

That an industrious wife who stays at home and does the work thereof, including sewing and repairing as well as cooking and ironing, is happier than the girl with two jobs, home and office, and is financially as well off at the year-end.

Do You Believe That Open Confession Is Good For The Soul?

Because it is a relief to get our troubles off our minds by telling them —Because we crystallize our convictions when we set them down in words— Because it is good to explode before nervous tension runs too high— This page is open to confessions and explosions, as well as inquiries and opinions. Questions will be answered by mail when stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Write to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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McCall's. 6-25

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"Needless to say, I use CHIPSO now for everything in the house—especially for dishes. I've given up my soap shaker, because CHIPSO dissolves and makes suds the instant hot water touches it. And my rough, red hands are things of the past."

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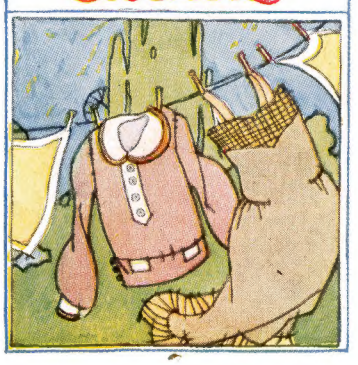

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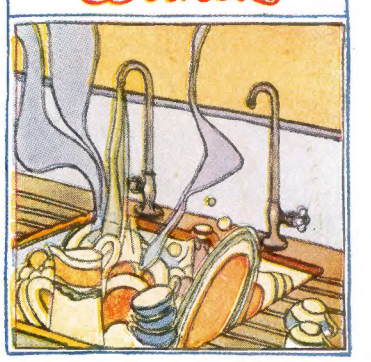
Dishes



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